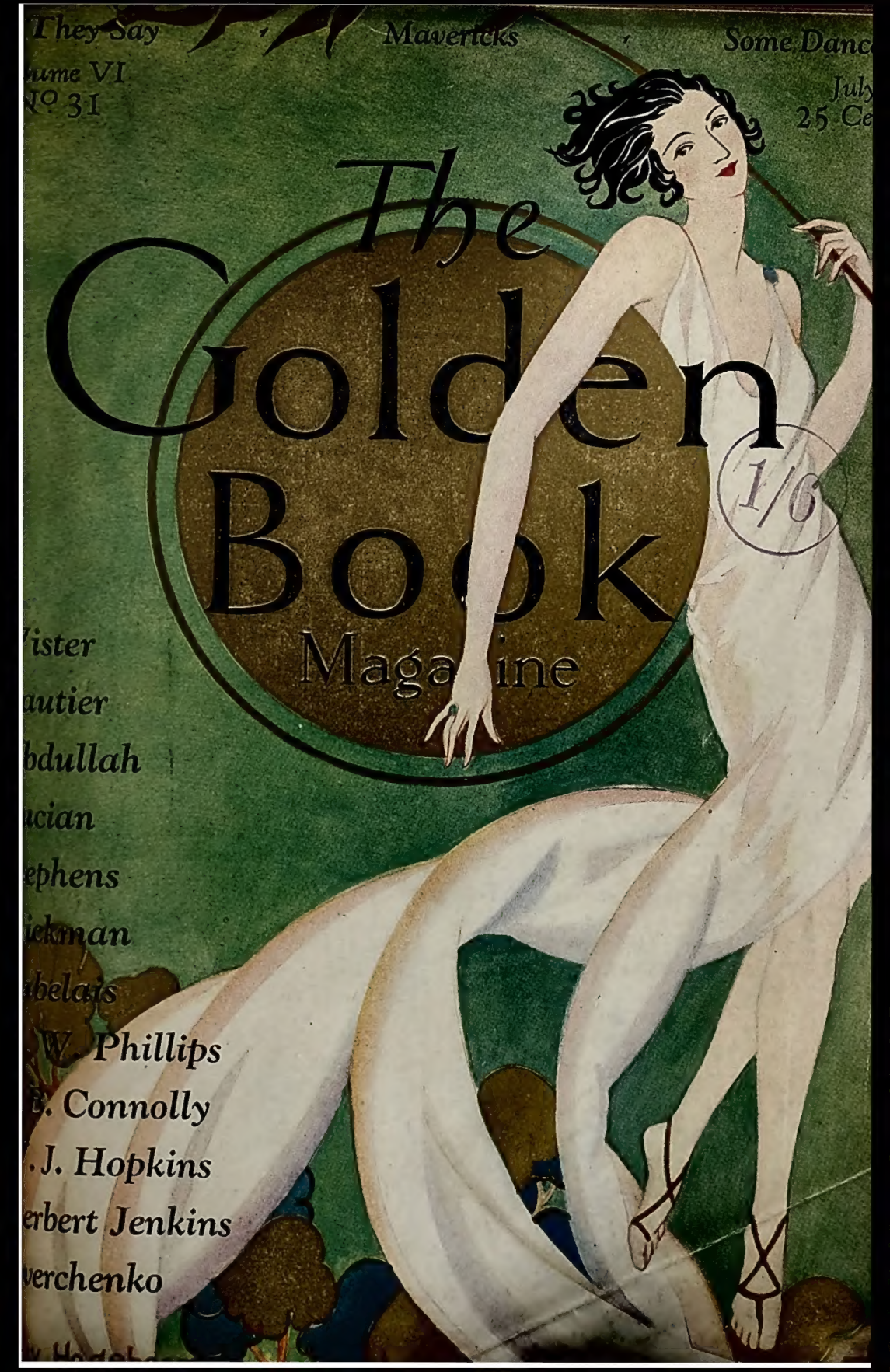
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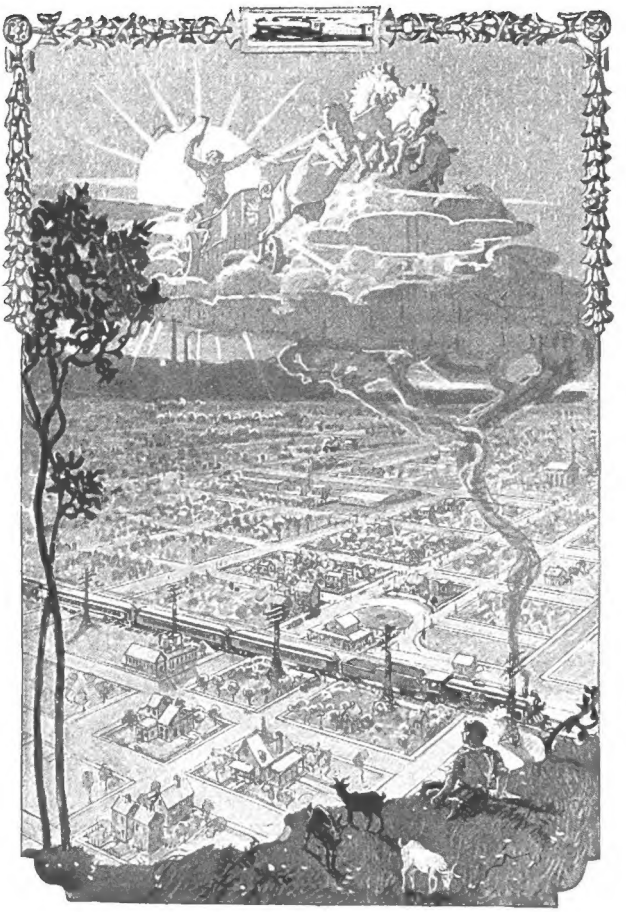

Three-fourths of the mill capacity of the South's billion-dollar textile industry, which now takes more than two-thirds of the cotton manufactured in this country, is along the lines of the Southern Railway System.

*The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.*

# Something new under the sun

Thousands of factories have been erected in the South, but they have not brought about congested industrial centers. These factories lie apart—often on wooded hillsides and in smiling valleys. Nearby are the small and well-kept towns with attractive homes for the workers, and schools and playgrounds for the children.

Southern industry, turning natural resources into wealth, is wisely investing its prosperity in its people.

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*An important announcement issued to every home owner by the directors of the Oil Heating Institute.*

No other modern improvement in the home has had such a spontaneous and hearty welcome as oil heating. All agree that it is most beneficial to the health and comfort of every member of the family.

Oil heating is automatic and uniform, clean, healthful and steady. It more than pays for itself in peace of mind. This modern miracle of home comfort antiquates yesterday's crude, untidy, exasperating methods.

To give the public a full and accurate understanding of the many benefits of oil heating, the Oil Heating Institute was founded. It is composed of leading manufacturers of oil heating equipment who have a combined invested capital of over $40,000,000. They are well organized, soundly financed and thoroughly qualified in experience, technical skill and manufacturing ability to render permanently satisfactory service to the public.

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It is the symbol of satisfactory public service in oil heating.

Only the manufacturers who are members of the Oil Heating Institute are permitted to use it.

These manufacturers have earned their membership through the enthusiasm of thousands of home owners whom they have provided with efficient and dependable oil heating.

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The Oil Heating Institute is fully qualified to guide the betterment of oil heating service.

The Institute offers the public the benefit of the accumulated experience of all its member companies. Working with it are international authorities on oil and oil combustion, specialists in the design and manufacture of oil heating devices, and men trained in the requirements of satisfactory oil heating.

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Enclosed find 10 cents (10c) for which please send me, postpaid, your book entitled "Oil Heating, the Modern Miracle of Comfort," containing instructions on how to select oil heating equipment.

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VOLUME VI
Number 31

JULY
1927

# THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

## OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

*(With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine")*

*Edited by* HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

*Editorial Board:*

JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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# Scientific tests which prove the surpassing performance of CADILLAC and LA SALLE

America has for a generation looked upon Cadillac as the fullest and finest expression of all that is most desirable in a motor car—and it has discovered in its brilliant companion-car, the La Salle, results fully comparable to those of Cadillac.

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Summed up, these comparative, scientific tests prove that Cadillac and La Salle are *the greatest all-around performing cars in the world*—and unequalled, as well, among fine cars, for simplicity, for dependability, for long life and for economy of maintenance.

These results explain, fully and finally, why the Cadillac Motor Car Company today is called upon to manufacture fully half of all the cars produced in Cadillac's particular field, and why it is required to deliver far more La Salle cars than any manufacturer of an automobile anywhere near its price, ever produced in that car's first year.

**The General Motors Proving Grounds occupies a tract of 1245 acres traversed by roads of all kinds with grades of all degrees. Its purpose is to demonstrate wherein General Motors cars may be improved. The engineers in charge devote themselves to constructive fault-finding. Their findings are impartial, for the farthest thing from their minds is to praise any General Motors car.*

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
*Division of General Motors Corporation*
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# Some Persons of Importance

If the writer should at all appear to have induced any of his readers to pay a more ready attention to the wonders of the Creation, too frequently overlooked as common occurrences; or if he should by any means, through his researches, have lent an helping hand towards the enlargement of the boundaries of historical and topographical knowledge; or if he should have thrown some small light upon ancient customs and manners, and especially on those that were monastic; his purpose will be fully answered.

But if he should not have been successful in any of these, his intentions, yet there remains this consolation behind—that these his pursuits, by keeping the body and mind employed, have, under Providence, contributed to much health and cheerfulness of spirits, even to old age; and, what still adds to his happiness, have led him to the knowledge of a circle of gentlemen whose intelligent communications, as they have afforded him much pleasing information, so, could he flatter himself with a continuation of them, would they ever be deemed a matter of singular satisfaction and improvement.

GILBERT WHITE (1720–1793) is as pleasant a companion as fine old Izaak Walton, patron saint of earnest anglers and of all dwellers in "the all-enclosing freehold of Content."

Born in the little village of Selborne, in the extreme eastern corner of Hampshire, fifty miles southwest of London, young White went in due course to Oxford, and became a Fellow of the University at twenty-four. But "being of an unambitious temper," he took a small country living at Faringdon, adjoining his native village, and for half a century looked upon this quiet life and found it good.

During this period, his country was conquering India and losing America, was aflame over the Gordon Riots and Mrs. Fitzherbert: Gilbert White was observing and speculating upon such absorbing questions as whether swallows hibernate; if it is the drowning of the earthworms that makes inundated land poor; the amusing habits of the "old Sussex tortoise" which he had brought home; a friendship between a leveret and a cat; and the "natural term" of a hog's life.

Nothing could have seemed less likely than that the easy, informal letters of such a person should ever make any great stir in the world. All of his inspiration had to come either from within or through correspondence, for the earliest letter begins:

> It has been my misfortune never to have had any neighbours whose studies have led them toward the pursuit of natural knowledge; so that, for want of a companion to quicken my industry and sharpen my attention, I have made but slender progress in a kind of information to which I have been attached since childhood.

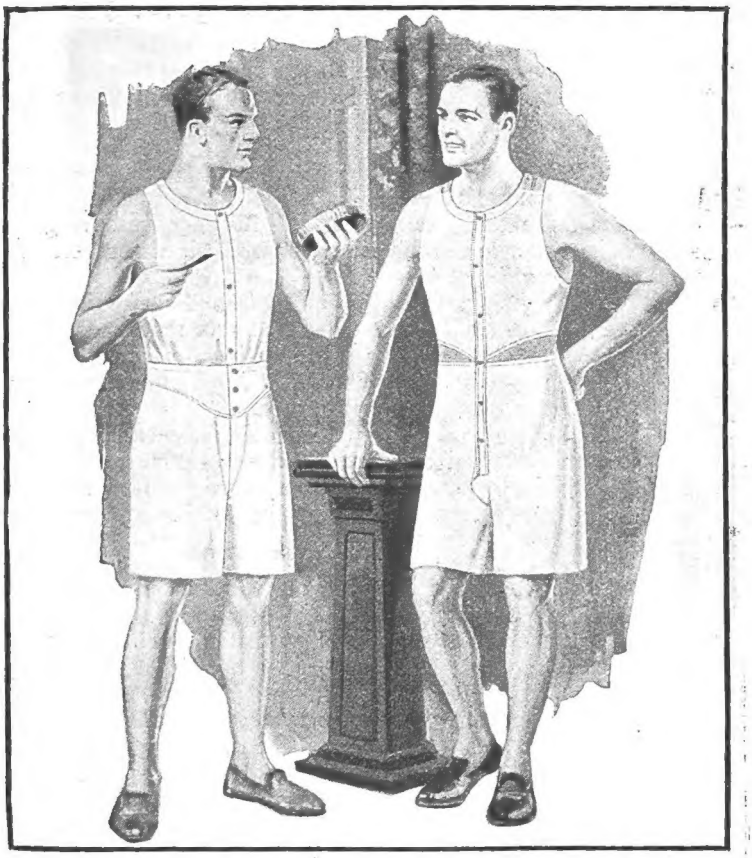
Yet, when these informal epistolary reports to his friends were published, in 1789, as "The Natural History of Selborne," they made an immediate impact on the reading world; and after countless editions, and more than a century of scientific study which has made many of his speculations childish, the book has still something for everyone, be he naturalist or ignoramus. For the supreme virtue was in this quiet country parson: he was vitally interested in everything connected with the world immediately about him; its history and archaeology, the birds and their migration, the instincts of animals—all formed a fascinating and varied volume in which he read, and about which he thought, each day of his long and cheerful existence.

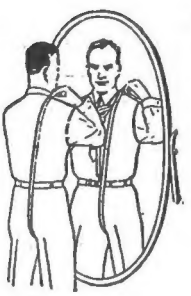
A one-book man he was—for his book was his life. And he came about as close to living happily as any writer of whom we have record.

James Brendan Connolly is well known as a vigorous writer of stories of the sea, and he got his ocean lore at first hand. Born in South Boston, he had some years with the U. S. engineer corps in the South, took "time out" to go to Greece in 1896 and help win the Olympic games for America, and then volunteered for the Spanish War, being present at

(*Continued on page 6*)

*"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best"*





**How to Be Properly Fitted**

"B. V. D." Union Suits are made in over sixty sizes, to fit men of widely varying builds.

Be correctly measured. Three simple encircling measurements — chest, waist and trunk — determine your proper size. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, send your three measurements to the B.V.D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York, who will be glad to advise you.

## Good Fit and Good Feeling

"B.V.D." feels so good because it *fits* so well. And the good feeling that millions hold *toward* "B.V.D." —the good feeling behind years of world-leading popularity — shows how men value better fit, cooler comfort, and longer wear!

*DEMAND TO SEE IT'S "B.V.D."*

IT ALWAYS BEARS THIS RED WOVEN LABEL

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

**The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York**

*Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear*

©1927 The B.V.D. Co., Inc.

(*Continued from page 4*)

the siege of Santiago. Ten years later he was in the Navy for a two-year stretch; and he has had experience as a magazine correspondent in Mexico, and in European waters during the Great War. He has also produced fourteen or fifteen books since his first volume, "Out of Gloucester," appeared in 1902.

"Fish" (published here in his initial appearance) is the first tale Albert Hickman has written for ten or fifteen years—all his energies having gone into the improvement, manufacture and sale of the "sea sled" which is his notable contribution to marine architecture.

It's only necessary to state that that ebullient genius, Mr. Freddy Kimborough, has once more taken the open road, to assure many thousands that there's a short period of undiluted joy ahead for them: for there has been more enthusiastic response to this playful gentleman's performances in "The A-flat Major Polonaise" and "Compensated" than to anything which we have so far published.

Mr. Kimborough, by the way, is as real a person as he seems to be—though in actual life circumstances combined to prevent his remarkable musical genius from having full expression. Thanks to Mr. Hickman, we have records of the expression of some other sides of him, so satisfying that one can only hope there will be more records of his adventures.

The late Herbert Jenkins is the only author on record who founded a successful publishing house on a volume of his own humorous writings. Born in Norwich, England, in 1876, he spent some years in New Zealand; returning to England, he went through Greycoats School and started in a London bookseller's shop—presently joining John Lane, the publisher. In spite of the hard work of his business, he found time to write some stories; and those dealing with a certain whimsical furniture-mover, Joseph Bindle, were so successful that about 1912 he launched a business of his own, Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., which inaugurated its career with "Bindle." So welcome an addition was this worthy to the fun-makers, that before his chronicler died in 1923, his adventures had run through five volumes, which have circulated to the extent of about half a million copies in Great Britain alone.

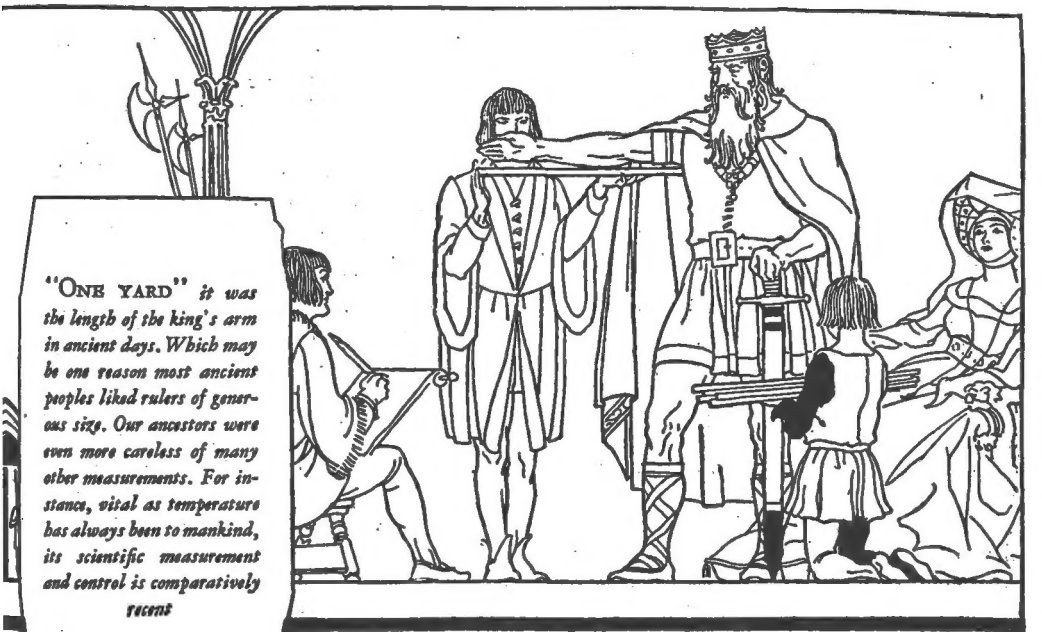
Mr. Jenkins wrote also a "Life of George Borrow," several other comedies ("Patricia Brent, Spinster," etc.), a romance, and a "mystery story"; but Bindle remains his unique achievement—with a Dickens-like quality which arouses satisfying laughter. "Bindle Goes to Chapel," and "Bindle Tries a Change of Work" will be followed here by other tales of the doughty little Cockney.

Amid the dreary pretentiousness of the Sophists who dominated Greek philosophy and literature in the second century, it is refreshing enough to come across the salty humour of Lucian. The solemn pundits who controlled education and letters were attempting a revival of Greek genius by talking in the language of Plato or Demosthenes—and these keen shafts of wit from the young Syrian pierced right through this borrowed vesture, betraying the emptiness within.

Lucian was born in the little town of Samosata on the upper Euphrates. He tells his own beginnings (in "The Dream") in a passage which might have been written the other day.

> No sooner had I left off school, being then well on in my teens, than my father and his friends began to discuss what he should have me taught next. Most of them thought that higher education required great labour, much time, considerable expense, and conspicuous social position, while our circumstances were but moderate and demanded speedy relief; but that, if I were to learn one of the handicrafts, in the first place I myself would immediately receive my support from the trade instead of continuing to share the family table at my age; besides, at no distant day I would delight my father by bringing home my earnings regularly.
>
> The next topic for discussion was opened by raising the question, which of the trades was best, easiest to learn, suitable for a man of free birth, required an outfit that was easy to come by, and offered an income that was sufficient. Each praised a different trade, according to his own judgment or experience; but my father looked at my uncle (for among the company was my uncle on my mother's side, who had the reputation of being an excellent sculptor) and said: "It isn't right that

(*Continued on page 8*)



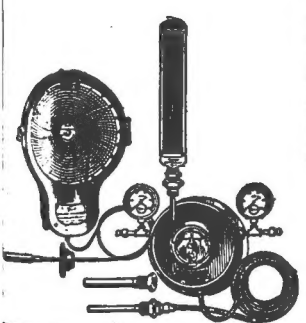
"ONE YARD" *it was the length of the king's arm in ancient days. Which may be one reason most ancient peoples liked rulers of generous size. Our ancestors were even more careless of many other measurements. For instance, vital as temperature has always been to mankind, its scientific measurement and control is comparatively recent*

## *When your customer purchases an instrument of measurement you must sell him* HONESTY

Scientific instruments for the measurement and control of temperature exist today because the early pioneers who first made them possible were impelled by an intense love for truth and accuracy. The men who follow in their footsteps and make the results of their researches available for general use are properly actuated by the same motives.

The merchants who sell such instruments to the public cannot be expected to have the scientific knowledge necessary to test and personally guarantee each instrument they sell. But such dealers do have available a record of more than seventy years of manufacture by the leading organization making instruments of temperature, record and control today.

The Taylor Instrument Companies make over eight thousand styles of *Tycos* Instruments used in the home, the hospital, the laboratory and our great industrial plants. Used on land and sea and in the air. Used wherever men indicate, record and control temperature.



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THE SIXTH SENSE OF INDUSTRY

*Tycos Temperature Instruments*

INDICATING - RECORDING - CONTROLLING

(*Continued from page 6*)

any other trade should have the preference while you are by. Come, take this lad in hand"—with a gesture toward me—"and teach him to be a good stone-cutter, mason, and sculptor, for he is capable of it, since, as you know, he has a natural gift for it." He drew this inference from the way in which I had played with wax; for whenever my teachers dismissed me I would scrape the wax from my tablets and model cattle or horses or even men, and they were true to life, my father thought. I used to get thrashings from my teachers on account of them, but at that time they brought me praise for my cleverness, and good hopes were entertained of me, on the ground that I would soon learn the trade, to judge from that modelling.

So, as soon as it seemed to be a suitable day to begin a trade, I was turned over to my uncle, and I was not greatly displeased with the arrangement, I assure you; on the contrary, I thought it involved interesting play of a sort, and a chance to show off to my schoolmates if I should turn out to be carving gods and fashioning little figures for myself and for those I liked best. Then came the first step and the usual experience of beginners. My uncle gave me a chisel and told me to strike a light blow on a slab that lay at hand, adding the trite quotation: "Well begun, half done." But in my inexperience I struck too hard; the slab broke, and in a gust of anger he seized a stick that lay close by and put me through an initiation of no gentle or encouraging sort, so that tears were the overture to my apprenticeship.

I ran away from the place and came home sobbing continuously, with my eyes abrim with tears. I told about the stick, showed the welts and charged my uncle with great cruelty, adding that he did it out of jealousy, for fear that I should get ahead of him in his trade. My mother comforted me and roundly abused her brother, but when night came on, I fell asleep, still tearful and thinking of the stick.

The dream which followed brought him a personalized choice between Sculpture and Education—and the latter's arguments (plus the remembrance of the beating) are so convincing that the boy at once goes off with her in "a car with winged horses resembling Pegasus." Even as they speed from the East to the very West, "sowing something broadcast," he hears all men, looking up from below, applauding, and speeding him on his way with words of praise.

A pleasant vision, which the youngster lived to see come true. He wrote profusely (we have still eighty-two pieces attributed to him, though some are doubtful) and had immense popularity. He was not a philosopher nor a moralist: his idea was to entertain; and in his keen satiric dialogues between Gods or heroes, as well as in his romances,—*A True Story* and *Lucius, or the Ass*—he succeeded, and still succeeds in this praiseworthy effort.

To any one who has come under the spell of the Southern New England coast, "The Clammer" is full of meaning. It has the very spirit of those sandy beaches and all that debatable land, claimed alternately by land and ocean, which possesses so peculiar a fascination for those who get to know it intimately.

William John Hopkins is New Bedford born—as far back as 1863. He had a scientific training at the Institute of Technology, and began his writing career with such books as "Telephone Lines and their Properties," "Preparatory Physics," and the like. But, when "The Clammer" appeared, more than twenty years ago, it became evident at once that Mr. Hopkins had something of the touch which made James Lane Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal" so appealing; and since then he has published a number of volumes in this same vein.

David P. Berenberg was born in Brooklyn in 1890, and is a teacher in a New York City school. While he has published verse in a number of magazines, his only volume, "The Letters of Glaucon and Sarai," appeared in 1924. The poems by him in this magazine have not appeared elsewhere; and the present remarkable one, "Moses Sees the Lord," is a satirical presentation of the "grinding slavery" of blind orthodoxy. As Mr. Berenberg sees it, there is a common type of human "blunderer" who can be counted on to reject "full and god-like freedom," preferring, for the sake of some immediate good, to enslave himself further.

At almost precisely the time when America was being added to the world's map (the date is unknown—somewhere from 1483 to 1495), there was born in Chinon, in the French province of Touraine, the most gigantic Laugher who has left his impress on literature.

(*Continued on page 10*)

# ..young laughter

We bring you echoes of it from a hundred campuses. . . .

The *joie de vivre* of the irrepressible sub-20's —a spirit jaunty as a red *beret* atop a boyish bob . . . free as thistledown.

The gayety, the glamour, the romance of Youth . . . and something more.

A certain something that lies back of sparkling eyes, and ephemeral loves, and light young laughter. . . .

You'll find it in our stories and in our serial novels—the intense, eager drama of Youth —written by men and women who know young hearts and understand them.

Our August number is one of brilliant variety—rapid, clever and light, as summer reading should be.

Stories by Lucian Cary, Ben Hecht, Stephen French Whitman and Cornell Woolrich's prize novel, "Children of the Ritz."

Shorter things by O. O. McIntyre, T. S. Stribling, Konrad Bercovici, Jim Tully . . . With, of course, the best our scintillating collegians are doing for *every* college humorous magazine in America.

Get it at the news-stands—it will pick you up!

College Humor

ON ALL NEWS-STANDS

(*Continued from page 8*)

And ever since, he has been the despair of all solemn citizens who, unable to ignore anything so vast and reverberating, have attempted to take him seriously. He has been condemned as obscene, as irreligious, as wallowing in filth like any hog. He has been held up as an earnest reformer, masking his ardour to avoid persecution. Yet the Homeric laughter has persisted for four hundred years.

It should be kept in mind that the First Book of "Pantagruel" (which apparently preceded the "Gargantua" now opening his book) was probably written as a sort of parody on a popular chap-book, appearing at Lyons in 1532 or earlier, *les Grandes et inestimables chroniques du grand et énorme géant Gargantua;* and gross as Rabelais' classic seems to us, it was quite in the spirit of the people's literature of a day when streets were open sewers. The *fabliaux* and farces, the English metrical romances of Chaucer's time, will parallel any of its passages; the point is that the book's undying quality has preserved it, just as it was, into our period of sanitary plumbing and mental niceties which are revolted by naughty-boy obscenities.

More than any other author Rabelais defies bowdlerization: you must take him as he was, or let him alone; and he is not for queasy stomachs. Yet he is one of the world's greatest humourists; he had absorbed all the learning of his time—so that his book "holds up an almost perfectly level and spotless mirror to the temper of the early Renaissance"; and there are many passages, indeed, showing to an unrivalled degree that large and shrewd perspective on life which the true Comic Spirit demands.

"Do What You Will" is from the closing chapters of the First Book. It embodies the scholar-monk-physician-jester's notion of that dream which has so appealed to all thinkers: a human society fit to live without rules.

There seems to be a beautiful provision of nature by which an attitude of superiority toward one's fellows produces a momentary blindness in the momentary "superman"—frequently resulting in just such an error as the one he has been smiling at.

In one of the entertaining "Vine Center Vignettes," in our May issue, "young Doctor Dave" was being allusively witty at the expense of the Civic Improvement ladies: he suggests calling the town "Afton"—because Afton was "the loveliest village of the plain"! And that went past an author, and some editors, and several proof-readers, every one of whom was reasonably familiar with "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," and "Flow gently, sweet Afton." Not to mention that only last year we published E. V. Lucas's charming tale of "The Devout Lover" and the Fox-gloves—with its "Sweet Auburn, loveliest Vixen of the Plain."

All of which makes for wholesome humility. H. W. L.

*The Index for Volume V is now ready, and may be had, free of charge, upon application addressed to the Back Number Department.*

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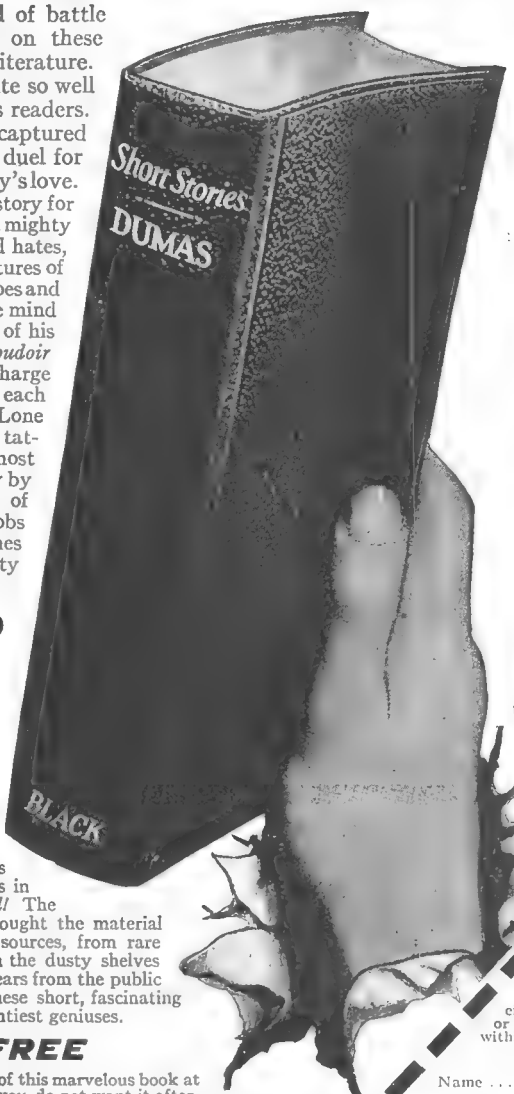


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# Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

## "Only for One Life"

A Frenchman who knows Chinese very well was staying in Peking about fifteen years ago, and he often had a Chinese book open on the table at his meals in the hotel. He noticed that the servant who waited on him often glanced into this book, and not with the futile inquisitiveness which all inferiors display here but with an interest which appeared more intelligent and sustained. On questioning him he found that the waiter must have been a serious student. "But how is it," said the Frenchman, "that you are in this position, with your brains and education?" The Chinaman smiled quite unabashed. "Oh! what does it matter," he replied, "it is only for one life." Nowadays, one has less and less chance of hearing words like these, which might appear artless, but yet hold the germ of a sublime doctrine.

By dint of agitating, the Occident has succeeded in communicating the fever which is devouring itself, to the Orient. That is not to say that there has not been, at all times, in China a very strong strain of cupidity and practical sense. But Tao, Buddha and even Confucius combat this greed of gain with all their power. The wisdom of the Sages has struck a dagger into the heart of material life in China. The West is in the act of drawing it out. In proportion as the new spirit spreads, so the far-away horizons are effaced, perspectives are closed up, nothing any more can outweigh the importance, nor diminish the reality of the present moment. From being twofold, life has become terribly simple. Soon it will be nothing but an orgy of pleasure-snatching, here, as everywhere else. And yet the fundamental ideas of Asia are not so easily to be destroyed. One wonders what unforeseen defences the Asiatic soul will present to the attack of modern influences.

*In China.* Abel Bonnard.

[*Awarded the Grand Literary Prize of the French Academy.*]

## The Problem of Tax-exempt Securities

In summary, our conclusions are: (1) The withdrawal of the privilege of tax exemption from states and municipalities would do more harm than good. (2) The exemption of Federal issues from the Federal taxes is purely a fiscal question and must be settled for each issue in the light of money market conditions and tax rates at the time of the issue. (3) The policy of exempting bonds which are issued to finance a private industry cannot be settled on general principles. It is probably desirable that the Congress should retain the *power* to extend such assistance. Whether aid should be granted to agriculture at the present time, and whether it should be granted to other industries which may seek it from time to time in the future, are questions which must be answered on the basis of the special

(*Continued on page 14*)

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(*Continued from page 12*)

needs of the industry, the probable effectiveness of the subsidy sought, and the extent of the public interest in the success of the industry.

*Tax-Exempt Securities and the Surtax.* CHARLES O. HARDY, *with the Aid of the Council and Staff of the Institute of Economics.*

## ANALYZING CUPID

A Generation which knows a great deal about love is usually a generation which produces few great lovers. And to-day, we know everything about love. We put Cupid under the microscope. With delicately adjusted instruments we gauge the heat of the divine fire. We have searchlights which lay bare the secrets of the mind, penetrating far into the dim and delicate desires of childhood. In fact, there is nothing about love which we do not know, except how to love. *Crazy Pavements.* BEVERLEY NICHOLS.

## THE ANT QUEEN

It would be possible, of course, for the workers to place their state in the control of the younger, fertilized females, when the old Queen dies, and in this way insure the perpetual existence of their people, but as a matter of fact, this is seldom done. In some unexplained way, at least one which we humans can not grasp, the life of the original founder of the Ant State is directly bound up with the life of her people. When the Queen dies, all the citizens are seized with a similar disinclination to live. We humans might call it mourning to the point of disgust with life. There are similar customs among men, in New Guinea and some of the South Sea Islands, where whole races commit a species of suicide after the death of a beloved prince. The individuals do not slay one another or themselves, but they prevent their wives from bearing children, and thus allow the tribe to die out. I myself saw a dying race of this kind on the island of Buka—and I witnessed a similar disgust with life, and slow dying out of a race of Ants, whose soul, their Queen, had been taken away. *The Ant People.* HANS HEINZ EWERS.

## PRAYING TO KNOW THE UNKNOWABLE

The Saint, as always, was babbling his prayer, when the Light Celestial shone in on him.

"What is that you are saying?" inquired the Divine Presence.

The Saint, hearing a voice, replied, "I am praying that I may know God."

"He doesn't understand a word of it."

"How do you know? You are not God."

"Why am I not God?"

"Because you have a voice which I can hear with my ears; and you have a light which I can see with my eyes. But these are the deceptions of the senses."

"I perceive," said God, "that you are praying to know the unknowable. But it is only by praying through that which you know that you can come nearer to God."

*Ironical Tales.* LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

## STORIES OF T. R.

I remember two stories in particular which he told very often. Many people have heard them, but as I have never seen them in print I think I may repeat them safely.

One was about an old Rough Rider who had gotten into trouble in the West. He had been indicted for shooting a woman. He wrote to Mr. Roosevelt at the White House asking him to do something to help him.

"They got me up for shooting a woman," the letter read. "But I'm really innocent. I can prove I wasn't aiming at the woman at the time. I was aiming at my own wife."

Another one of these stories told of another Rough Rider who was indicted for murder in a far western state. He wrote the President asking for a loan of two hundred dollars

(*Continued on page 16*)

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(*Continued from page 14*)

to hire a lawyer to defend him. The killing had taken place in some sort of ranch brawl. The President never turned a deaf ear to any of the Rough Riders who called on him for help—and the calls were numerous. So he sent the requested two hundred dollars, never expecting to see it again. However, a short time later, much to his surprise, he got another letter from the same man returning the two hundred. The letter said in substance:

"Dear Teddy: I'm sending back the money I borrowed to help at my trial. We didn't need to have no trial as we elected our district attorney."

*Theodore Roosevelt: Hero to his Valet.* JAMES E. AMOS (*Personal attendant to Mr. Roosevelt for many years*).

## BORNEO "SAVAGES" AND CHILDREN

Not only does this intense love for children manifest itself with reference to his own offspring, but it may also become a great surging force where children of others are involved. A Dyak servant, like the native servants of Celebes, will vigorously resent any attempt of a father to discipline any of the latter's own children. As an illustration, an occurrence of a few years ago, the truth of which was vouched for by a ruling Dutch official, clearly depicts this quality in the native house servant. A Dutch military officer had inflicted corporal punishment on one of his own children, because of some overt act. The following night the official was beheaded by one of his native servants who had witnessed the punishment of the child. Making no attempt to escape the consequences of his act, the servant sought to justify the murder by his statement that "no grown-up person has the right to strike any child." *In Borneo Jungles.* WILLIAM O. KROHN.

## BUYING "PLUS FOURS"

The shop was full of the Cohen family, sombre-eyed, smileless men with purposeful expressions; and two of these, instantly descending upon Wallace Chesney like leopards, began in swift silence to thrust him into a suit of yellow tweed. Having worked the coat over his shoulders with a shoehorn, they stood back to watch the effect.

"A beautiful fit," announced Isidore Cohen.

"A little snug under the arms," said his brother Irving. "But that'll give."

"The warmth of the body will make it give," said Isidore.

"Or maybe you'll lose weight in the summer," said Irving.

Wallace, when he had struggled out of the coat and was able to breathe, said that he had come in to buy a putter. Isidore thereupon sold him the putter, a dog collar, and a set of studs, and Irving sold him a fireman's helmet: and he was about to leave when their elder brother, Lou, who had just finished fitting out another customer, who had come in to buy a cap, with two pairs of trousers and a miniature aquarium for keeping newts in, saw that business was in progress and strolled up. His fathomless eye rested on Wallace, who was toying feebly with the putter.

"You play golf?" asked Lou. "Then looka here!"

He dived into an alleyway of dead clothing, dug for a moment, and emerged with something at the sight of which Wallace Chesney, hardened golfer that he was, blenched and threw up an arm defensively.

"No, no!" he cried.

The object which Lou Cohen was waving insinuatingly before his eyes was a pair of those golfing breeches which are technically known as Plus Fours. A player of two years' standing, Wallace Chesney was not unfamiliar with Plus Fours—all the club cracks wore them—but he had never seen Plus Fours like these. What might be termed the main *motif* of the fabric was a curious vivid pink, and with this to work on the architect had let his imagination run free, and had produced so much variety in the way of chessboard squares of white, yellow, violet, and green that the eye swam as it looked upon them.

"These were made to measure for Sandy McHoots, the Open Champion," said Lou, stroking the left leg lovingly. "But he sent 'em back for some reason or other."

"Perhaps they frightened the children," said Wallace. *Divots.*. P. G. WODEHOUSE.

## Brook Farm

They had chosen an enchanting spot for the community: a steep slope near the village of Harvard, with a view that spread over miles of well-tilled farms and well-pruned orchards. The house was amply stocked, with comely maple furniture, cupboards full of copper and brass, a library of a thousand volumes in the front entry. (What books! Pindar, Alcæus, Mimnermus, Spinoza, Behmen, pagan and Christian poets, mystics, sages, the richest collection of its kind in all America—Lane's library brought from London.) At the foot of the slope was the twenty-acre field, redeemed from the curse of ownership, where they meant to cultivate their grain, pulse, herbs and flax, and their upright, aspiring vegetables, not with the enslaving plough, that bane of the republic of animals, but with the spade, the symbol of the creative life. No manure—Nature was not to be forced. No polluting animal food within doors. No tea or coffee to disturb the poise of the physical organism. Bread made from unbolted flour, and shaped, to render it palatable, in the forms of beasts. The men bathed in the brook, the women in a shelter of clothes-horses covered with sheets: Alcott himself mounted the ladder without and poured the water from a pitcher over their heads. For the rest, there was much emblematic ceremony. When the first load of hay was driven into the barn, one member of the household made a little speech: "I take off my hat, not that I reverence the barn more than other places, but because this is the first fruit of our labour." Then all fell silent for a time, that holy thought might be awakened. And on May Alcott's third birthday, the child was escorted by the whole community to the grove and crowned with flowers, while Alcott read an ode composed by himself in honour of his daughter. *Emerson and Others.* Van Wyck Brooks.

## Looking for the "Mademoiselle from Armentières"

A very unromantic daughter of France led me up creaky barren stairs to a barren passage, and thence into a large barren room. Here I flung down my bag and asked for *de l'eau chaud*, which, I have gathered, means some hot water. The daughter of France, I think, resented this monstrous request but disappeared to inquire about the possibility of upsetting the organization. She was the usual type of girl we found around billets, a thick-set, sturdy lump, with red wrists about four inches thick, and I should imagine a skull about the same. I don't know whether I was unlucky or not, but never throughout the war could I find the type of girl that fiction, the theater and the motion-picture always insist was at the billets. In vain I looked for one with black silk stockings, high-heeled shoes and a magazine-cover face, but never found her. The best I ever saw was one whose name I cannot remember, in the billet next to mine up near Ypres, and I think she was corralled by my soldier servant at the time. Such a wealth of glamour has grown up around "Mademoiselle from Armentières" that I feel the hoax should be exposed. The war, however, was so harsh, hard and terrible in the main that the sight of any woman was a comfort, for, after all, they all spell something softer and kindlier than a colonel or a sergeant-major, and where they live is better than a trench.

*Carry On, Sergeant!* Bruce Bairnsfather.

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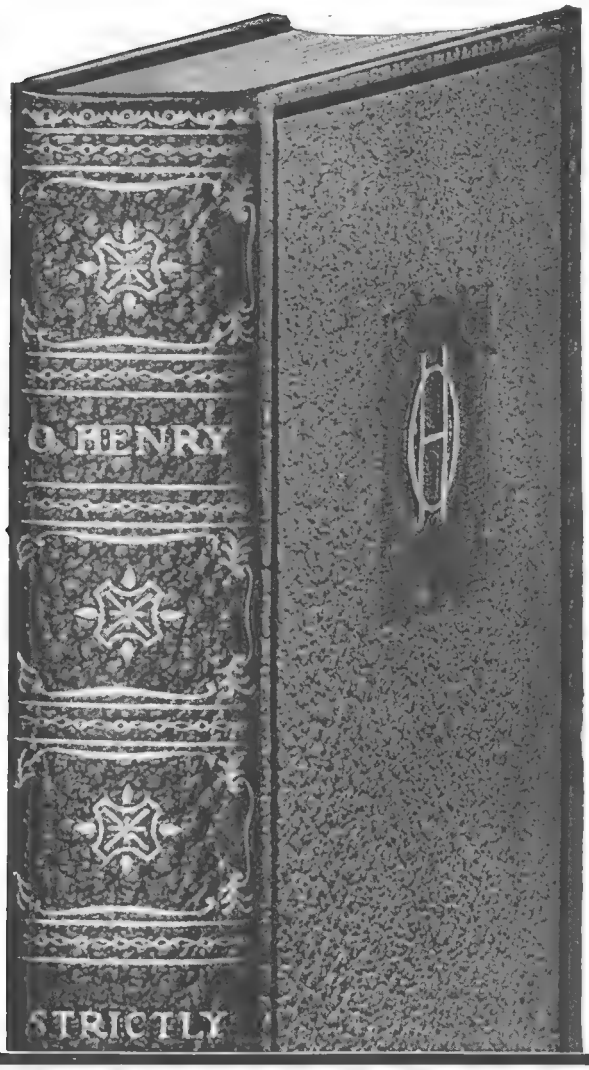


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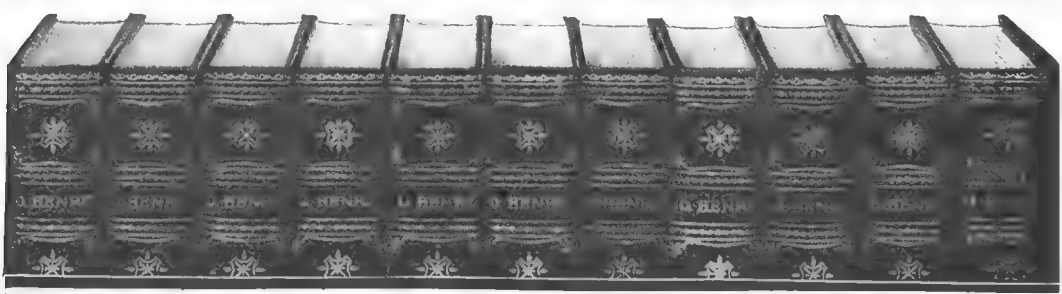

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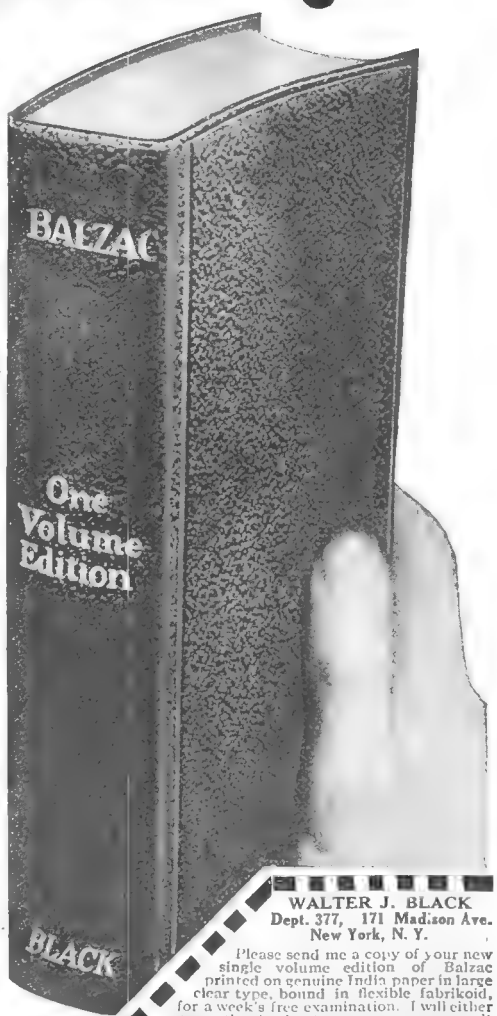


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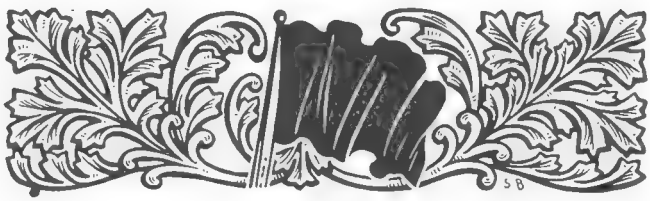

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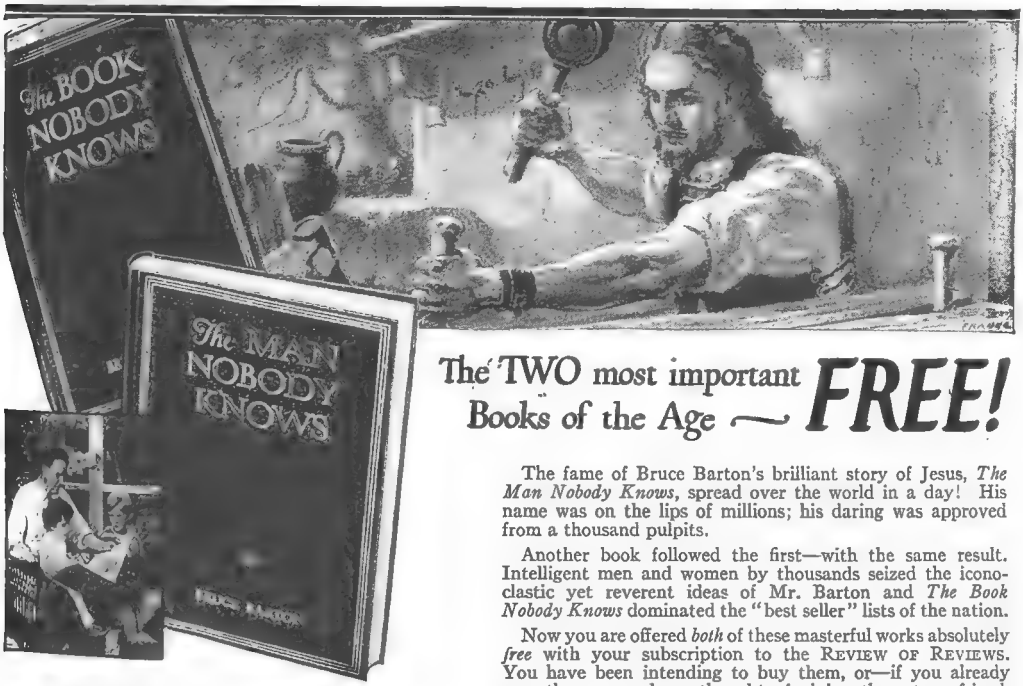


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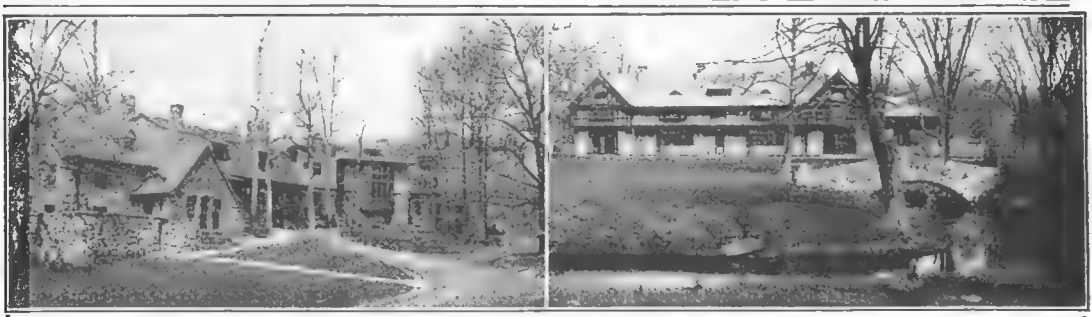

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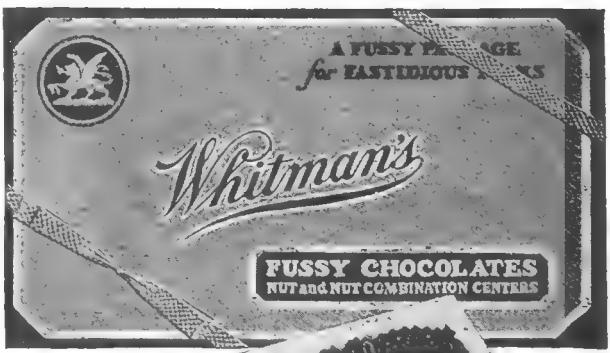

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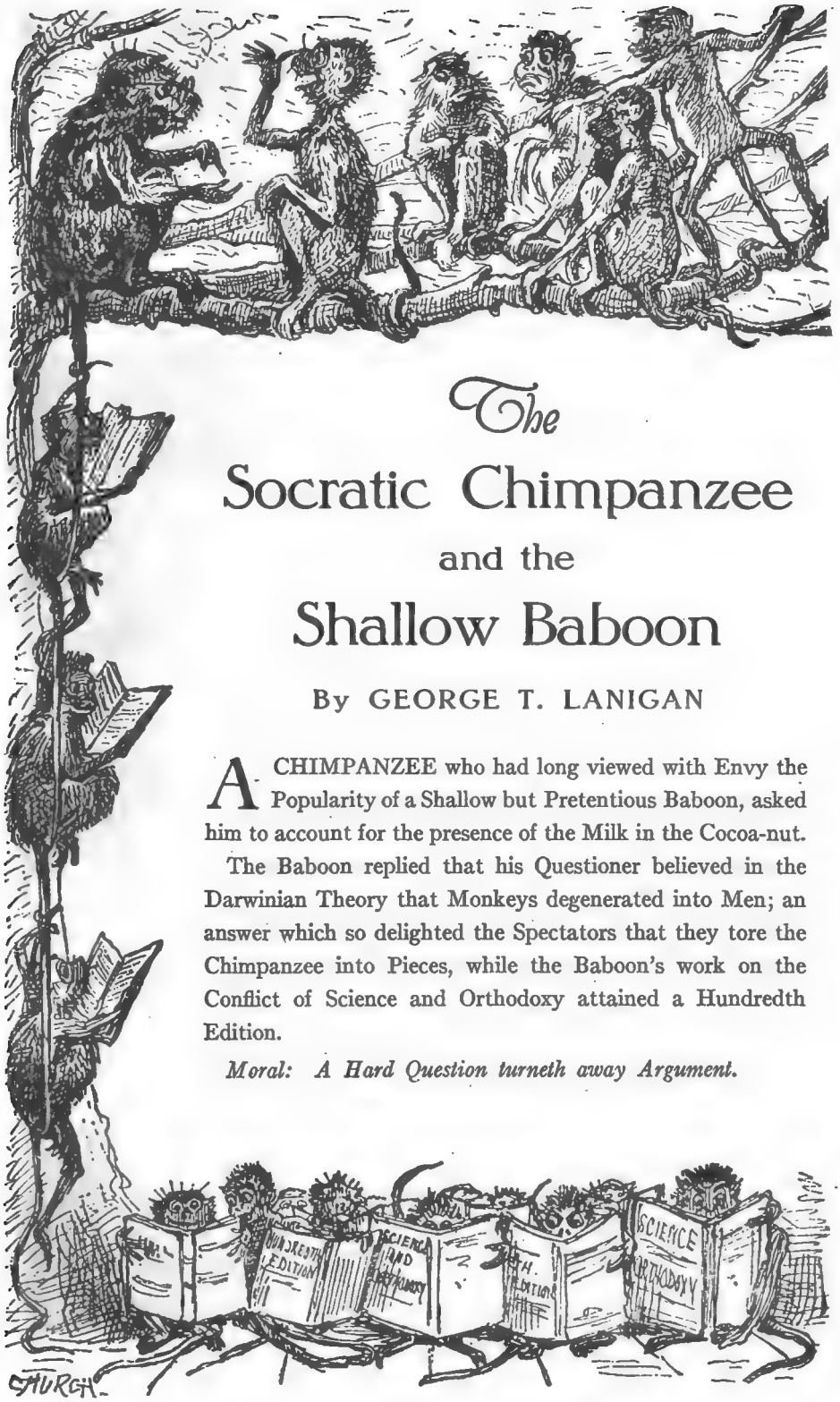



# The Socratic Chimpanzee and the Shallow Baboon

By GEORGE T. LANIGAN

A CHIMPANZEE who had long viewed with Envy the Popularity of a Shallow but Pretentious Baboon, asked him to account for the presence of the Milk in the Cocoa-nut.

The Baboon replied that his Questioner believed in the Darwinian Theory that Monkeys degenerated into Men; an answer which so delighted the Spectators that they tore the Chimpanzee into Pieces, while the Baboon's work on the Conflict of Science and Orthodoxy attained a Hundredth Edition.

*Moral: A Hard Question turneth away Argument.*

# Mother Love in Animals—By GILBERT WHITE

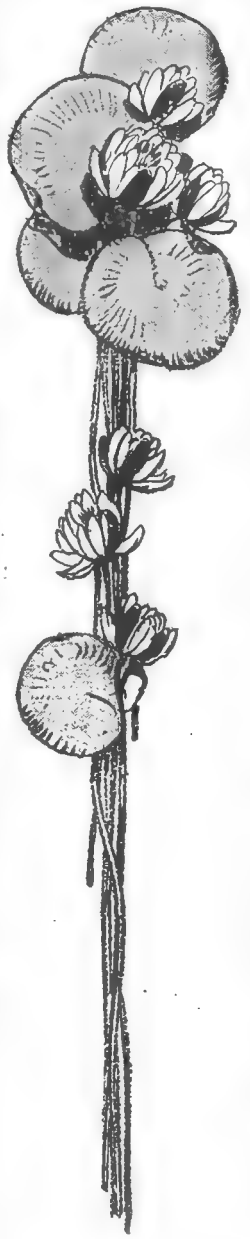
THE more I reflect on the *storge* (maternal love) of animals, the more I am astonished at its effects. Nor is the violence of this affection more wonderful than the shortness of its duration. Thus every hen is in her turn the virago of the yard, in proportion to the helplessness of her brood; and will fly in the face of a dog or a sow in defence of those chickens, which in a few weeks she will drive before her with relentless cruelty.

This affection sublimes the passions, quickens the invention, and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Thus an hen, just become a mother, is no longer that placid bird she used to be, but with feathers standing on end, wings hovering, and clocking note, she runs about like one possessed. Dams will throw themselves in the way of the greatest danger in order to avert it from their progeny. Thus a partridge will tumble along before a sportsman in order to draw away the dogs from her helpless covey. In the time of nidification the most feeble birds will assault the most rapacious. All the hirundines of a village are up in arms at the sight of an hawk, whom they will persecute till he leaves that district. A very exact observer has often remarked that a pair of ravens nesting in the rock of Gibraltar would suffer no vulture or eagle to rest near their station, but would drive them from the hill with an amazing fury; even the blue thrush at the season of breeding would dart out from the clefts of the rocks to chase away the kestril, or the sparrow-hawk. If you stand near the nest of a bird that has young, she will not be induced to betray them by an inadvertent fondness, but will wait about at a distance with meat in her mouth, for an hour together. . . .

The flycatcher of the "Zoölogy" (the *Stoparola* of Ray—*Muscicapa grisola*), builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertently placed their nest on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But an hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflection of the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and promoted the parent-birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while with wings

expanded, and mouths gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring. . . .

To these instances of tender attachment, many more of which might be daily discovered by those that are studious of nature, may be opposed that rage of affection, that monstrous perversion of the natural love, which induces some females of the brute creation to devour their young because their owners have handled them too freely, or removed them from place to place! Swine, and sometimes the more gentle race of dogs and cats, are guilty of this horrid and preposterous murder. When I hear now and then of an abandoned mother that destroys her offspring, I am not so much amazed; since reason perverted, and the bad passions let loose, are capable of any enormity; but why the parental feelings of brutes, that usually flow in one most uniform tenor, should sometimes be so extravagantly diverted, I leave to abler philosophers than myself to determine. *Natural History of Selborne* (1773).



1 Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
Unsinews labour.

2 How hard it is to remember what is most memorable. We remember how we itched, not how our hearts beat. THOREAU.

3 Kisses are like salt-water—that I know.
The more you drink the thirstier you grow.
RUDAGI (TIETJENS).

4 Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible Sun within us. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

5 "Sorrow," said Sancho, "was made for man, not for beasts, sir; but if men give too much way to it, they become beasts."
CERVANTES.

6 The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's.
KEATS.

7 Say what they will of the glowing independence one feels in the saddle, give me the first morning flush of your cheery pedestrian. MELVILLE.

8 "To be silent is to be beautiful. Stars do not make a noise. Children should always be in bed. These are serious truths which cannot be controverted; therefore silence is fitting as regards them." JAMES STEPHENS.

9 Behold the Sea, [strong,
The opaline, the plentiful, the
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July. EMERSON.

10 Beneath the skull of every one of us a crowd of contradictory ideas are sheltered. We are attached to them all equally, and they get on very well because we never allow them to meet.
ANATOLE FRANCE.

11 All who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin. BYRON.

12 "That's it," observed Mr. Sikes approvingly; "women can always put things in fewest words.—Except when it's blowing up; and then they lengthen it out." DICKENS.

13 The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we excite. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

14 The Summer looks out from her brazen tower,
Through the flashing bars of July.
FRANCIS THOMPSON.

15 When the ancients could first behold Sirius with the naked eye, they usually sacrificed a brown dog to appease his rage; considering . . . that, on the morning of its first rising, the sea boiled, wine turned sour, dogs grew mad and all other creatures became languid. JOHN TIMBS.

16 Long listless summer hours when the moon,
Being enamoured of a damask rose
Forgets to journey westward. WILDE.

17 If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will WILLIAM JAMES.

18 A man, asked why he did not weep at a sermon when everybody else was shedding tears, replied: "I don't belong to this parish."
HENRI BERGSON.

19 O spring of Bandusia, brighter than crystal, worthy of sweet wine and flowers . . . the fierce season of the blazing dog-star cannot touch thee. HORACE.

20 Not every man who talks knowingly is expert in business: "Many is the gracions form covered with a veil—yet on lifting this thou discoverest a grandmother." SA'DI.

21 "Life at its greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a bit till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over." GOLDSMITH.

22 It had beene hard for him that spake it, to have put more Truth and untruth together, in few Words, then in that Speech: "Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wilde Beast or a God."
BACON.

23 Who formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone,
Makes not a God; but he that prayes to one. HERRICK.

24 According to the ancient oral tradition of the Hebrews, or *Kabalah*, a sacred word exists, which gives to the mortal who can discover the correct way of pronouncing it, the key to all the sciences, divine and human. This word . . . is formed of four Hebrew letters . . . *Yod-he-vaw-he.* PAPUS.

25 Home by water and to the office all the afternoon, which is a great pleasure to me again, to talk with persons of quality and to be in command, and I give it out among them that the estate left me is £200 a year in land, besides moneys, because I would put an esteem upon myself.
PEPYS

26 Every lie shall be written down as a lie by the recording angels, with the exception of three: a lie told in order to reconcile two men; a lying promise made by a man to his wife; and a lie, in which a man engaged in war makes a promise or threat.
THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD (IBN KHALLIKAN).

27 I think of earth as the floor of a cathedral where altar and Presence are everywhere. A. E.

28 People may talk of first love—it is a very agreeable event, I dare say—but give me the flush, and triumph, and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob! BORROW.

29 Some say red-headed women, pale-coloured, black-eyed, and of a shrill voice, are most subject to jealousy. Comparisons are odious . . . men and women are both bad, and too subject to this pernicious infirmity.
ROBERT BURTON.

30 I will discover to you a philter that has neither drug, nor simple, nor enchantment in it: Love, if you would raise love. SENECA.

31 Fear God as if you had never obeyed Him, and hope in Him as if you had never disobeyed Him.
IBN-AS-SAMMAK.

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME VI JULY, 1927 NUMBER 31

# Susie, Sans Souci

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Henry Wallace Phillips

"HM," said Red: "'Hardship makes a man, and soft living a brute!' Sense to that. True about women, too. Did I ever tell you about Castleton and little Susie Waters?"

"'A-sittin' in the sun, cryin' and weepin' for a young man?'"

"No, no!" he said. "Susie—not Sallie. And other folks done the weeping. She was one of the kind that had too much prosperity, and that led her to these new notions about women running things. Unless you're bigger than I am, I'll tell you about it."

If you went over this blessed land of the free with a tooth-brush in one hand and a slab of sticky fly-paper in the other, you couldn't find no happier spot than Castleton. There's where the dove of peace put up a brick hotel.

They never had hard storms in Castleton—always went 'round. The stones weren't rough there—quiet and well-behaved. The trees and the grass and the flowers grew with no noise and fuss whatsoever, and as for the people, there never was a word spoken hard enough to draw the temper of any man. It was a placer-mining Paradise.

It cuddled under a gosh-almighty cliff of white quartz—a cliff that shot 500 foot in the air. A pool, clear as innocence itself, washed the cliff. Old spruces, that had their growth when Moses played hookey, shaded it.

Hank Peters' dam formed the pool. The other boys either sluiced at his place or flumed the water down a ways.

There was Hank, and Jim Smith, and Missouri Jim; Charley Hand and his wife; Bill Gaudy and his wife; the Stevenses, the Cropseys, the Ole boys and a lot I can't remember, and Tom Ivy, the Cousin Jack who did a retail post-office business and

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sold food and patent medicines, the two staples of any honest camp. Of course there was luxuries, like tobacco and whisky on the side. Tom didn't sell the whisky—that was against the law, and never a soul was against the law in Castleton. Nope, Tom gave you the whisky, and you bought a briar-wood pipe. Those were the only expensive things in Tom's store—those pipes. You paid him a dollar and a quarter for one, when you could buy the same thing elsewhere for half a dollar. But what was the use of being mean when a man is kind enough to make you a present of a pint of good whisky? Always we bought a pipe, and paid the price ungrudging. That was a law, too, and, as I said, nobody broke laws in Castleton.

There was sleep in Castleton. I don't mean just forgetting what's going on around you for a certain length of time—I mean the kind of sleep that sweetens every muscle of your body, that makes you feel like angels was rocking you in a cradle made of pink cloud. The kind of sleep when you almost know how good you're sleeping, and how much you're enjoying it, although you ain't more 'n begun before somebody's hollering in your ear and it's sunup once more. Then you stretch and smell the good old pines and truck and say, "That was some sleep. Lord! Where's breakfast?"

Yes, sir, for pure comfort give me Castleton, where life run like a river of soothing syrup through a meadow of dreams, sunup to sundown, sundown to sunup, 365 days, plus, per annum.

But just as soon as he sees anything like that, old John H. Devilkins gets busy with his fine work. That's the one thing he won't stand for—peace and comfort; so that is the reason a cloud come by night, chilling our tranquillitee. And it was a cloud not much larger than a man's hand, at that—particularly if the man was holding 'em good just then.

Its name was Susie Waters. I don't doubt it had a silver lining, this little cloud, but as it happened to be a young-lady cloud, no gentleman should mention such a thing, even a silver one. Lining or not, it wanted some oil to still the troubled Waters, because they'd been raised by a Gale.

Tincup Gale, Susie's father, was the lad that hit it at Tincup in the early days. The echo of the strike hadn't much more'n drifted down the cañon before the old man opened up a free variety show, with free champagne squirting on the side. They said he had ten men working for him, and every shovelful of dirt they lifted was a dollar in the old man's pocket, and they added that every time he lifted his hand, whisho! away went the whole bizee! He considered the sight of a sober man an insult to his hospitality. 'Twas a merry spot for a while—Tincup.

Then the old man married and got religion. As for his religion, that's as it may be, but he sure got a decent wife—old snoozers like him always does. Susie was the result. They sent her back East to school when she was grown enough, and she come home, running most of the available live-stock, from two to six-footed, that the neighbourhood afforded. She had all kinds of fancy, fool ideas the Eastern folk fill their noddles with, being too lazy to think, and she tucked forty-seven different kinds of her own make-up on that.

And then Bob Waters, one of the nicest, quietest, kindest boys the Lord ever passed over the border, had to go and get stuck on her. Nothing that friends, sense, nor misfortune could say had any weight with him.

He goes, story-book style, to old man Gale and asks his consent.

"No!" says the old man.

"But I can take care of her, all right, and I'll use her well!"

"No!" yells the old man.

"But what you got agin me, Gale?"

"I ain't got nothing agin you. If Susie took after her maw, I'd say: Go to it. But she takes after me, and nobuddy knows better what that means than I do. If you want her, snatch her—but don't you go a-luggin' me into it as her accomplice before the fack."

So they got married and come to Castleton. And the devil he laughed. For this is where he strung it all over us—had us smeared and gummed and razzle-dazzled like a daddy-long-legs in a barrel of tar.

Yes, here they come, Mr. and Mrs. Waters. The very first day old Grandpaw and Grammaw Beaver, that had held down the dam since the memory of man, pulled up stakes and left. Sign number one. The big mountain lion that had his hole in the cliff above us and yowled on moonlight nights skipped, and the rampike atop of Sweetney's Mountain come crashing down. Any man that had sense would have took warning and followed suit, but there's this difference between the brute things and man: when an animal gets a hunch, he follows it; when a man gets a hunch, he

bucks, to show how smart he is. Well, well!

Here come little Susie, anyhow. At first she was so pretty and lively, it seemed like a good thing. Moreover, I didn't run afoul of strangers much, so I didn't cross her line of activities for some time.

Then one morning I happened into Tom Ivy's shack, and I see things ain't as they ought to be.

Tom's pardner was an Injun lady, weighing a modest little two hundred or so. Always before, she's so proud of her white man that Adam and Eve, before they loaded up on applejack, weren't to be compared to this pair.

But now war was in the air, blood on the moon, and signs of approaching disorder.

I started to back away, having acted once for all as umpire in a family jar—but Tom held me up.

"Just you a-listen to me a bit, Reddy dear," says he. "Us is about to have a row—an' w'y? says you. Because of that son-of-a-beggar, Bob Waters's wife! Wot's her done? says you. I tell'ee now. Her comes and fills my old 'ooman's ears with such a talk you ne'r see—'tis orful, mon, orful! All about she don't belong to do a tap o' work at all. That I be a tyrant on her and do aboose her, and all and all till it come to this."

And poor old Tom wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, being broke in his feelings.

"Well, what's next?" says I.

"I do be goin' to give her a little rap wi' this," says Tom, holding up a pineknot club. "Just a little diff, 'usband-loike—nuthin' to 'urt, but to remind her of her juty."

"Well, let me out!" says I. "It's against the rules to beat a lady!"

"I know, I know!" says poor Tom. "And black the shame to her that caused it! 'Ere we goes along, come this many a year, and never a word, till this hussycat starts up her yammerin'! And now 'ill the ol' 'ooman wash a dish or pan? Her will not! Jeemima!" he says. "Go wash up, do 'ee, dear, like a good witch!"

"Ur-g-gh!" says Mrs. Ivy. "Go wash self! You dam' lazy. You no good. You wash. I sleep!"

"'Ear her, Reddy dear," he says, "'ow she talks to me! 'Tis past and away endurin'. Do 'ee watch now, and see she can't throw to me I done her a bit of rale harm, 'cos, come it to wusslin', her could flap me like an ol' shirt in a hurricane, her's that bodily strong! Ain't a better ol' gal in the country! 'Llweffngwlch y grubbwr!'" says he in Welsh. "I got to do it to 'ee, dearie!"

So he jumped up and lammed her one—toonk!—on the coco, and down she goes. The house shook.

Tom stands over her, wiping his eyes with one hand and waving the club with the other.

"Will 'ee go now, sweetling?" he says. "Aw do, lovey!"

"Shinto!" says Mrs. Ivy. "I go!"

"Listen to her now?" says Tom. "Could 'ee ask a better trollop? Buss me one afore ye leave me, wench!" So they hugged and kissed each other.

"A-weel, a-weel, 'tis over, praise be!" says Tom. "What 'ill 'ee have, Reddy lad?" So I bought my stuff, taking my time to it, whiles from the kitchen Mrs. Ivy sung, "Mah, lache coa nah," cheerful and happy, and stuck a large and admiring face around the edge of the door, now and again, to get a peek at that prince of men, her lord and master, who sent her to grass with one wallop, just as easy! "Some man, that!" says Mrs. Ivy to herself.

After, I met little Susie on her travels once or twice, and see for myself where the springs of trouble lay. What does she do but open on the error of man's ways. She brought up to me several little incidents concerning ladies that was their business and the men's; no self-respecting young female person would have mentioned 'em, anyhow. But Susie, she don't give any one of as many assorted good gosh-darns as you could bring before you. Not a whoop cares Susie.

"That's just the way with you men!" she says, when I explained that she ought to let the other ladies kick, if there was any kick coming. "Setting up a double standard! One life for women, another life for men!"

"Get out!" says I. "What you talking about? How's a man going to get into a woman fuss without a woman to help him? There ain't any double standard." She insisted there was, and I joshed her to get rid of her, because, of course, nobody thinks it is a square deal to slam a woman for the things that's only looked upon as a sporting proposition in a man. It kind of spoils your argument, knowing that.

"I'll fix all that on this creek!" says Susie, sitting up straight and shaking her finger at me—a pretty little piece of deviltry, at that. "I'll show you male

brutes a thing or two! We women can do something when we get started!"

"Careful, careful, little Susie!" says I. "Don't burn its nice fingers! Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to get blistered. You may show us what you'll do when you start, but look out we don't show you what you'll do when you're stopped!"

But she just snaps her head and walks off, full of trouble.

Next day or so Charley Hand takes me out for a confidential talk. He converses bitterly between his grinding teeth.

"Yah!" says he. "Could you ask for a quieter home, a decenter layout, than this was before this little carrot-headed, swivel-tongued, hen-witted, pepper-tempered ten pounds of impudence and riot hit this placer camp?"

"No," says I.

"Sure not!" says he. "And now! If I don't get it slammed into me from morn to eve what a bunch of misapplied mistakes my whole darn life is, I'm a second-rate dog-robber! I ain't a-going to say one word against the wife. 'Tain't her fault; she just talks like a poll-parrot. But what the devil ails Susie, anyhow? She's got the nicest man that ever lived, and plenty to eat, drink, sleep, and wear. Why, that darn little monkey would start something in heaven! If a he-angel had wings five inches longer than hern, she'd plot with the devil to let the old boy in the back way of a dark night. You don't know what it is to stand a woman's gabble about things neither you nor she knows anything about. And a good woman's worse than a bad woman. I don't know how I'm going to stand that wife of mine much longer."

I gave him all the paregoric pursy-flage I had on tap and sent him on his way.

And then I sighed and thought of the ruin of our happy home. Hadn't much more 'n got decently melancholy, when here comes Bill Gaudy, boilin'. Bill, he's another kind of feller from Hand, altogether. He used to be shootsome and punchiferous before he quieted down, and strong streaks of the old days lay in him yet. Hand took argument; Gaudy, action. Hand ground his teeth; Bill snapped 'em.

"See here, Red Saunders!" says he. "I'm a-goin' to raise somethin' so close to hell-fire and brimstone around this camp that 'twould take an old-line Methody parson to learn the difference. Bob Waters may be a good feller, all right, when he's alone; but now he ain't no more'n Mister Susie, and I'm a-goin' to work on them principles."

"Well," says I, giving up all hopes of quiet grief, "what's loose this time? I've just passed Charley along."

"He makes me sick," says Bill. "Talk, talk, talk! I'm for motion; that's me, Joe Bush! If Bob don't rope and tie down that heifer of hisn, why I'll lam him till my wind gives out. He's responsible, he is."

"But what's it all, Bill?"

He kinder stammered and got red in the face. "Well," he says, "it's like this: wife and me, we never got certificate-married. When I was twenty-odd, I took cross-lots with an outfit Sally and her father was in. Cheyennes jumped us. Plugged Sal's father. He says, 'Take the gal and skip!' After he died, I done accordin'. Sal and me, we liked each other from the jump. If two people don't get moderately well acquainted and find whether they're really suited to each other, spendin' two months dodgin', shootin', and otherwise carryin' on with Injuns, I dunno' what anybuddy could suggest. Question is, how's Sal an' me to dig up a preacher when we're on the keen livin' jump, morning, noon, an' night, with the Cheyennes cayoodlin' on our trail? Don't you think we'd been darn glad to see a preacher, or any other old white thing you'd be minded to mention? On your life, pardy, on your life we would! But there ain't none to be had. We was always goin' to get married proper some day, but sumpin' blew crossways to head us off. Sometimes Sal she ain't got any good dress; sometimes I ain't got any good pants; or we go a-hustlin' after pay summers, or some darn thing, anyhow. Preacher or no preacher, where you goin' to find better kids than ours? Upstandin' manly little fellers, that never give their paw nor maw a word o' slack, nor make no trouble at all. Then what? Why, here comes that little ginger-topped filly of Waters' without more'n one hoof to the ground ever, and runs into my herd niggerin' and squealin' and kickin' till the old lady is war-hoppin' and singin' ghost songs all the time. My old pardner!" yells Bill. "The best that God ever made, accusin' me of workin' roots on her! The woman that shot side by side with me, starved with me, thirsted, and faced death and torture, accusin' me of playin' low-down on her! Just because that copper-headed, wigglin' snake of a Waters woman has told her it ain't respectable to be

married onless a parson caps for the game! God A'mighty married me, an' I don't want nothin' from no parson. Had she a-come easy at me, I'd sasshayed to town at once. But rough-housin' like this? Nonny-no, little Sal! You gotter play easy with the old man. 'S'mever, wait till I get through with Waters—he'll be a runnin' stream, all right."

So he left, chawing the air in his frenzy. A little chipmunk hopped in front of him, jerked his tail, shook his head, and moseys off, saying as plain as day, "I'm feeling for you, old man, but you're sure slewed sideways now!"

And then to my mind comes a picture of Mr. J. H. Devilkins, sitting at his ease, a cup of boiling spiced pitch by his side, smoking a good cigar, and laughing till his tail cracked. Quite a chunk broke off my patience at the sight.

"Listen!" says I to him. "Many's the turn-up you and me have had together. Many's the time I've let you have the best of it out of pure politeness, though you ain't gentleman enough to appreciate it. And now you don't get away with this. I'll see you in hell first."

Yes. But what you going to do with a lady? Almost as bad as figgering what you'll do without one. I sat there and planned and plotted. The sun shone green through the spruces. The creek hollered as it played tag with the rocks. The air come to my nose, sweet with a million smells of greenery and flowers. A deer comes to the creek, sees me, blows and snorts and makes a fuss, but I'm so gummed in my troubles that nary a move from me, so he nuzzles the water and drinks his fill.

"Everything in this world can get along with everything else if it has to," says I. "And," I says, as I got o' my hind legs, "it has to."

I ambled along to the Waters's shack, hoping to catch Bob alone, but Susie was there, sitting on the doorstep, combing her hair. 'Twas beautiful hair, bright as gold, fine as silk, and she did look so innocent, and creamy, and altogether tasty, so natural a thing for an arm to creep around, and with such a sassy little mouth for kisses, I couldn't blame Bob Waters a particle. She had a trick of squinching up her eyes and nibbling her under lip that made you want to pick her right up and hug her.

"Drat your pretty picture!" I says. "No wonder the devil wants you, too! There ain't a critter with a bit of 'he' in him that wouldn't." That's the point: there was so much she-ness to Susie. The other women were the best kind of pards, but 'tweren't that fascinating other-side-of-the-way to 'em.

I sat out till Waters finished his noon-time grub and pulled for his claim. I stalked him out of sight of the shack and hailed him.

He looked weary and dispirited.

"Well, Red!" says he. "What kick you got coming?"

This opened things.

"Bob," I says, "you got to put your house in order."

He shucked his coat and hung it on a bush. "I've reached the point," says he, "where I'd rather fight than talk."

"Now, Bob," says I, "if you and me come to blows, I ain't denying that you'll do something, but ain't it drawing it long to call it fighting? Where you been boarding lately, to raise the nerve of talking about fighting me?"

"Well," says he, "let that go as a slip of the tongue. What I mean is, I'd rather take a beating than any more gab. And I dunno," says he, his eyes beginning to glitter, "but what, if you bring my wife's name into the conversation, I'll come so near making a fight of it you'll be a busy little boy sorting out the difference. I ain't going to stand no more talk about my wife, nor hear a word against her!"

I was smoking a cigareet at the time, and, properly handled, a cigareet is one of the best helps to ontruthful conversation. You can always have a lungful of smoke, or be just taking a puff when you need a minute to think, and if you are putting out something too raw, you can blow a cloud before your face to hide your eyes. So I took a long suck and whoofed it out and then said:

"What's eating you, Bob? Say anything against your wife? Why, man, I was just thinking I ain't ever seen anything prettier in my life than her setting on the doorstep! Why, she's the quickest, brightest, snappiest little lady in the whole of Dakota! No, no, Bob! Don't get your idees tangled! Me say anything against your wife? You're dreaming!"

"Oh!" says he, and puts on his coat.

"No, no!" I said, putting the hand of friendly advice on his shoulder. "What I'm talking about is this: once I owned a little sorrel mare. The slickest, fastest critter on prairie sod. I bought her cheap, because the folks that raised her wasn't fit to

own her. They didn't understand her, and so she wasn't any use to anybody. You could trace her any time by bits of spoke and buggy-wheels, rags and tags of harness, and odds and ends of skin wore off the would-be drivers as she dragged 'em through the mud. 'Twas a shame, the way the pretty thing was mishandled. I hadn't owned her a month, Bob, before she'd come to my whistle like a dog. I never had to touch whip nor rein to her. She had intelligence, as well as fire, and once she understood who was really running things, 'twould make you cry to see how hard she tried to please. If I told her to stand, there she'd stand, her legs a-tremble, snorting a bit and tossing her head, but there she'd stand, Bob, though hell blew its lids off. Most of the time she had more sense than me, at that. And when I was loaded, she took care of the game—brought me home safe and sound, no matter the road I traveled. All in the world she asked of me was to be her lord and master—that's what she wanted from the time she was foaled: something to look up to, as any high-spirited person does—and that's a thing any gentleman ought to be willing to do for a lady."

"What's that?" says Bob. "I catch your parable, all right, but say it again."

"I say this: When it's plain that a woman is just craving and hungering for a man to be the boss, he ain't half a man 'less he lays all else to the side and makes her dream come true. He owes it to her."

"Um-m-m," says Bob. "If you had to listen to the string of talk I get, you'd gas a lot about a lady wanting a lord and master! Jeehosaphat! All I hear is what a bully I am; how I don't want nothing but my own way; how what I'd like is to make a perfect slave of a woman; the one thing I enjoy is to jump in the air and land on 'em with both feet."

"Why, Bob," says I, "how simple you are!" and I drags in a double lungful of smoke, while Bob gazes at me surprised.

"Meaning how?" says Bob.

"Like this," says I. "What's mosquitoes for, Bob?"

"I'll be damned if I know," says he; "nor you, neither."

"Oh yes, I do!" I says. "That's easy. Mosquitoes live in swamps. Man's so lazy he'd never clean up a swamp in a million years if he wasn't prodded to it. 'Long comes Mister Mosquito and gives him a jab. 'Go and dig, you lazy brute!' says he—'Jabbitty, jibbity, jab.' Dig, you son-of-a-mule, dig!' So the man, being tormented to it, digs."

"Hum!" says Waters. "I wind your smoke!"

"Surest thing you know!" says I. "Susie can't say, 'Come, boss me around,' can she? So she's got to torment you into it."

Bob scratched his head. "You got a mighty persuasive way of putting it," says he. "I kinder wonder if you ain't right."

"Sure!" says I. "The little girl and the mosquito are doing the same thing—prodding you into acting the man."

He grinned. "That story could have been told me so's I'd want to fight. You're the darnest old red-headed son-of-a-gun to have your own way I ever know. I'll think about this a bit," says he. "I sure will. But I always reckoned before that mosquitoes and other varmints and these here wimmen's tricks was the devil's work. You twist them 'tother side to—how comes that?"

"Well, God Almighty and the devil are running the whole show between 'em, ain't they?"

"Sure!"

"Then everything they both do is all right or the works would blow up. How could you have the two bosses queering each other and get any kind o' result?" Studying this took his mind off his troubles.

Now was my time. "Discipline, my boy!" I said. "Get the best of her! Put it all over her, nice and kind, and firm and final."

He stared at me. Says he: "I thought you were really going to say something, instead of singing yourself lullabys. Why don't you teach people to fly? It's very simple. All you got to do is to draw your hind legs up and keep 'em there!"

I grabbed hold of him. "Listen!" says I. "You've heard about truth lying at the bottom of a well, ain't you?"

"Yes," says he, "I have. What of it?"

"What else do you find in the bottom of a well?"

"Water," says he.

I gave him a gentle punch in the ribs. "You can make it plural," I said. "Waters—Susie Waters, at that. A prospect hole's a good deal like a well, ain't it? And nobody could come to any great harm at the bottom of a prospect hole, could they? Yet they might be good and glad to get out of it if the party that put 'em there was determined, hey? Now, don't you ever say I interfered in any way, shape, manner, custom, nor habit with your family affairs, but put my little remarks

between your wisdom teeth and chew on 'em."

You could see him think. He was an honest sort of Jimmy, and, like most good-natured people, you'd have to pry him loose with a crowbar once he got sot. "I get you!" says he, slow. "I savvy the burro, and I'll go you once if it busts me. I don't know whether I'm much obliged or not at this stage of the game, but I'll say thanky, on an off chance."

He grabbed up his tools and passed on.

Well, the next day I happened accidental, more or less, by the Waters's shack. There was Bob in the act of lowering something down the prospect hole. I come up on my tippy-toes. He hollers down the hole.

"There's your breakfast, dear," says he. "I ain't much on making coffee, and flapjacks is my limit in the pastry line—hope you like it; it's good and hot."

And there come a yell from the bottom of that hole, and a sound of rending coffee-pots and smashing flapjacks.

"You take your old stuff back," yells Susie. "Oh, wait till I get out of here!"

"Sure—I'm waiting," says Bob. "I'm about all there is in the waiting line. Soon's you tell me you're going to be a good little girl, up you come. But not before. No."

Then there was much talk from below.

"No," answers Bob; "there ain't a thing to hurt you. If it rains, you can crawl back in the tunnel. I'll bring you water and grub regular. If you don't want to eat, that's your funeral. I'm slow on the cook, and that's a fact. I miss you terrible. Gee! it's lonesome, smoking all by myself nights."

I learned something, waiting around the top of that prospect hole for the next two days. I couldn't have believed there was so many possible arguments, and so many different ways of swearless cussing. She sure was game! I almost begun to believe Bob would have to weaken, but when I spoke of it he said he'd fight it out on that line if it took ten years. The other women come and tried to argue and browbeat him. He never lost a particle of his temper. 'Twould remind you of little birds assaulting a grizzly bear. They wore themselves out. But they kind of got mad, too, when they made nice pies for Susie and she smashed 'em, out of temper.

Well, the morning of the third day she ate her breakfast. Bob apologized for it, and she said it tasted first rate, but that he didn't love her any more. He said he did. There was lots of talk about that.

Finally Bob dropped easy ways and told her blunt she had to stop her foolishness and say she was going to be a good little girl. And then all the quibbling and evading and dodging and squirming and hedging I ever heard was beaten out of sight. She said she didn't know what he meant by being good. And what was being good, anyhow? And if you were good how could you tell it? And so forth and more forth.

"Listen!" said Bob. "All you got to do is to say you're going to be a good little girl! I'll chance your knowing the details—just say them words, and up you come. Don't say 'em, and down you stay."

More talk from the bottom.

"Say, 'I'll be a good little girl,'" says Bob. She talks at him. "Say you'll be a good little girl!"

Talk.

Same old thing, same old thing, same old thing, till I got dizzy.

Finally, seeing nothin' was going forward: "All right," says he. "I reckon I'll sasshay along."

"Oo-o-o-oh! Bob!"

"Well?" says Bob, going back.

"You don't give me any time to think," says she. "I was just trying to figure——"

"Good-by!" says Bob.

"Bob!"

No answer.

"Bob!"

No answer.

"Bob! I'll be a good little girl!"

"Ah!" says Bob. "Now you're shouting!"

There's where I hot-footed it out of that. That afternoon, old Grandpaw and Grammaw Beaver returned to the creek. He hit his old shovel-tail on the water and made out to be scared to death, but Grammaw took the cracker out of my hand as usual. Later I heard three yells of greeting from the cliff-side. Our mountain-lion friend was home. Of course the rampike went down for ever; you can't get everything back in the same spot again. But peace had settled once more on Castleton.

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The sun to-day, and the great, whopping white clouds all bellied out, made me feel inside quite a bright young dog, wriggling its body in ecstatic delight, let loose upon the green sward.

W. N. P. Barbellion.

# The Gree Gree Bush

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

QUEER how a man knocking around the world gets here a hint, there a hint, of a thing that has been puzzling him for years, and at last, all of a sudden usually, finds he has all the missing threads straight and untangled in his palm. I have in mind the case of Bowles. Bowles wasn't his right name at all, but we'll call him that, for it was under that name he enlisted in the navy, where they still speak of him as the "Gree Gree Man." But that enlistment occurred later.

Bowles came of a family up our way that, well, the newspaper men—I had a brother a newspaper man—used often to sit down and wonder if the Bowleses really did believe themselves so much better than ordinary people, or were they just trying to fool themselves, too. There is probably not much going on in a city that a dozen good police reporters don't pretty near get to the bottom of—if they're really interested. Bowles' people were great hypocrites, and Bowles, being brought up to believe that he was better stuff than other young fellows, naturally broke when the strain came.

Before he was out of college he had done a dozen things that another boy would have been put away for. But one day he just had to jump out, and in a hurry; and, cut off from leaving the city by train or steamer, he sailed on a bark that was bound for the West Coast of Africa, on one of a line of old hookers that used to sail more or less regularly for the West Coast, going out with a small holdful—rum, striped calico, brass wire, and so on, missionaries sometimes—and coming back with a big holdful of ivory, palm oil, pepper, and things like that. A nice, quiet business that used to pay about a thousand per cent. one time. Perhaps it does yet. And it was a great relief to all the Bowleses when young Bowles got away without getting caught, and they didn't care how long he stayed away.

What I am about to say now of Bowles' doings on the West Coast is the summing up of what I learned at different times from a dozen people—a couple of ship captains, a bosun's mate in the navy, a dozen sailormen, stokers, and so on, who happened to be on the West Coast when Bowles was there. Out there Bowles fell in with old Chief Thomson, who used to run things pretty much to suit himself over a country larger than many a European nation controlled.

Thomson was a name the white traders gave him. It may have been that Bowles (though Kipp was the name he took out there), possibly Bowles, coming of a hard-fibered trading ancestry, showed the old fellow a few new commercial tricks. He must have been of some material use, for old Chief was too shrewd and Bowles too cold-blooded for anybody to suspect it was a matter of sentiment. So fat and wide that he had to swing his legs sideways like a duck when he walked—that was old Chief, but respected by all the white people, even though he was as complete an old villain as ever lived in some ways, for he had force, and he was a man who meant well by his own people; that is, after he'd had his fill of eating, drinking, and general pleasuring.

Old Chief was at the head of half a dozen secret societies—at least half a dozen. Africa is rotten with secret societies, worse than any white country. Among white peoples, of course, those who want political office or a good grocery trade—that kind are the great "joiners"; but down there it was the ceremonies that attracted them as much as anything. In places there they

still practice some of the things they used to do ages ago. It is hard to make people believe this, although in our own country the negroes still practice voodooism, and in Jamaica and Haiti they still practice Obeaism. One society, however, old Chief Thomson made little secret of—Africa for the Africans was what it meant.

And by an African he meant a black, and by a black, anybody with one drop of black blood. "One drop of negro blood always a negro," he used to say, or as near to it as he could in English. "The white people made that law—let it stand."

There are plenty like Thomson who want their people to rule everybody in Africa—blacks, whites, and yellows. Why not, he used to say, when Japan was planning to do the same thing in Asia, and the whites had been doing it in Europe and America. Old Chief Thomson carried his hope of this last society so far that he had had his eldest son educated in England, so that he might be better fitted to carry on the great work for the race.

There was a sort of branch of the society that old Chief would not talk so freely about; but the scheme, so 'twas said, was to take boys and girls, especially girls, when they were young, and train them, so that by and by they would be able to train the coming race, to lead them to better things. The girls brought up like that used to be hid in the jungle, where, if any man was found, he was put to death. Of this society, old Chief was believed to be Zoah, which meant Grand Knight, Grand Master, Exalted Ruler, Great Mogul, whatever anybody wants to call it, and clear on up to the 133d degree.

Of course, though talky negroes sometimes gave out hints, all this was mostly guesswork with the whites. There never was one who really knew anything about them. Unless it was this same Bowles. And that was one thing they all had against Bowles—he was making up with the blacks against his own; and later when he got tangled up, and they got after him, in the Berg mystery, it was as much because of his being on the side of the natives as for the belief that he had a hand in Berg's death. This Berg was a steamer captain running up and down the West Coast, an American, a fine sort according to the rating of his kind, and he had married, many years before this, a girl who, it was whispered, had negro blood in her. Traders' lies!

However, this day he went up the river to meet old Chief, taking his daughter with him. The mother being dead, she lived on the steamer with her father. Captain Berg intended only to run up to the lagoon and back; but he was a great gambler, and he wound up by joining in a little game with Bowles and young Chief Thomson, who was now back from England. The game stretched out, ran into the evening—how late no real matter, though Captain Berg left at nine o'clock, according to young Chief Thomson and Bowles. Next morning, Captain Berg's body was found by his crew, floating in the lagoon. It was known he could not swim, and as Thomson and Bowles said he had been drinking during the game, it was not hard to believe that he had fallen into the lagoon while looking for his landing.

But his daughter? She had gone with her father, Bowles and young Chief said, and of course she must have drowned with him. Well, they waited for her body to come up. But it didn't come, whereupon people began to talk. They could not reach young Chief, old Chief had too much power for that, but Bowles had to get out. Old Chief and young Chief together could not save him. If he had not gone, some of Captain Berg's crew—he had two or three desperate ones among them—would surely have killed him. So he hurried away, this time to Manila, where he enlisted in the navy.

And here is what I started to say in the beginning: it is odd how we get onto a man's trail and lose it, then pick it up again, and at last see him run down. Our ship was lying into Rio Janeiro. The bosun was overseeing the unshipping of the ship's wash line. His great friend, Mr. Glavin, and myself were watching him. Quite a man, too, the bosun. Only the day before a big coal-passer had suddenly given a wild yell and leaped over the side. The bosun, without yelling, had gone over after him. It was a fine thing really, but not as the bosun explained it.

"The ridiculousest thing you ever saw," says he. "The big brute, he weighed 190 and I don't s'pose I weigh over 125, and he couldn't swim, and tried to throw his arms around my neck. And instead gave me a black eye—look," and the bosun showed the eye. "But I give him a knee in his stomach under water, and a wallop in the nose out o' water, and when he let go, another wallop in the jaw. 'You big loafer,' I says, 'what you tryin' to do, hah—drown me?' Then I towed him to the gangway."

Here the bosun paused and reflected: "I

ain't got the tonnage, though, to be pulling these big cart horses out o' the water regularly. The next one'll be liable to drown if he waits for me. Now if 'twas Glavin"—he pointed a finger to the chief machinist, who was leaning over the rail and gazing abstractedly toward the city, "if it was Glavin now, he'd 've just gone on treadin' water and tossed him onto the armour-belt shelf all in one motion"—which was the most exaggerated praise, of course, but went to show that physically, at least, Glavin rated high in that ship.

As I took to sizing up Glavin, a young apprentice lad approached him.

The boy said something in a low tone. Glavin regarded him in mingled grief and surprise. "And only yesterday afternoon the Master-at-Arms tells me he saw you shooting crap atop of one of the cold boilers," he said.

"That's why, sir," said the lad. "They cleaned me out."

"Now look here," said Glavin, and gave him a fine dressing down, after which he handed a five-dollar bill to the boy.

The bosun roared aloud. "Some easy—you! On the level, Glavin, did ever you refuse a man a dollar in your life?"

"Yes, I did—once," answered Glavin. Only that then, but later he told the whole story. And here it is as he told it, the story of the Gree Gree Man.

## I

I WAS a chief water tender at this time on one of the heavy-armoured cruisers of the Asiatic squadron, and there was an ordinary seaman who was also a great tailor, and, being willing to work early and late, he used to make, oh, maybe, two hundred dollars a month over and above his pay. And being the best-hearted fellow in the world, he generally gave it away again. Didn't matter who it was that asked Tailor Haley for money; he got it, if Haley had it. And, of course, Haley never saved a cent in spite of all he used to make.

Well, we were laying into Nagasaki one day when Haley broke his liberty and came aboard good and drunk. It happened to be right after some American blue-jackets had taken charge of a souvenir store where they'd been paying seventeen prices for things and then not getting the real article, though not for anything like that did our fellows begin the trouble. It was that some of them'd made the Chinese cruise before and so happened to know the money there, and when this yellow chap tried to short-change them it was like sounding general quarters. There must have been, oh, a dozen or fifteen shop people went out of commission before our people sounded off that day. Well, our ship's party was known to've been around about there at the time, and the Japanese merchant who'd lost some money and come aboard, he picked out Tailor Haley as the man that started the trouble in his place, and a Japanese policeman backed him up.

How did he know? Why, by Tailor's hat band, he said. He couldn't read a word of our print, mind you, nor could the policeman; but they both could read the name on the hat band. Well, all right.

Now Tailor knew, as we found out later, that it was a chief petty officer who'd come so near to putting this particular merchant out of commission, and Tailor knew, too, that that same chief water tender was drunk when he did it, so drunk that he didn't remember about it when he came to. Somebody had to go to the brig for it, and Tailor, with never a word, went; that is, no word except to say, to whiten a little black mark against the service, "I was too drunk at the time to know what I was doing." As to the money part, everybody who knew Tailor laughed at that the same as Tailor did. "Lord," says Tailor, "you can put me down for most anything foolish, but when it comes to *stealin'!*"

However, after a summary court-martial, he was dishonourably discharged, but the stealing charge not proved. The officers, knowing Tailor, wouldn't stand for that.

Now, I knew that Tailor didn't do it. How? Well, Tailor and myself were great chums, and the afternoon this thing happened we were in a tea house, with the Geisha girls dancing, and we sitting cross-legged on the mats, drinking tea while we watched 'em.

So, casting back to make out why Tailor stood for what he did, I remembered—and there were but few men for'ard who didn't remember—that day before we left San Francisco and the two sisters of this chief water tender who came aboard to bid him good-by. And this chief water tender, in spite of what had happened to Tailor, was a good fellow. And if he hadn't been we'd have overlooked it for the sake of his sisters; there was nothing promenading the quarter, let alone the for'ard deck, to be rated with them that day.

They certainly made prizes of the whole chief water tender mess. They had every-

thing going to do it—looks and figure and the quick wit, and the heart that's more than all. And so maybe you'll understand—Tailor worshiping on the edge of the crowd, and that chief water tender, the brother of these girls, hoping to go up for his warrant before long. Do you see what it meant to the chief water tender, and the kind of chap Tailor was?—in his fourth enlistment and still an ordinary seaman. To Tailor the navy was only another place to pass the time in, while to this chief water tender, brother of those girls, it meant his whole life.

Well, Tailor was dishonourably discharged, and there he was, broke and blue, and ten thousand miles from home. So I beat the decks with a paper, one mess after the other, and they gave like sailors and blue-jackets: chief petty officers five dollars, first-class men four dollars, second-class three, and so on down to the young apprentice boys, who gave a dollar each; and many would have given more, a month's pay some of them, if they'd been allowed. Everybody gave but one fellow—well, I won't disgrace any branch of the service by saying what division he was in; but this fellow—Bowles, as you can guess—instead of money gives me a lecture. Said Tailor shouldn't get anything from anybody. Deserved no pity—ought to have saved for a rainy day. "The sun don't shine every day," I remember him saying.

"A shipmate of yours as well as everybody else's here, and a good shipmate, and now he's down and out—what d' y' say?" I says, to give him one last chance. But nothing came of my pleading, and I said, "Well, the best thing I'll wish for *you* is that you'll never have to ask *me* for a dollar."

Well, after Tailor was put ashore, three or four of us, friends of Tailor's, made up our minds that the first chance Bowles would give us we'd throw him. We'd already come to believe that 'twas him looted the Jap's cash box, and not in drink when he did it either. No, he wasn't that kind, nor was he the kind would do things out of sheer devilment because he couldn't hold himself in. So we rigged up a game one day to make the Master-at-Arms open up his ditty-box and, sure enough, there was more gold than ever he drew from the paymaster. Well, that was no proof, one gold piece being pretty much like another; but only one thing did all of us here believe. And to think of him putting the Jap merchant and the policeman up to saying 'twas Tailor did that job! There was so much feeling against Bowles that all hands took to watching him night and day. Never mind at what. There are some things not pleasant to talk about—and at last he was put on the beach.

We all thought we'd seen the last of him then. But one day on our way home, in Callao a year or so later, we had a big international race—English, French, German, Italian, a dozen crews—I was stroke of our ship's crew. A good hard race, and forty thousand dollars comin' to us when we crossed the line. And all I could raise I bet on that race, and when I went ashore it was with twelve hundred dollars in my clothes. Of course it wouldn't do to take that bundle of money back to the States, so I was setting out to burn it, with a couple of good lads in my own division to help hold a match to it now and then.

And walking up from the jetty, that stone jetty with the big clock on the sort of a lighthouse, who should we meet but Bowles. There was every mark that he had gone to pieces. I saw him, but didn't let on to know him. But he signaled and I stopped. Maybe he thought I'd speak first, but I didn't. I only looked him over. Did you ever do that to a man down and out? He must be a bad one to do that to, mustn't he? Well, this was a bad one—I haven't hinted at the half about him. And his eyes were hunted dog's eyes, his lips like a child's that expects to be struck down. "Glavin"—he starts.

"You mean Mr. Glavin, don't you?" I says.

"It was plain Glavin once," he says, "or maybe you've got your warrant by this?"

On my word, I didn't think he had so much spunk in him. "No," I says, "I haven't got my warrant and it's still plain Glavin—to shipmates and friends."

He eyes me cornerwise. "Mr. Glavin, you haven't the price of a meal, have you?"

"I have," I says, "of a meal or a drink, and a good many of them!"

He looked at me again as if he thought I'd speak first, but I didn't, and the shame of it never stopped him. "Well, let me have it, will you?"

"Will I?" I says, and I looked him over again. But he did have the mean eyes! And he had the body that couldn't possibly hold the heart or soul of any kind of a man. How a recruiting officer ever passed him, I don't know.

"Will I?" I says, and I pulled out my roll with it. It made a bundle as big as my forearm, nothing short of a ten or twenty, except a few five and ten-dollar gold pieces

in my other pocket for change. "Do you remember Tailor Haley?" I goes on. He didn't say anything. "Well," I says, "before, I give you a nickel you'll starve to-day, if it lays with me, for what you did to Tailor Haley."

He backs away from me, thought I was going to hit him, maybe; but I'd no more strike him than I would a leper with a broken back. "But I'll tell you what I *will* do," I goes on. "I'll go back aboard the ship and I'll tell them the whole story, and after that, I'll pass around a paper for you."

And I did, after I'd told the story to the new men who didn't know it. And I beat the decks, above and below, missing not a man, even going down into the bunkers below, and I came back. And not a cent had I. But as I was going over the side a machinist, third-class, hails me and says, "Hold up, Glavin. Him and me, we used to be in the same mess, and I remember now he passed me the butter once—here's a quarter to get the poor devil a meal." And another says, "Well, I never before refused a man money, and I'd hate to have it on my ticket that I ever did refuse a man money. So here's a dime to get the hag's son a drink."

Over the side I went with the thirty-five cents and took it ashore, and giving it to him I says, "Here's what seven hundred men of your old ship have subscribed—thirty-five cents. It'd been a thousand dollars if you'd done right. And that's for Tailor Haley," I goes on. "And if you meet anybody poorer than yourself before you strike a cantina or wherever it is you're going, I know you'll divide with him, you being that charitable kind." He'd turned away by then and was all but crying—in pity for himself, I s'pose.

"Remember your own favourite warning," I says. "The sun don't shine every day." God forgive me, but the sun that day in Callao was like a glory in the sky!

## II

WELL, I was home from the East on my furlough when I got word from Mr. Wilson saying that he was to be executive on one of the fast scout ships, and she was starting for the West Coast, and would I go with him. A fine officer, Mr. Wilson—one of the best. After a man's been in a big cruiser and a battleship, a scout ship don't look so great, but because of Mr. Wilson I shipped in her. Good officers mean more, after all, than big tonnage.

So we ran over, putting into a little place, I never knew the native name for it, but a little place on a point making out from a black river. And there was a little lighthouse on black and white-painted stilts, and a lot of black sludge around it. Before we went ashore, Mr. Wilson called me to his room.

"Glavin," he says, "I may need you on this thing we got to look into. There was an American ship captain, Berg, and his daughter. He was drowned—or murdered—here, nearly two years now. The daughter was supposed to be drowned, too, but the relatives have heard rumours, and they think she may be alive. They have an idea that one of these secret societies may've got her. Now, when we go ashore, you leave me and cruise for yourself till I'm ready to return to the ship. I can get all the official information I want, but the natives'll never talk to an officer, you know. Off by yourself you may be able to learn something."

Mr. Wilson took the steam launch and half a dozen of us of the crew ashore with him. But the man he wanted to find was at a settlement inland—fifteen or twenty miles—so we steamed up this black river, dark even at noon time with the trees hanging away over, and soft, squishy banks.

On the way up, Mr. Wilson spoke of a Mr. Thomson he had to meet, and I was wondering could he be old Chief Thomson, the same, they said, that Bowles'd been mixed up with. I asked Mr. Wilson, but he said it couldn't be, as old Thomson was dead near a year.

From the river we steamed into a lagoon, and there Mr. Wilson met his Mr. Thomson, who was as black as one of the black gang's black bags aboard ship, though dressed like a white English swell—a long coat, top hat, and patent-leather shoes, and a cane, which he never forgot to swing. A big fellow when you got close to him, and could've been a Congo Chief straight out of the jungle by his features, only he talked good English, with a topside accent. Mr. Wilson went off with Thomson to a sort of office building.

There was a lot of other niggers standing round, some of them not wearing much clothes, and while Mr. Wilson was gone off with Thomson, some of our crowd got to talking with them as well as we could—two or three of them knew some English. But we didn't get on very fast, and took to strolling round to see what the place looked like, how the people lived, and so on. And bearing in mind to learn a little something more, I got away from the village, nobody noticing me particularly; or so I thought,

till I drifted up a narrow path that soon led into the dark forest. After a time I saw flying from a pole alongside the path a white cloth with a queer black design on it. A circle it was, outside of a man's hand holding what looked like a war club. Then a nigger came running after me and made a sign that I mustn't go that way.

"Leopard—lion—hippo—me no 'fraid," I said, but he moved his hands faster than ever.

"No, no lion—girls—womans—Gree Gree Bush!" he said. And I said, "Ho-ho!" and waved him away again. "A fine time of day," I thought, "when I've got to run away from a lot of women. Some chief's harem," I thought, a little pleased at the notion of strange sights, and pushed on. The nigger gave a sorrowful cry and ran back.

I followed the path till I came to a stockade, maybe ten feet high, made of thick trunks of what must've been palm trees. The spaces in between were plastered with mud or clay, and the sides being so smooth I had some trouble in climbing up.

There were three buildings, long and low —bungalows they would call them in the East—and so much better built and so different from any of the other buildings I'd seen since I landed, most others being only one-story things of mud and leaves, that I knew right away that they must be for some unusual purpose. And while I was puzzling over just what they might be, I heard women's voices from inside repeating something, like as if it might be a prayer, after some leader. And then came singing, and then like somebody preaching or reciting, and then they all came filing out from the building farthest away from where I was.

It was coming on late in the afternoon, and behind me was a lot of trees. All around in fact, except at the one opening where the path was, the trees were solid; which was why they probably didn't see me, though I wasn't trying to hide myself. Not at first, I wasn't. I couldn't see any reason that it mattered at first, though soon, recollecting the nigger back on the path, I began to feel that this wasn't meant for me or any white man, or for any man to see.

They wore only long white robes with a red sash around their waist, and they were all barefooted and bare-armed and all black or brown—except one, who looked to be a white girl. Her I'd noticed from the first.

She was in the last row as they came up four by four, and I kept my eyes on her. I was hoping she'd look up. And she did. Just before she filed in the door of the building near my end she looked up, and her eyes —they doubled her loveliness. I don't know what made me—I never'd been given to speaking to strange women— "Look for me to-night," I called out, and whistled like a whip-poor-will and slid down from the wall.

"Ah-h—to-night!" said a voice from behind me. I turned. There was a white man with a revolver aimed at me.

"Well, what do you want?" I said. It was almost dusk, mind. He jumped back, with a queer noise in his throat, which made me take a sharper look. "What!" It was—but I could hardly believe it— Bowles!

I jumps for him. He runs, but in four leaps I had him, and throwing my weight onto his back and slamming him to the ground, I took the revolver from him and turned his face up to what light was left. Sure enough it was the face I'd last seen that day on the dock in Callao.

I stuck the revolver in my jacket pocket, stood him up and said, "Look here—you know how I love you, don't you?"

He didn't say anything to that. "Well, look here," I said again, and gripped him by the throat. "Now tell me what I want to know." I eased up on his throat. "Who are these women—these girls?"

"They're sacred. It's death if you're caught looking in on them—death even to be here. Only the Zoah and the council can visit here, and then they must all go together at some appointed time."

"Then what are you doing here?"

He didn't answer.

"And who's the Zoah?"

"Mr. Thomson."

"Mr. Thomson? The big fellow in the swell clothes? And he sent you after me?"

"Yes, when Daiko came back to tell him you were headed up this path."

"And what if I stay around here to-night —somebody'll kill me, huh? And that somebody'll be Mr. Thomson, huh—or somebody he'll appoint?"

He didn't answer. Perhaps he couldn't, for I had him gurgling under my fingers most of the time. "And I suppose you'll go back to the village if I let you?" I goes on. "And you're one of them now? And you got an establishment of your own by this time?"

He didn't say anything. I couldn't see his face very well—it was dark by then; but I felt I had it right. It was easy enough to

imagine him, the kind he was, to settle down among them, with three or four oily, black, fat wives hanging around him. "And look here!" I gave his throat a fresh squeeze, till he must've thought I really intended to choke him to death. "Who's that girl?"

"What girl?"

"You know what girl. Tell me right, or —" I think I'd have choked him where he stood if he hadn't answered. At last I got it out of him. She was Captain Berg's daughter. She had been kidnapped.

I was going to let him go when I had an inspiration. "This Zoah, this Thomson—he wants to get hold of this girl, don't he?"

He admitted it. It was against all the laws of the Bush society, but Thomson was planning to get her, nevertheless. He was even planning to kidnap her from this place —a sacrilegious thing.

After that I let go his throat. "You go back," I said, "and say nothing of me. If they ask you, say you couldn't find me, and they will think that I got lost in the jungle. A few more lies oughtn't to worry *your* conscience—and you'll be safe. If you hint of me—feel that?"—I gripped his throat again —"I'll kill you before the ship leaves port. Get that? You do, eh? Well, then, get out!" He backed away for half a dozen steps, then he hurried off in the darkness.

I climbed up on the stockade and for perhaps an hour I lay there, not moving or speaking. There were lights in the middle bungalow. After a time I whistled softly, three times together, the whip-poor-will's call. I didn't know if there were any whip-poor-wills in that country, but I felt that she would recognize it when she heard. No answer, and I whistled again and again, softly. I was still whistling—I had heard nothing—when a voice below me said, "Sh-h——"

I could hardly make her out, even in her white robe, it was so dark. I made ready to drop down to her.

"No, no, no! You must not. They would kill you. But if you can come back —you are sailor and American, yes? My father was sailor and American also." She spoke good English, but slowly, as though out of practice at it. "I have been praying, prayers of my dead mother, for some great, strong, white man to come and take me."

I almost leaped down—I don't know now why I didn't. "I'll get you out of here. I'll come back with a ship's company, and we won't rest till——"

"No, no, no! that would not do. You must come only yourself—secretly—at night. I will show you the way."

I got no further. A series of calls rang out from inside. "I must go back. It is for prayers before bed. If I am not there, I shall be missed. But after—I shall come back. Wait for me, but, oh, take care!"

As she fled away, I did the foolish thing. Believing that if any others of the women there did hear me they would not understand, I called aloud, "I'll be waiting—don't fail!" and repeated the whip-poor-will's call, and with that dropped off outside the wall.

"Waiting!" I fondly fancied her echoing it. But no voice of hers was that. A laugh followed it, and shuffling feet, and the stirring of underbrush, and heavy breathing.

"Who's there?" I called out—the foolishness of it; but I, aflame with the things I had in mind, felt strong enough to lick a whole tribe of black men.

I had my back to the stockade. "Who's there!" I called again. No answer—only the feeling that they were closing in on me. Bowles' revolver hung heavy in my inside pocket and I drew it out, took a step forward—another, maybe another, and then it came. No terrible pain, but a dull blow, and then something like a great weight coming down upon me. I swayed, sagged slowly down, but came up. Again the dull blow and the weight, and "What a pity! what a pity!" I said to myself. And that's all I remember of that.

## III

Next thing I remember I was lying in some kind of a low shack with a dim light in one corner and a negro fanning himself in another, and two negroes armed, each with a big knobby war club and a heavy revolver—and no old-fashioned make, but as modern as any officer's service weapon—a queer combination, I thought, when I did think. I wasn't thinking too much. My head wasn't aching so terribly, though it did ache, but my mind wasn't clear and I was hungry.

I lay there, stupid enough I guess, and it seemed to me that it was a dream and not real, when I heard a great beating of tom-toms. Before I could think of them at all, the sound of them was ringing through me. Perhaps 'twas their noise woke me up. It came from somewhere outside, and more than any thought of clubs and revolvers or sudden attack, it put dread into my soul. Slow, regular at first, but getting faster and

faster, and that *yah-yah, yah-yah, yah-yah,* which no white people can ever get. Not till I found my heart beating to that note of it did I begin to feel the least worry.

A white man came in. It was Bowles, I saw—after a while. Then I closed my eyes again. He bent over me and put his eyes close to mine—I could feel him. He went out then, but soon returned with the nigger, Daiko, who fed me a bowl of rice and a cup of some kind of kola nut preparation.

Bowles watched me. "That's right, Daiko," he said, "feed him well. He must be brought to the sacrifice in his full strength. Soon now. Everything, the Zoah says, must be over by sunrise." I never let on I heard that, because I too well knew he meant it for me, not for the negro.

I needed that food, for I must've lost quite a little blood. But with that food inside of me I felt better, a lot better.

The tomtoms stopped, and then another nigger came in and said something to Daiko, and he motioned to me as if to say that if I had done eating we would go. They led me then, with torchbearers ahead and behind me, by way of a jungle path, oh, perhaps a quarter mile to a building that was maybe sixty by forty, with an earth floor, high studded enough for two stories, and the whole side wall solid all the way up except for half a dozen slits up under the roof as if for ventilation. I'd been in half darkness so long that the place seemed bright to me, though it couldn't have been too bright, for there were only two lamps in the place, one at each end—big-bowled, old-fashioned, kerosene bracket lamps, like what they used in stables at home. They had reflectors behind the light and were set, oh, nine or ten feet above the floor.

The place was rigged up like a lodge room of most any secret society in our country, except that there was only one platform and pedestal, at the farther end from where they stood me. Thomson stood there. All around, the others stood along the two long sides of the room, close together. I didn't count them, but there must have been seventy or eighty of them. And they were all dressed alike, naked except for a loin cloth and some kind of a wild animal's skin half covering them, beautiful lion and leopard skins—some one, some the other. Their bodies mostly were oily in the light. Every one carried a war club, one end resting on the ground, and a big revolver, like the two who'd been guarding back in the shack, and I couldn't help wondering why they carried the clubs when they could get such good, up-to-date weapons. But perhaps that was a regulation of the secret society, by way of reminding them, the same as the tomtoms were.

They kept me standing there with nothing said or done for maybe ten minutes. Not one of them looked away from me, but I paid no attention to them. It was Thomson I was measuring up. And measured by inches, he was a proper man. I couldn't help thinking what a grand heavy-weight ring fighter he'd have made, and wishing I could have a try at him before they sewed me up, tied the weight, and slid me over the side.

Bowles and Daiko had been sent out and now they came back, the door being unbolted for them after a queer knock three times given, and now they led in Captain Berg's daughter. She was dressed in white as when I had seen her, and plainly the dread of something terrible was in her eyes, but no trembling or drawing back. They placed her face to me, and then Bowles and Daiko were told to leave. Bowles, first turning to Thomson as if claiming some privilege, stepped close to me, then slapped and then spat in my face three times.

"That's for Tailor Haley," he said, "and that's for the day you ran me off the ship, and that's for that day in Callao. And the sun may be shining every day, but you'll never see it again."

If I'd only one arm, or just part of one arm free, he'd have got his big discharge then and there. But I only said, "You're a brave man—you always were."

When the two were gone, Thomson came down from his platform and placed a long heavy knife in her hand.

For a long time she did not look up at me. When she did it was to say, "Do you understand?"

I shook my head.

"You are to die. If I kill you I save my life. If I don't, then I die and you are put to torture."

"Why not?" I said to her. "I've got to go, anyway, and why not by you, and you save your own life?"

"No, no!" she whispered and shook her head. "Do you not see I am not of them? If I kill you, do you not see how they will regard us? You and I—we are of one blood. And there is," she was speaking in a low voice, "a way of escape from the torture."

Her lips only framed the last three words,

so that nobody else there could possibly know what she said. Her eyes sought mine, then she directed them to the knife in her hand. "Save me from him," her lips said, though no sound from them.

It took me a second or two to get her meaning. We looked at each other. "From him!" she repeated with her lips, turning her eyes without moving her head, and I knew she meant Thomson, who was standing rigid beside the pedestal. On his kinky head fell the light of the big lamp behind him. From behind me the light of the other lamp shone on her.

I looked from her to Thomson and tried to guess what he was thinking of. I looked around at his councillors. To Thomson I looked again, and he smiled like a devil from hell; and yet there was anxiety in his eyes, too, while she stood there as if hesitating.

"You must decide—and quickly," came Thomson's voice suddenly, sharply. I think he meant by speaking in just that instant, in just that tone, to settle what he thought were her doubts.

With one last appeal in her eyes, she raised the knife and bent toward me as if to bury it into my breast. I raised my bound hands high as if to let her strike beneath them to my heart. Even as I did it, I could feel the thrill run around the room and above all the cry of pleasure from Thomson.

"Now you *must*," she said, and she had to reach up to make the stroke. One quick stroke and the bonds were cut and my hands free. "And here!" I said, and she slashed my ankle bonds—the whole thing in two seconds. With the knife in my hand I looked at Thomson and laughed. "Here," I said, and stepped toward her as if to strike; but what I intended was to pick her up and dash for the door.

Thomson called out and started forward. As he came, he swung his great war club and hurled it. I dodged, and as it struck the wall just behind me, I saw my chance. I picked it up, leaped into the air and smashed the lamp above me, then turned toward Thomson. He thought I meant it for him, and dropped on the floor, but it was over his head I threw it—at the other lamp.

And crash! From light to dark was quick as that. I swooped for her in the dark, took her in my left arm. "Now," I said, "here's where we'll have company going!" and leaped for the door. One man I felt in my way, and I drove the knife deep into him somewhere. Another, and him I knifed, too. I felt for the door—unbarred it. All was yelling and calling by now, but I knew it would take them a few seconds to guess what I had in mind. But the door would not open for me—it was barred on the outside, too.

"Stay here!" I whispered to her, and minding the two negroes just behind that I had knifed, I reached back and drew them close, felt for their skin coverings, pulled them off and threw them over her. "Lay there till it's over," I said, and also pulled the two bodies—I made sure they were dead by a few more jabs—and curled them around in front and above her. At the same time I took the revolvers from their belts. They had no extra cartridges in the belts—none of 'em had, I remembered then—only what they carried in the revolvers.

They were calling to each other now as if to get together, and somebody said something—Thomson's voice, I thought—and I saw a little light, as if somebody had just struck a match. The light flared up. I aimed at the light before it could get blazing. A yell came, and at that I began shooting right and left. Whatever happened was the worse for them. There were seventy or eighty of them and only one of me. In no time all hands were shooting, while I lay on the ground next the bodies guarding the girl and let them shoot. Feeling another body fall near me, I reached over, and to make no mistake I drove my big knife into him—and drew him alongside. I reached around till I found the club of the last dead man and waited till the shooting was over, which was soon enough. I piled this new body on top of the other two guarding her.

"You'll be safe now," I said.

"Stay here, you, too," she whispered.

"I won't go far," I said. "I won't have to," I added to myself, and stood up. There were groans and calls, cries of terror and pain, all over the place. And I almost laughed when I started out, to think that no matter who I drove my knife into, it was an enemy. Every time one of them struck out, seventy or eighty in the beginning to my one, it was one of themselves that was struck. All I had to do was not to let anybody grab me and hold me long enough to discover who I was.

And I waded in. And that big knife, fifteen inches long, double-edged and heavy—without half trying I could have reached the heart of a bullock with it. Every stroke wasn't a sure dead man, but pretty near it. Never a one I struck that didn't go down—if not dead, well on the way to it.

And some of them yelled, and before I'd knifed half a dozen fresh ones, they were in a new panic, and I could hear all hands at it again, striking out with their war clubs. Then was my danger—that one of them would accidentally hit me.

So I took to the club business, too, but using two clubs, taking my second from the hands of the last man I'd knifed. With my left-hand club I felt for them, with my right-hand one I cracked their skulls. When I thought there was any danger to either side—I could tell by their terrible breathing—I'd drop low to make sure, and then let them have it. It was like cracking nuts with a hammer—as easy as that when you gauged the distance right. They couldn't tell me from one of themselves. Maybe five or six did feel my shirt instead of the smooth, oily bodies of themselves, but by then it was always too late.

When I felt a man give that most astonished grunt at close quarters, I took no chances but whipped out my knife and stabbed quick and hard. Three or four times I went down under somebody or other, but always then I reached up and slit a throat or a belly before a yell could come. That knife! A finger's weight on it and it cut through 'em like soft butter.

One time they quit yelling—Thomson's voice, I think, ordering; but I wasn't even sure of that, so crazy was I getting with all voices beginning to sound a good deal alike to me. I was beginning not to care where I fetched up—I only wanted to be swinging at them. But this time I stopped a second to listen. The voice must have been telling them how foolish they were to be killing each other. They stopped and I could hear them crowding together into the middle of the place. I guessed there were half of 'em left yet, and that wouldn't do; so I dove in among 'em and started swinging, and no mortal man, white, or yellow, or black, could have stood there and been hammered and cracked by an invisible hand—like black Death itself—in that black place, and not struck back.

That's where I had 'em. And I went among 'em with new speed. Only when I felt the club touch would I stop, and only then for a part of a second to make sure, and then it was lean forward and duck low and let him have it. Not many I missed, and when I didn't miss they went down—and mostly for the count.

Of course, I got caught a few times. With bunches of 'em clinched in that dark I couldn't always dodge 'em. But when that happened and I went down under 'em, I used the knife back and up, and heaved 'em off me in a hurry. 'Twas like heaving the line off you in football, and I was a husky lad in those days. Of course I got cut and bruised and what with the bruises and loss of blood I started with, I began to feel weak.

It had been a hot night outside. It was hotter than a fire room in there. I could almost bite the air in chunks, what with the heat and the sweating and the blood and the hot breathing. Just the work of swinging a big war club the way I did for the Lord knows how long—fifteen or twenty minutes, maybe—that with the excitement was enough to keep a man up.

"A little more," I remember I kept saying to myself, "and it ought to be over." They rolled slippery around my feet. I fell half a dozen times quick, there was so many of 'em on the floor, and I was getting unsteady. At the last of it I let myself down on the floor and crawled among 'em. And 'twasn't till I felt there were no more of 'em left in the open that I began to wonder had I missed any in the corners.

My mind wasn't over clear at the beginning of it and surely not too clear toward the end. I think now that I was by this time half crazy. I felt and pounded in the corners, but no live one there. And then I stumbled onto the platform for the first time. There was one there. At first I thought he was dead like the others, but he moved under me. "Ah, but you're a cute one!" I said. I knew him. And what d' y' think I did? Dropped knife and club and went at him.

Half crazy? Sure I was. "I got you, Thomson," I says, and he said something, I don't remember to this day what it was. And do you know how I fixed him? Squeezed his big neck between my fingers. And I never let go till he fell from me, weakening—broke his neck, I guess, but I don't know. And don't care. I brushed him from me tired like, to find myself breathing like a man just come through a quarter-mile run. And tired? Oh, terribly tired! And so I guessed I'd call it off, and went over by the door and reached my hand out for the girl. "Are you there?" I asked.

"Oh, to think that you're alive!" and she reached out her hand for mine. "Is it all over? And what you must have gone through! Oh, the blood—you're bleeding—everywhere! Oh, if the morning were only here so I could be of use to you!"

"It will soon be here," I said, and sure enough, by and by the rays of light came

through the slits up near the roof. Then voices outside and a step at the door and the signal knock—three times repeated. I answered by the same knock I had heard them giving earlier in the night.

The bar outside was let down, the door turned, and in they came. It was Bowles and the nigger Daiko. I'd drawn the girl to myself to one side of the door, and when they came in they did not see us. It was so dark inside, too, and sunrise outside.

They blinked their eyes and looked and looked, for maybe half a minute, like people who thought they were dreaming. Daiko even rubbed his eyes as if to wake himself up. Then he turned and saw me, and seeing me he gave a shriek, fell on the floor face down, and lay there. Bowles stood stiff, so stiff that I went up to him and took his loaded revolver from him.

"Come," I said, "show me the way back to the lagoon." I turned to the girl. "Mr. Wilson will be waiting—no fear—with the launch and take us away."

I left Daiko where he was. I had no heart to hurt him. I had killed enough. Bowles walked ahead. I gave the revolver to the girl, while I carried a war club. "If anything happens to me—if anybody jumps out of the bushes on the way," I said, "you will have the revolver to defend yourself."

When we reached the lagoon the ship's launch was still waiting on the opposite bank. One of our fellows was standing by her—on watch, no doubt, for me. "Miss Berg," I said, "all's well at last."

"How are we to get across?" I asked Bowles, and he pointed to a dugout half hidden in the bushes. I made him push it through the black sludge to the water's edge. "And now if you will get in," I said to her. She reached one hand to me to be helped in. The hand with the revolver was lowered to her side, the side away from me. My mistake—to forget Bowles even for a second.

A cry from her and something like a dog's bark from Bowles, a report, and across the boat she fell. I leaped across her and the boat and whipped the club across his wrist, maybe broke it—I don't know—and as he dropped the revolver into the soft mud I grabbed him and held him there, kicking and struggling while I bent over her.

"Are you hurt, dear?" I asked.

Never an answer, and I called to her again. "Stand up, you!" I said to Bowles, and took him and set him on his feet. And he stood there—as well as he could. And I brought the war club down—as if I was driving a stake. He went a foot deep into the mud.

"And Captain Berg's daughter?" I asked him after a decent interval.

"Didn't anybody ever tell you? She's my wife."

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# The Baite

## By JOHN DONNE

COME live with mee, and bee my love,
And wee will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and christall brookes,
With silken lines, and silver hookes.

There will the river whispering runne
Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne.
And there the inamor'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channell hath,
Will amorously to thee swimme,
Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.

If thou, to be so seene, beest loath,
By Sunne, or Moone, thou darknest both,
And if my selfe have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legges, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poore fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowie net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleavesilke flies
Bewitch poore fishes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needst no such deceit,
For thou thy selfe art thine owne bait;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser farre then I.

# Fish

By ALBERT HICKMAN

Albert Hickman.

IN a shooting box on Cape Cod which contained, I remember, a great fireplace, an amazing bath-room at the top of a detached tower, and a selected library, I found a very small book, perhaps three by four inches, by a quarter of an inch thick. This book was devoted to earnestly thought-out definitions, and one of these was of a prohibitionist. It said:

"A Prohibitionist is a man with whom you would not care to take a drink, even if he drank."

This morsel of imperial jade formulated a suspicion that had been darkening my mind, based on the few attested prohibitionists I had ever met, or had had pointed out to me.

I have sometimes wondered how a country may be profoundly governed by a class so hidden that one may pass much of a lifetime without ever, with certainty, encountering one of the true faith.

However, these things are beyond solving by consideration.

My wife and I decided to go on a full month's holiday, which I had not done since 1913. We now live on the shore of Long Island Sound, a hazy sea which does not obtrude its minor moods on the surrounding civilization—unless it may be Smithtown Bay in an autumn nor'-easter.

We were to go into the Maritime Provinces of Canada and I wondered, with high exhilaration, whether sky and sea and wood still wholly dominated that alluring country. For sky and sea and wood breed individuality and repair individuality. If the precise climate of Northumberland Strait were understood and wholly available to all people, the eastern United States would stand vacant in summer.

We left with seven hundred pounds of baggage in an ancient and silent Rolls-Royce that, having traveled a hundred and eighty thousand miles, was now prepared to begin its life work. First we invaded Cape Cod where my wife had an errand. We glided on to that engaging sand spit on roads like the Streets of Glass, plunged into moist heat—it was August—and were suddenly enveloped in fog, swept under dripping elms at Yarmouth and groped into Orleans, where we stopped.

As evening shut down and contracted my twenty-five-foot world to a blurred arm's length, I felt my way to the head of a side road that vented on the main highway to Provincetown, and went in search of any least adventure.

A stout and florid traveler out of a sedan that loomed in the fog, and from the flare of the lights was headed east, consulted two elderly men beside an automobile service station. The question was something about a fish dinner. There was no reply.

Sometime later the first elderly man looked at the second.

"Fish!" he said. It was not so much a comment on the proposition as a savouring of the word. The inquirer, still with hope in his eye, gazed from one to the other, and in the end the first looked at him and again said:

"Fish!"

This appeared to stir something in the breast of the second resident for he, in turn, fixed his eye on the stranger, as if to be sure, and once more said:

"Fish!" Then there was silence for a long time. The traveler's glance weakened. After extended thought the first informant resumed:

"Fish!" and pointed eastward into the heart of the fog. "Abaout twelve mile down the road there's a fella' from Noo Yawk named Deever keeps a place. They give y' lobsters an'—y' turn to the right, about four mile off the main road—" The stranger was grateful, and with the easy motion that has become national, brought forth a metal container that glinted. The two residents sprang to attention, there was a prolonged gurgle, the bang of the car door, the grind of gears, and the tail light reddened the fog and vanished.

One hour later, through learning of a mutual acquaintance, I had won the confidence of the night man at the service station to the extent that I rode with him to a place where a motor-truck without lights had stopped discreetly in a side road. It needed one new spark plug and a gallon of oil.

"The booze of the country must be moved!" he said, succinctly.

The following afternoon we swung off the Cape, ploughed through an enveloping rain for the hundred miles to Boston, and the next morning hoisted the Rolls on a steamer not designed for motor-cars. On the day following, she climbed precariously the side of a dock at St. John, New Brunswick, and we proceeded through glittering country, until, in the afternoon, a hundred and fifty miles east and north, without warning we rolled out in sight of that lambent sea, the southern bight of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Across the Strait of Northumberland, with the air as clean-washed as after a north-wester, Prince Edward Island, red-banked, lay along the whole northern horizon: and thither we proceeded gleefully, mounted on a flat-car on an imposing train-ferry with four funnels. Landed on red dirt roads, we swung around sparkling bays, then across country between endless farms until we slid into the ancient little city of Charlottetown. At the end of a street that led speciously into the harbour, and so out to sea again, we were stopped by a semaphoring figure in flannels, that, even from a great distance, we could see was Mr. Kimborough, Mr. F. B. Kimborough of the *A-flat Major Polonaise*, who was our destination. Mr. Kimborough had married, and dwelt in this paradise in summer, and that we should visit him after thirteen years was auspicious.

The greetings were joyful. He showed us all of how he lived, facing those startling sunsets over Hillsborough Bay; and, after a convivial dinner which involved lobster that seemed a shade under size, three brace of curlew, capillaire from Newfoundland and Bristol Cream as a sherry, he led us, with some reverence, to a large and shadowy room that contained a nine-foot Steinway concert grand. There, beginning deliberately with Czerny studies, he drifted into Chopin preludes, and followed these through, solemnly and in order, until our perspective was fully restored. He finished with a Paderewski nocturne. He had acquired great breadth and repose, but the late French school was still magnificently absent.

Then he lured me out to walk in the face of a young moon that was near its setting, and that chose to appear as a somber and portentous phenomenon, as if it were in its last quarter instead of in its first.

As a beginning, under a light and in full regalia, we collided with a Commander of a visiting British cruiser, whom we had known some years earlier as a midshipman, under the service name of Tomtom. At that time, following a ball, and in the presence of Ladies, he had unreflectingly exploded a modern type cannon cracker in the captain's cabin. Through the reek of smokeless powder and smelling salts he had explained that he had lighted it simply "to get the wind up" and intended to "damp it out with his fingers." It did not damp. But he did hold on to it valiantly by the end while it blew up, and came off with a cut lip. We were banished to the ward-room. In memory of this event we were now invited aboard, where we drank twenty-year-old whiskey out of the wood, as near to nectar as a man may attain.

As we were landed at a pile wharf, a small schooner moved softly into the same dock and I heard one *slat* of her foresail and the bubble of water under her forefoot as she rounded to and tied up. We turned from listening to the dinghy's receding oars to a figure that stood beside us in that very faint moonlight.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Fred," it said. Then viewing me with some care, "There's some extra good fishin' on the North Shore, I hear—Brig Pond. Where is the *Margaret?*" Mr. Kimborough pondered.

"I heard she was due here tomorrow."

"Not so bad!" said the figure. "She's got lots of information from reliable sources," and waving a felicitous hand he moved up the wharf. The pianist stared in his direction.

"There is something funny about this," he said. "You wait here." He went over the coping of the wharf and dove into the lighted cuddy of the little schooner, where he stayed for twenty minutes.

He reappeared, to find me watching a long and impressive vessel of a highly military profile that boiled up harbour, the smoke from her funnel blotting out the stars.

"That is no stand-by fire!" I ventured.

"These fellows," he grinned, "beat the devil. *That* is the *Margaret*—already—firing furiously, and wondering which way to jump."

This was all unblemished mystery, and I said so.

"The *Margaret*," he began, "is a Dominion Government cruiser—cutter—whose duty it is to thwart the importers of Château Lafite and Mr. Hennessey's Three Star who trade to the romantic islands of Ste. Pierre et Miquelon: and just at present she is reeling in here with her pop-valve stuttering, as you note, on what I judge to be extremely incorrect information. That is, she's been diddled." Here it became necessary to explain. I give but the briefest impression.

It appeared that in Prince Edward Island, as in the United States, it is forbidden to drink alcohol unless you are ill. But the arrangement is more humane and humourous. Bad health is unrestricted. The Island has eighty-eight thousand people, including the descendants of many hairy-legged Highlanders of whom whiskey is the life-blood, and on the unsuspecting day that awoke to find this Law, these were divided into eighty thousand invalids and eight thousand fanatics.

The driven administrators knew that the over-worked druggist must fail to deal with this great, stricken brotherhood, so they set up Government vendors of wines and liquors in all places. Thus, the Government might profit a little, which is well: and the Government supplies the best. If you have a prescription from a doctor of medicine, you may purchase a bottle of brandy or rum or burgundy or crême de cacao, or whatever is the specific cure for your infirmity. If you have twelve prescriptions you may purchase twelve bottles. You are not physically examined at the desk. It is accepted that your illness requires twelve bottles. (It was later to develop that my congenital trouble could only be reached by Perrier Jouet, Special Reserve, and not permanently at that.) The doctors of the more unworthy class write prescriptions day and night at fixed rates, and medicine is rising to the dignity of a business.

It is a fairly happy arrangement, but not wholly peaceful. There is still a certain unrest. It would be better if it were all fair and above-board, as in the great and sane Province of Quebec.

So, if there is an irruption along the unguarded North Shore—an unlighted schooner hangs on the outer edge of a harbour bar through half a night, and the lobster boats pound back and forth through the Gulf surf until the stars fade out at dawn—then there is happiness in all that district, and the fluttering Ford careens along the high-crowned roads with sweet assurance, going down to Montague, or to the horse-races at New Annan. Such is the Island. Such is the rest of the World.

But the pianist was off the subject. Inadvertently I had told him the story of the man on Cape Cod who wanted the fish dinner, and he chuckled, then fell into silence.

"Fish!" he said finally. "Say, have you heard anything of Henry Simpson and Mr. Charles Anderson? Look!" We passed suddenly through three baize doors into a lighted bar, complete as in the days gone past. "I don't see why, after thirteen years, you should mention Fish just as things are forming themselves into some sort of a tragedy—" He whirled around abruptly.

"You fish trout?" He had unloaded from the car three trout rods of mine, and it was not necessary to answer. He led on into an inside room that contained a telephone and, immediately, two bottles of Bass' Ale.

"I'm going to call 'em up!" In four minutes he was addressing the mainland. He inquired tenderly if Mr. Simpson remembered Mr. Sneed of Montreal and the yacht *Gloria*, then referred to my presence, and ended by instructing Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson to take the *Hochelaga* and be in Charlottetown on the following day. The interview closed in some bewilderment, but they would come. And we went home to bed.

"This thing," he said, "is a miracle. I think you're going to see something!" There was only one tangible portent to take hold of: I overhauled my trout rods and waited. We were on the extreme verge of the unknown.

At one o'clock the next day Mr. Simpson, the Foremouth blacksmith, and Mr. Anderson, the navigator of a flat, blindfolded, through hell in a thundersquall, appeared, and after many happy reminiscences were summarily equipped with trout rods, each to his taste.

"Shall we take this?" Mr. Kimborough pointed toward a springless car designed for fishing. Mr. Simpson's childlike intuition supervened.

"No," he said, "we shall take this," and he laboured into the front seat of the Rolls and came to rest. The idea was acceptable. The pianist grinned at me. To those hidebound mechanics that drive these gilded chariots in Piccadilly, Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix, this expedition would be

beyond dreaming. But no matter. The food was added and also one large and lumpy canvas bag of Mr. Kimborough's that might have contained rubber boots, or anything else in the world, and we started. I drove, with Mr. Simpson beside me.

"We resume, *ad seriatim*," he remarked, "I suppose you have no idea——"

I said that I had none—that he had begun about eleven o'clock the evening before by asking me if I was fond of fishing——

"Which was fatuous," said that worthy, "if his memory ain't failed him. But—we are reely goin' fishin'!" I stated that I believed that undoubtedly we were, beyond which I knew nothing.

"Then," said he, "I'm satisfied. The Lord will provide!" He reached over the back of the seat and seized a bottle of beer from which Mr. Anderson at that instant had drawn the cork.

We fled across the elm-shaded town and rolled off the pavements onto the red earth road which leads to St. Peter's, and beyond, to that heart-lifting country, the open North Shore, where the outer Gulf of St. Lawrence booms behind sand dunes.

At that instant the world of all responsibility fell away behind us and we soared up onto the plateau that is just on this verge of the Land of Dreams-come-true. We were suddenly smitten with the joy of an adventure that had probably never been conceived, and so could not happen at all.

Motoring in Prince Edward Island is still flecked with the unforeseen. The horse is as in earlier days and, though you proceed softly, stands dancing as you pass. At night your lights uncover suddenly frightened faces of girls in buggies waiting with two wheels in the ditch. Of the machine itself the romance has by no means died, and the drivers are whelmed by the glory and speed of the thing, and drive in full inspiration, as drove the son of Nimshi. In that climate it may be that the romance will never die.

We proceeded in daylight through a very green country of open and ordered farm lands, we bored through increasing belts of white birch with bark dappled by lichens, that opened at last on salt water inlets, as blue as the sky, and finally, over loose-planked and sonorous bridges, we crossed three dark little rivers, sliding north, with mysterious stretches bounded by marsh-edged woodlands, that make a fisherman's blood run cold, the way trout-streams, doubtless, will look in Heaven—Midgell, Morell, Marie.

In mid-afternoon we plunged out on St. Peter's Bay, swung round its head and climbed a hill bearing to the left into the true north-west with a sure sense that we were facing a wilderness and the open Gulf. Four miles down this road the pianist leapt out and dragged open a patent gate that rolled along the ground, and we entered to follow a lane that grew rapidly worse until we swung in a beam sea between sand hills and a blueberry barren. Thence we debouched into a clearing containing one small, gray farmhouse and a barn. Beyond the tree tops to the north stretched the Gulf of St. Lawrence, indigo to its clear horizon, where it bore up the rigid dome of a sky that failed to whiten from the zenith to the sea. Just behind the trees stood the spars of a two-masted schooner, listed at the last critical angle, and visibly aground.

We were received by a smallish brown man with an ingratiating smile, speaking the complete English of the Acadian French. Between him and the pianist there appeared to be the free-masonry of a mutual oppression. He pointed toward the spars.

"D' *Goolnare*, Meesta Fret. She's com' too close in las' night an' she's catch on de bar. She's got hevery t'ing any man is like to have—rum, cognac, whiskee, som' wine—hevery t'ing. I sen' telephone message in town to de boys for kip de *Mawgret* on d' Sout' Shore—bot," he threw his arms wide, "I don't know—me!" and he snuffed, sadly. I recalled that vessel's precipitate arrival at Charlottetown, moved by unguessed forces.

We were introduced. His name was Archambault—Felix Archambault, and Mr. Kimborough explained that while he had family connections at Souris, P. E. I., he had come from Memramcook, New Brunswick: hence the purity of his diction. He also said that he was a Frenchman of the first water, with whom he went duck shooting in the autumn. He then informed Mr. Archambault that schooners did not enter into our lives, that to us law was everything and liberty nothing, and that we were going to fish trout in Brig Pond, at which Mr. Archambault smiled.

Then we turned our attention to that famous pond. It lay below us with towering green and white sand dunes to the right, with a glint of the sea beyond, and to the left unbroken woods from which its inlet brook, clogged with water weeds in all its wide lower stretches, flowed slowly in intricate channels through formless islands of bull-rushes and reeds to the open lake.

To that inlet, being August, we must go, for now the fish travel up from the deep water outside. The place is known in many countries. We were thralled in anticipation.

Mr. Anderson and I spliced up two-piece rods, Mr. Kimborough, smiling like a child, unlimbered a worn greenheart, and Mr. Simpson fitted the joints of a steel, lance-like contraption that creaked as he waved it.

"When fishin'," he said, "Anderson depends on his personality, but I got no such subterfuge. After they eat the bug, it's them or me." Mr. Archambault led us to a wood house where the displacement of four sticks of split birch showed the end of a small barrel with a wooden spigot. This produced white Demerara rum that we drank from tin pints.

"From de *Goolnare!*" he intoned, and swallowed a teacupful without water and without moistening an eye. Mr. Simpson drank and sighed deeply.

"The fire of reform has swept this country like an asbestos prairie, ain't it! What with worryin' about what this bird," nodding at the pianist, "might have in his mind, this is the first time I've felt human to-day. It *does* return us to our happy youth. D' you remember—", and he led us toward Brig Pond.

The boats were large and able, which later we were to bless, and each had one pair of oars. I rowed Mr. Simpson and we followed the pianist, while Mr. Anderson, inspired by that alluring water, coupled a Montreal with a Parmachenee Belle and breathed the absolute breath of life into those drifting deceptions. He knew the shape of the bottom under water he had never seen. His tail fly would pause and disappear in an almost invisible swirl, and in two seconds his leader would be a sizzling fiddle-string. In a little he would conduct a panicked two-pounder bull-nosed into an undisguised landing net, while he whooped with joy. In the end Mr. Simpson became openly jealous.

"I can't keep my eyes off the creature," he said. "Heaven knows I ain't selfish, but we Simpsons have our pride." He firmly closed his fly book and unearthed a can of worms which he threaded on in blobs, and with these he literally baled out a sudden and surprised shoal of trout and one outraged eel.

If this were strictly a story of fishing I would try to tell faithfully what happened through the declining afternoon, while the plover calls were beating in from the outer beaches, almost unheard by us, and the northwest wind, harassing the grounded *Gulnare*, trailed an occasional catspaw over our sheltered and weed-bound waters. We did catch many fish, until Mr. Anderson, who had been proceeding in silence, as in a dream, said, "This beats Nova Scotia!" which was untrue. Also, Mr. Simpson's worms caught more than Mr. Anderson's flies, for it was August.

At the end, the pianist led us up the inlet to where it narrowed into silent reaches, and we found an inadequate bridge which he said was the Eel Pond road that followed down the far side of Brig Pond through the woods and came out at the beach off which the *Gulnare* was grounded. He examined the bridge and the road with great care, then said suddenly, in a burst of confidence, that *here* the run of big fish came up at night, and we would now return to Felix's for supper, after which we would come back. Mr. Simpson looked at me with a significant eye, but we were in his hands and we went.

Felix met us before we reached his cow barn. He was in trouble.

"My Cripe! Meesta Fret! Peter McGoospick he's on my house."

"Wot!" said Mr. Simpson, startled.

"Peter McGoospick, he's—" The pianist explained.

"It's his real name, Henry. He's a sort of lawyer. Felix owes him money. Always has. He doesn't truly, but Peter fixed it that way." Mr. Simpson still gasped at the name. But Mr. Archambault was proceeding:

"He's com' down for hinvestigate for de *Alliance* w'at you call—I don' know—me. He tol' me he's mek *hin*dependen' *hin*vestigate for de Temperance—he's stick his dam' nose—" the idea was too burdensome, and he waved a completing arm over the landscape where the *Gulnare's* crew, with the aid of twenty lobster fishermen, strove desperately to go to sea.

"I apprehend," smiled Mr. Simpson. He pinned Mr. Kimborough with a forefinger. "Is this part of any little plan of yours?" That person laid a hand on his breast.

"Innocent, me lord bishop; this is an absolutely new bird an' requires some thought. I know who he is. He's got some people in lots of trouble. He doesn't particularly know me, if at all. Felix, what does he want?" Mr. Archambault smiled sourly.

"Ho! Firs' he say he lak' to feesh, bot you gen'l'men haf' d'boat. Den he say—

aw—cood I geev' him wan honder' feefty dollar! Das de *balance* hees charge. *Ware* I'm goin' get wan honder' feefty dollar'?" No one offering a solution, Mr. Archambault proceeded. "Den he say he's onderstan' de schooner he's agroun', an' he say he's lak' for tak' leetle trip down roun' de pond after dark for mak' *hin*vestigate. Jus' leetle walk. I t'ink I sen' wan my boy down for tell de *Goolnare*, queek, eh?"

Mr. Simpson coughed.

"Might I inquire if this is, by chance, a Head Warden?"

The pianist paused for three seconds.

"No, Henry," he said, "a head warden is official, and this is unofficial—very." He laid a heavy hand on the Frenchman's shoulder and with the other made a motion descriptive of a new and displeasing type of death: "Felix, you'll tell *nobody;* you'll leave this to me—the whole business," and under the aura of that assured personality the trouble cleared from Mr. Archambault's eyes.

"Way, Meesta Fret!" and we marched around the corner of the barn, laden with trout, to find the stranger, a pale and bony man, peering into the Rolls.

"Ain't that a sinister sight?" said Mr. Simpson in my ear. "He's out to bind up the bleedin' hearts of his fellow men, if he's got to break their damn necks. I can see that man never had any degradin' and humanizin' influences. A drink would probably do him no good. It ain't miraculous, it can only produce what you have. Say, I can't talk to him till I get used to his stupendous name. You talk to him!" But Mr. Anderson was exhibiting fish and we progressed affably until, all together, we went in to supper with the Archambault family.

Here, after deftly exhausting the conventions, and over his third cup of tea, the pianist swung the subject shamelessly on to the drinking of alcoholic liquors. He had had one uncle pass away, not from too much alcohol, but from too little, if Mr. McGoospick understood. Mr. McGoospick did. One aunt was married to a man named Scott, the man who had framed the Scott Act—no less—and while there had been certain abuses under the Act, it was—a stepping-stone. Mr. McGoospick agreed that it was. (Throughout this mounting oration there was no need to warn the Archambaults. They understood imperfectly and were wading in the rear. The rest of us were dumb, and extremely uneasy. But he would have convinced the Grand Inquisitor.) The worst of this drink business—always had been since Noah's time—was that the leading people not only condoned it but indulged in it. Moses, Elijah, Ahasuerus, Job, St. Paul, Scipio Africanus, Genghis Khan, Alexander the Great, Cleopatra, Socrates, Richard I, William Shakespeare, Balzac, Robert Burns, G. Washington, J. P. Morgan and Margot Asquith all drank. Also practically everybody else. They claimed it was good for them. Whereas, as Mr. McGoospick knew, all statistics were to the contrary, and showed that alcohol interfered with production; that is, for instance, of Ford cars. In his, the pianist's opinion, prohibition would never be in effect until the law was enforced—absolutely. Wipe the stuff out like opium. They said that pneumonia patients must have whiskey. If *that* interfered with prohibition, what would *he* do with them?

"Let 'em die," said Mr. McGoospick.

"What would you do with bootleggers?"

"Shoot 'em," said Mr. McGoospick, briefly.

"That's what it will come to." Mr. Kimborough nodded wisely.

"See what it's come to already," said Mr. McGoospick. He had suddenly become drunk on that morsel of incipient rhetoric. His eyes glinted and he caressed the table unpleasantly.

"We've killed crucifixion, an' burnin' at the stake, and cannibalism and piracy and polygamy and—this thing's the same—an' we'll kill *it.*" His voice rose slightly and Mr. Simpson shuddered and suddenly left us.

"It wasn't so much his brief an' terrifyin' speech," he said later, "but the nasty lilac colour he assoomed." Mr. McGoospick at least had conformed strictly to type.

After supper he confided in us his plan to investigate the schooner *Gulnare*, and Mr. Kimborough burned to show him the way.

"Don't mention what I'm saying to you," that person whispered, and glanced in the direction of Mr. Archambault. "Wait till it's a little darker. Don't go down by the Eel Pond road, on the *other* side of Brig Pond. On this side there's a forty-acre cranberry bog. There's a clear path down between it and the pond to the beach. We'll put you on it with the boat, and then," he concluded mysteriously, "*nobody* will know where you are." He placed a finger on his lips. "Wait!" he murmured, and vanished toward the car, where I passed him in the dusk heaving out the largish canvas bag which he had guarded since we left

Charlottetown, and singing to himself, with a somewhat brutal cadence, J. Brahms' *Fifth Hungarian Dance.*

Behind the house I collided with two shadowy figures that proved to be Mr. Simpson and Mr. Archambault, who laboured toward the cow barn under the burden of a very large tub filled with a mixture that gave off a wildish smell.

"Mash!" said Mr. Simpson, nodding toward Felix. "The little man has a nice copper kettle and a coil of pipe and he's been makin' his own nutriment. Now, since he's loaded up for the winter from the *Gulnare,* he can't abide the taste of it, an' I'm assistin' him to move it to the cow barn for fear the odour might lead to misapprehension." Behind them Felix's oldest son bore two large jugs of the distillate.

"No good!" said Felix, and dumped one of them into the mash tub.

"Don't!" said Mr. Simpson. He reached for the other, tasted it with judgment and balanced it carefully on a shelf. We retired circumspectly, and the autumn darkness drifted down over the land and the sound of breakers came in more loudly from behind the dunes to the north.

The next scene was swift and diverting. We had all been collected by the pianist, Mr. Anderson wreathed in fishing tackle, Mr. McGoospick testing a pocket flashlight, Mr. Simpson maneuvering discreetly to leeward, and myself.

Before leaving, Mr. Simpson had insisted on entering the cow barn once more. He disappeared in that black cavern and suddenly we were aware of a moist cough and he came out again immediately, riding on the back of a large white animal that appeared to be in flight. He was facing the tail, like Mazeppa, and his rubber boots seemed to be clasped around its neck. There were mixed sounds of dismounting in the bed of a small brook that crossed the yard, and he came back leading his palfrey by one horn.

"The damn cows get up tail end first," was all he could say. It was a stupendous cow. Mr. Anderson said it was sixteen hands high. I mention this because we were to meet it again under trying circumstances. Mr. Simpson had to offer it a peck measure filled out of the mash tub before he could persuade it to enter the barn again. In the end he left it quite happy, and said that it was really a nice cow, but had been startled. He stated that he, only, was to blame.

Mr. McGoospick did not see anything particularly funny in this episode, and we proceeded toward the pond and whatever else the night might have in store. We left Mr. Archambault in a condition of extreme bewilderment. The pianist led Mr. Simpson to one of the boats.

"Henry, you take Mr. McGoospick and land him on the cranberry-bog road. See those cat-tails?" He pressed a flashlight. The edge of a jungle of towering rushes that appeared to lead to the center of the pond, stood reflected in water like misted glass. Something crashed in their midst and vanished, while the reeds waved. Every one started.

"Mushrat!" continued Mr. Kimborough. "Er—you follow the rushes to the right for a quarter of a mile and you'll find a landing of two planks. Put him ashore there and come back quick or we'll miss the fishing. He can see the rest of the way with his light." Henry gave no sign but departed with the apostle. The pianist waved a flowery hand in farewell. Presently we heard oars returning.

"How was it?" we inquired. Mr. Simpson intoned:

> "'I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
> But to the next highway, and there I left him'

—He seemed a bit jumpy——"

We clambered into the two boats, I with Mr. Simpson again.

"Bill," he said with feeling, "you have *no* idea what's actuatin' this lunatic, I s'pose. There's somethin' superhuman about the whole proceedin'. We foregather without notice and we run into fish, an insalubrious fanatic, an' cattle, pree-cisely as if you had to mix 'em before you could go on." Again I had no explanation. I was living in a blind and blissful hope.

"Personally," he proceeded, "I think he's adrift on the wings of the wind. He has certain facts, and he's relyin' on human nature to operate as you and I would. For the rest, he's playin' on his stupendous luck—trustin' the high gods to furnish entertainment—which," he said, "they mostly do. This is a voluptuous life, ain't it!" It happened that this philosophy was to be notably borne out.

Appropriately, we rowed toward a red sickle moon that at last secreted itself behind the tree tops on the far side of the pond, and was no more seen. Its light, very faint, it left to add to the general sense of mystery, for we found we were now moving in an increasing stillness. When we entered the woods our very pathway vanished, and

the boat ahead, rowed more slowly by the pianist, became a sliding shadow. We could faintly see the inaudible Mr. Anderson crouched in the stern. So, with unexpected reeds scrubbing our gunwales, we were swallowed by the inlet—almost invisible channels walled with bull-rushes and weighted down with silence. Mr. Kimborough moved on until we came out on the reach that ended in the bridge of the Eel Pond road, and below the bridge we halted, close by that straggling wood-path.

"For me," breathed Mr. Simpson, "I can see nothing ahead but fish," and in ratification we heard the swish of Mr. Anderson's line. He whispered, "I'm putting on a White Miller," and we chose to sit still and listen to an artist we failed to see.

First, we gathered that he had caught a bat in the air, which was a notable piece of virtuosity. Then beginning with an almost inaudible swirl, we guessed rather than heard or saw a twenty-minute battle with what proved to be a three-pound trout. Even then we were overcome by the spirit of the place and forebore to lift a rod.

At this juncture the shadow that had been Mr. Charles Anderson suddenly ceased to move, and sat with one hand raised. Ten seconds later the pianist slid his boat toward ours and beckoned us in under the shelter of the reeds on the bank next to the road.

"Tsst!" he breathed. Mr. Simpson sighed audibly.

"Now, we begin!" he murmured: then, apologetically, "I'm only goin' by his past record." Mr. Anderson again lifted a hand and we were still. Our boat was held lightly by the reeds and Mr. Simpson reclined serene on the bottom with his back against a thwart. We listened and we heard nothing, and we continued to listen while our senses scouted for any sort of contact. First, out of the rustling density of the inlet, and before my own heart beats supervened, the faintest boom of the seas on the bars to the northward grew and receded with each flaw in the night air. A straggling spruce tree that hung between me and the stars changed its shape confidentially a number of times, but I had seen that miracle and was undismayed. More impressive, one cat-tail moved its head without sound or explanation, and, immediately afterward, something small and wholly submarine crossed the inlet and wrecked the reflection of the great constellation Cygnus. Here Mr. Anderson leaned forward and again became rigid, and I thought I could hear, a second or two apart, very faint, hollow thuds, as if a moose might have stamped far away among the trees. Then, in a minute more, the Eel Pond woods seemed to awaken. They were filled with uncertain sounds.

These resolved themselves into many footfalls, at a distance, coming from the direction of Eel Pond and the beach, and then, rather close at hand, there was a crack as of a largish bush being broken, and one second later, detonating on our strained nerves, a towering voice broke through the darkness: "Baw!—Baw!—Baw!" Nothing lingering; a business-like, metallic crash of a note that went up to the stars. I saw Mr. Kimborough leap, and my boat lurched with the bound of Henry Simpson.

"That," said Mr. Anderson, "is a young bull—about two years old, an' very bad—out on the rampage. How'd y' like y'r wife and children to meet him on the road!"

"Ho!" stuttered Mr. Simpson to the pianist, "Is this part of the entertainment?"

"Shut up, Henry. I'm not Ching Ling Foo: I'm only lucky," and Mr. Kimborough joyfully and frantically rooted in the canvas bag and appeared to be stowing objects in the pockets of his coat. Some of these clinked like metal. Then there was silence again, and once more we listened. After a minute of apparent hesitation, the footsteps, several footsteps, resumed and drew near. I heard muffled and uneasy voices, and, as they came closer, the hard breathing of men labouring under loads. At the same time the bushes parted, and between us and the road appeared a dark and compact figure with its head toward the traffic. One round flank was nicely exposed and its tail stood at a threatening angle. We barely breathed, for the apparition was a fishing rod's length away. When the procession was almost abreast of us I saw Mr. Kimborough's arm go up, rather slowly, and heard the unmistakable *sputt* of a high-power air pistol. When I turned he was reloading and firing swiftly, his mouth filled with patent slugs. There was a perceptible moment, eloquent with the *spat* of these against the bull's hide, and then a most awful noise shattered the night.

Possibly the bull had been taking breath. I do not know. But practically he seemed to explode. The space that had held him was occupied by a small spruce tree, and the air was filled with flying mud. Later, he appeared to have launched himself clean across the road and into the swamp on the other side.

Simultaneously, there was a sound as of

heavy burdens being thrown down in the bushes, and the pattering of boots along the wood road. I could count them as they struck the pole bridge on the way to Felix's house. They were moving at extreme high speed. At this instant the pianist and Mr. Anderson splashed overboard into the reeds, hauled their boat up an arm's length and vanished, fleeing toward the road. In a matter of seconds we saw the sweep of a flashlight and heard them running back, and the sound of heavy objects being dumped in the reeds not ten feet away. They made a half-dozen trips in three minutes, then rejoined their ship where they lay panting and overcome with smothered laughter. Mr. Simpson was irate and burned with curiosity.

"Wot in hell—" he began, but Mr. Anderson suddenly froze once more and the pianist braced himself on one knee. The bull, snorting, was coming round in a circle, and as we listened he crossed the road, ploughed through the bushes and came to rest within ten feet of the spot he had stood before. Impossible, but this was the thing as it happened. At that moment we could hear a larger group of men, also coming up from the Eel Pond beach, talking loud and free and stumbling under the loads they were lugging. The bull also heard, for fine earth began to rain on the bushes. When the voices were a hundred feet away he breathed one soft melodious diapason note and stepped into the road with his nose pointed for the magnetic pole. The pianist favored him with one more slug as he went, then smote Mr. Simpson and me on the shoulder.

"Come on!" he whooped. We four pelted up the path toward an impressive riot. The bull had won and was chivvying the whole mysterious party toward the sea. Within thirty yards the pianist fell over something.

"Here!" he said, and he thrust under one of my arms a smooth and nicely shaped little barrel, and under the other a forty-pound wooden case that gurgled. "Now, leg it to the boats." I legged it, and behind me pounded Mr. Simpson, breathing hard under a ten-gallon keg. Mr. Anderson also wavered up, dumped his load and sat on it, speechless. Mr. Kimborough bounced in with his arms around a half-grown puncheon.

"Henry," he gasped, "move your boat nearer the bridge and haul her up further so we can get this stuff in in a hurry." Mr. Simpson leapt with enthusiasm. He had long ago surmised the contents of these vessels. The boat was swiftly grounded by the road and he was standing in the bow when something unforseen happened.

The bull came back.

His heart may have told him at last where the real trouble lay. He sauntered out of the bushes directly opposite the boat, a gray, medium sized and efficient figure, and headed, quite slowly, toward Mr. Simpson. Mr. Kimborough, Mr. Anderson and I were paralyzed where we stood, and the bull began speaking, very softly and distinctly. At this precise instant, while the situation hung suspended in the air, I was conscious of an increasing and portentous disturbance on the other side of the inlet. Before Mr. Simpson could move and before we could think with any clearness, we were aware of a wild spattering of heavy and uneven footfalls across the bridge, and a towering whitish phantom curvetted through the dark in our direction. The bull half-turned to face this new horror, but was late. I heard a sort of delirious bovine howl, unlike the note of any ungulate with which I am familiar, and this great apparition heaved itself, head on, into the bull's ribs. There was a most sonorous whang, and all the air seemed to go out of that animal at once. Then, locked together, the bull and the battering ram went over the bank into the inlet, just beside the boat, and the water raised itself ten feet into the air. When I had wiped my eyes they were climbing ashore on the opposite bank, side by side, and in five seconds they had vanished utterly. Mr. Simpson, a sodden figure, was dancing beside us.

"Say," he whooped, "that was my cow—the one I rode and gave the mash to." A small person joined us, running. It was Mr. Archambault. He was stuttering with excitement.

"D' *Goolnare* she's onload hees rum in de dark, for get afloat, an' som' dese fellas dey pinch a leetle. Dey com' troo here, an' de bool is chase dem. Now—dey gone on my house for get peetchfork. Den dey *com'* back——"

"Meesta Fret"—he swung on the pianist's coat—"my beeg white cow she's drink heemself all de mash—*wan tub*—She's gone crazee! She's let out two—t'ree screech lak' d' Summerside ban' and ron lak' hell down dees road"—Mr. Simpson shivered.

"Felix," said he, "she ain't crazy, she's drunk. You *should* have smelt her breath. She dam' near killed the bull—an' she saved my life."

We showed Felix the haul. Frantically we loaded it into one boat, until, with her crew, she had six inches of freeboard, and then rapidly we shoved off and slipped down toward the open pond.

Even then we had begun to hear sounds of distress in the woods behind us, but we were clear away. Rowing furiously, we were almost at the mouth of the inlet before we let up from exhaustion. We drifted gunwale to gunwale until our wind came back, and once more we were shrouded in silence. It was most restful. Nobody said very much. Our stupendous recollections had us. Mr. Simpson, bolstered around with little barrels, gurgled feebly in the stern of my boat.

"Think of that dear old soul drinkin' up half a barrel of mash containin' three quarts of neat alcohol, an' then wadin' in an' savin' y'r uncle's life! Gratitood!" said he, "an' all for givin' her her first drink. Likely she never was reely happy before!" He paused, and from far away down the pond a faint wail drifted on the night air. We all listened for perhaps two minutes, but there was no further sound. Then another howl came down the wind. The pianist rocked his boat in his glee. Mr. Simpson considered.

"Why," he said, "it might be Mr. McGoospick comin' back. Say, that sounds more in anger than in sorrow, don't it! D'you suppose he's in trouble?" Mr. Kimborough wagged his hands.

"No," he murmured. "He's safe," and he sprang once more into action. "Now listen. *You* keep this boat here. You'll know when to move. Charley and I have to clean up this country a little. Just now it's a ravin' mess of professional potato growers practicin' as amateur hijackers. When you move, row to Felix's landing. I'll be there." They scraped through the last bank of reeds and disappeared.

"What did he mean by saying we'd know when to start?" I inquired.

"Faith," said Mr. Simpson, "is what you need. Say, Bill, truly, you don't think he worked that bull any way, do y'?" I said I did not, and we sat still again studying the northern stars. The strain was too much for Mr. Simpson and he pried open one of the cases and extracted a wired bottle. A beautiful pop and he dove suddenly. He came up with a sigh and I finished the bottle, which obviously hailed from the Epernay country. Now we were prepared for anything that might happen, except what actually did.

Far down the pond, near a smallish island we had seen, there was a sharp explosion, something hurtled skyward, then, a half mile overhead, a flash and a deafening bang. Five seconds later there was another. Within the time it took the startled echoes to reach us, every dog north of St. Peter's swung into chorus, two great blue herons from a nearby pine left everything and departed, and more black ducks than should live in one pond went up with a continuous storm of squawks and fled over our heads toward the open sea.

"Ships' signal bombs, large size," said Mr. Simpson, recovering himself "—but why?"

"Anyway, I judge that was our orders. We now start." We worked that heavily laden ship into headway, and we laboured down the pond. Five minutes later we paused to listen to a new manifestation. A fusillade of small-arm fire seemed to be centered in a wooded point that showed dimly ahead. After this stopped we proceeded without incident except that periodically we collided with that surprising howl that floated out of the north.

Mr. Simpson shook his head as he strained.

"I can see that it's likely Mr. McGoospick, but I can't see what he's rendin' the air about. You don't s'pose he's afraid of mice? Bill, I leave it to you: ain't this one of the most voluminous situations that has so far met your inflamed vision? Note! Beneath our lily feet one hundred gallons of rose dew filched from La Belle Frawnce an' the Hesperides by a bleatin' bull, and centered in *this* vessel with me as seneschal. *On* y'r left, one *hin*dependen' *hin*vestigator, in the middle of a quakin' morass, yelpin' to himself for reasons unknown. *On* y'r right, ten miles of thirsty countryside, startled an' stirred up and dyin' with curiosity: and ahead, that blazin' lunatic preparin' some new and frantic surprise. I'm very, very happy. I reely am."

When we slid into the mud at the landing, the pianist and Mr. Anderson stepped out of the shadows, strictly as promised. The former was bathed in cheerfulness.

"How d'you like the fireworks?" he chirped. We tried to express our appreciation. His efficiency was undimmed. He gave, strongly, the impression of an earnest scientist with much work still to do.

"Henry," he said, suddenly, "you hear those yells!"

"I'll hear 'em in me sleep," said Mr. Simpson.

"Well, you go get him. You took him there. I'm afraid he's irritated about something. Maybe he's lost in the rushes. D'you think you can find him? When you do, bring him to the house, but—just not too soon." Mr. Simpson borrowed my flashlight and stepped blithely into the other boat.

"Considerin' him as the infant Moses," he smiled, "in me you behold the daughter of the late Amen-hotep the Second," and he poled gracefully away into the dark.

"Now," said Mr. Kimborough, "we have to get every stick of this stuff up, and into the Rolls, and locked in, quicker than you ever did anything in this life." Helped by Felix, loyal but still swamped in amazement, we trotted up-hill under those precious burdens. The distilled liquors sat on the floor, including Mr. Kimborough's semi-puncheon of cognac. On the canvas slip-covers of those somnolent cushions of the back seat, fashioned by J. Rothschild & Fils, nestled charming little barrels of sherry and green mint, and above were piled delectable cases almost to the roof, leaving room for one man to ride in danger beside them. We stared at the labels, fascinated. Even so, we had to strap on the trunk rack four cases of Perrier Jouet and two of Château Yquem, wound round many times with a gigantic black rubber blanke and looking as innocent as three alligator suitcases.

Then, all together, and carrying only the two creels of trout, as evidence, we went out and sat on the edge of the well-cover by the barn. There we smoked and were very happy and satisfied and looked down toward the edge of the pond, watching for the oncoming of the genial Mr. Simpson and his imposing guest.

"Tsst!" breathed Mr. Kimborough, and pointed. The woods toward the inlet were still deeply troubled. Flashes of light appeared, moving quickly and occulted by bushes, then vanished. Occasionally we heard footsteps approaching on the Eel Pond road, but always they would die out on grass, seeming to avoid Felix's house. Mr. Anderson lay on his face on the ground, listening.

"Now," he whispered, "about ten men crossin' that field in a hurry. They're gone 'round this house." Then we heard two highly Scottish voices, passing behind a fence and discussing the "guns," and judging that the *Margaret* might be outside and have landed some men; at which the pianist trod heavily on my foot and remarked:

"What it means is that we've cleaned them out. They have no idea what the row is all about, and they're scared of nothing—but their Presbyterian consciences. So they've gone home to bed. Guns!" he said. And it was so. Back toward the main road we heard the whinny of one horse, and twice, vaguely, the sound of a distant motor car; but we saw no more lights. Then we reverted again to silence.

In the end, from the direction of the pond, boomed the voice of Henry Simpson, apparently labouring with some one who complained continuously. Within one solemn second the pianist stood draped in the mantle of dignity and commiseration.

"What has happened, Mr. Simpson?" he inquired in evident distress. That gentleman pointed to a sombre figure that still dripped audibly and the feet of which squelched as it moved. He had gone past diplomacy and he spoke as one who has suffered an injury:

"He formulated himself into an island. *I* don't know how. I put him on y'r road. I swear to heaven that when I got to him he was standin' on two lily-pads, usin' em like snow shoes, an' wavin' a cat tail in his hand." Mr. Anderson gulped painfully beside my right ear, and went into a paroxysm of coughing. Mr. Simpson turned his flashlight on the distressful form beside him. A delicate green garland was still festooned from Mr. McGoospick's waist and down his right leg. Mr. Simpson plucked this off and ate it with relish.

"Water-cress!" he explained.—"*Nasturtium officinale*—the best I ever ate. I wanted to go back for some more but he wouldn't have it." Mr. McGoospick drew breath.

"This man didn't leave me on any road. He left me on an island with just room enough on it for one duck blind. He—" Mr. Kimborough maintained that face in sadness.

"Mr. Simpson is a stranger here. It was my fault. *I* told him. Henry, you turned in too soon. I never thought you'd find the blind. The road begins on the point. I'm frightfully sorry—but you must change at once," and he led on to the house, conducting Mr. McGoospick by an arm. In the back kitchen where he shed his wet clothes his teeth were chattering audibly, and the spirit seemed to have utterly gone out of him. As I passed Mr. Kimborough whispered:

"Get me some rum from Felix, quick!" I left a quart pitcher on a bench outside,

caught his inspired eye and departed. When I entered once more to leave my wet boots, he was holding Mr. McGoospick's pulse with one hand and with the other the Archambault alarm clock, which fortunately had a second hand, and he was arguing something about pneumonia. As I went back I heard him say "Don't risk your life, man: what you must have is this"—and he removed from the stove a brew to which I saw him add molasses and cow's milk. He also borrowed a blanket from Mrs. Archambault.

The struggle was on, and I joined the rest in the front room for my own peace of mind.

Once, half an hour later, he called me out to get him an old pair of trousers from his canvas bag in the car. As I delivered them, he and Mr. McGoospick, glassy-eyed, were gazing at each other across the kitchen stove, each with another brown tumblerful. The pianist was remarking confidentially: "*I* know Felix: *you* know Felix. It's the only way you'll ever get your money," and while Mr. McGoospick nodded doubtfully, "William," he said, hailing me, "tell Felix we want to talk to him." I led him out. Mr. McGoospick greeted him with a most human smile and hiccuped once very slightly.

"Felix," said the pianist, "I've had a long talk with Mr. McGoospick. We spoke of the balance you owe him, and I have persuaded him that it would be a good thing for you if he would take with him the two barrels of rum you found on the beach. They could possibly be turned over to—ah—some drug store, or sold elsewhere for medicinal purposes. In return, Mr. McGoospick would give you a receipt in full for the balance of his account." He turned his regard on that gentleman, who started slightly, but acquiesced. Mr. Archambault's emotions, however, seemed to be beyond expression, and he sat without sound or movement except that his irate eye traveled from one face to the other. At this point Mr. Kimborough favoured him with one stony wink. Even then he recovered his speech and his faith slowly.

"Ma'—way!" he said at last. Mr. McGoospick nodded heavily. The crisis had passed. The pianist relaxed visibly and moved once more into action.

"You," he said to me, "help this gentleman to get the rest of his own clothes again. Felix and I will dig up the barrels and put them in the car. It will take a few minutes," and he smiled at Mr. McGoospick, who smiled sweetly in return.

"Write him a receipt," he suggested, as he went out, and that person borrowed a leaf of a note book from me and did so, still smiling. Then, with some trouble, he resumed his largely dry garments, drank up the last of his drink and—suddenly slept.

After twenty pregnant minutes Mr. Kimborough returned, pleased and perspiring, the sleeper was wakened with difficulty, presented Mr. Archambault with his receipt, and was attended to his car where he ran his hand over the two small casks buried in rugs and approved the dispositions. All troops were called out to witness his going. He shook Mr. Kimborough's and Mr. Archambault's hands with fervour. From Mr. Simpson he parted with some coldness. When his tail light had faded the pianist drew breath.

"Farewell!" he said. "Say, he was so sunk in his own troubles he never mentioned the fire works. He's an illusionist. I had five separate stories ready for him, none very good, but no matter, he's gone." He sighed, and we went in to supper. There he flung himself on Mr. Archambault's telephone, a many-party circuit with which he wrestled for a time. Finally he reached someone in Charlottetown named George, who seemed to be in an official capacity. He communicated briefly:

"Say! Listen, this is *not* a joke. Peter McGoospick is on his way in town by the Lot 48 road. He has two barrels in his car that may contain rum—I don't know. And listen! For *prima facie* evidence, to save openin' the barrels, you might find two bottles under the right side of the rear seat—" we could hear yells coming over the wire—"Thanks, me dear," he resumed, "Congratulate me later!" and he hung up.

"That," he said, "puts it all on a strictly proper and legal basis. We will now eat." We inferred that the man on the telephone was a Government inspector, but with a fine sense of humour.

We ate almost in silence at first, for the time had been long and the strain had been great, and now there was peace and we were ravening. Roast pork and Chambertin may seldom meet, but on that evening they combined generously and our speech slowly returned.

Mr. Anderson broke through first. For two hours he had uttered no word that anyone remembered. Now, after having drunk like water one more large tumbler of that garnet and blissful beverage, he heaved with emotion. Even Mr. Kimborough was having some difficulty with a

cookie, and his eyes shone. Mr. Simpson regarded him with disfavour.

"Tell, or I'll kill you!" he grated.

"Henry," he murmured, smiling, "I presume you mean Mr. McGoospick's private road through the cranberry bog. There *is* a cranberry bog—forty acres—but *no* road. The duck blind I built myself with these—and Felix. It *is* on an island completely surrounded by water-cress, as you noted." Mr. Simpson's glance softened.

"You marooned him for his own salvation an' made me the sacrifice."

"I thought of his parents," said the pianist.

"Now, the bull," resumed Mr. Simpson.

"Henry, don't be an elephantine ass. The bull was provided by Heaven, like your cow, though I did not have to debauch him with moonshine first to make him assist. I *knew* the *Gulnare* would unload. I *knew* some of the stuff might be lifted. I was going to shoot the fireworks, trusting to their action on the illogical human mind. Anything else?" Mr. Simspon pondered.

"Only this last business, which *is* humorous."

Mr. Kimborough grinned like a small boy.

"The two barrels now accompanying Mr. McGoospick along the Lot 48 road contain—water. I filled 'em. The rum that *was* in them is at present in a large barrel"—he indicated the direction to make his point clear—"in the cow barn—I put it in—and Felix has his receipt in full."

"In return for the water!" said Mr. Simpson, brightening. Then immediately he was borne down again with disappointment.

"Then they won't get him!" Mr. Kimborough arose and executed a brief and stately step.

"Oh-but-they-will," he beamed, "you forget the bottles. They contain the finest Demerara. We had to contribute something!" Mr. Simpson sat silent for some time, then smiled on the whole company.

"Bill," he said to me, "as I mentioned before, I'm very, very happy. Would you hand me another bottle of that stuff?"

At this juncture Mr. Felix Archambault, who had been listening, facing rapidly toward each speaker, and drinking, as Mr. Simpson put it, "head down, like a horse," now visibly concluded that the evening was flawless, and his ultimate Gallic temperament plucked him from his seat as a leaf is lifted by autumn winds. He drew from its case a rosin-dusted fiddle, seeing which, Mr. Kimborough solemnly opened a large melodeon, which machine can never be wholly out of tune. Then ensued for an unguessable time a concert that ran from laughter almost to tears. Some incredible faculty at one moment recalled the four hundred pipes of the massed bands at Olympia, and these passed, leaving one ridiculous, if dying, artist that played until his last breath, somewhere behind bracken and amid falling waters. In a little, Mr. Archambault, awe-struck, stood out, and remained standing, swaying slightly but otherwise rigid; and the pianist, using all stops, called out the gaudy if unsuspected faculties of that abused instrument. Incidentally, he chose to tell the whole history of Scotland in song. He closed, as ever, in profound silence, with Archambaults of all sizes, and variously clothed for the night, filling all available openings.

As we gathered up our things the telephone rang and we were quiet as Mr. Kimborough seized it and listened, with short comments, for some time. Then he turned to us, and raised his hand.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "they got him!"

"*Atque vale sanitas horridem*" said Mr. Simpson, "which is, bein' interpreted, 'Goodbye to the pure to whom all things are punk.' *Ipse dixit*, as the sayin' is, 'I have spoken!'" Felix drew from his pocketbook the receipt in full, kissed it, and stowed it away again, all the while dancing, ever so little.

Before we left, at Mr. Simpson's instance we visited the cow barn. There, profoundly asleep near the empty mash tub, lay the great white cow. Mr. Simpson insisted on emptying the remaining jar of moonshine into the tub. "She will need it in the morning," he said, and he kissed his hand. Mr. Kimborough gave into Felix's keeping a largish bundle of bills, "For the captain of the *Gulnare*. Tell him we bought this much and saved him a lot more."

We stowed ourselves with difficulty into the Rolls, whose massive and sagless springs bore up blithely under the burden; we said farewell to Felix, who was speechless, and we started, winding back across the blueberry barren.

One more improbable happening finished this matchless day. We were navigating a rutted stretch of grass road leading to Felix' gate. On our right our lights showed an unbroken wall of alders, sweeping our

paint, and on our left a five-foot ditch yawned, with a glint of water in the bottom. We rounded a turn, precariously, and there, in the middle of the road, full in our light and facing us, unmoving, stood the young bull. Each hair was nicely visible. We were profoundly startled. He was not. He opened his mouth slightly—I remember especially the box-like squareness of the opening—and began on that soft, hair-raising note with which he had addressed Mr. Simpson just before the cataclysm. At the same time his head was almost imperceptibly lowered. I foresaw a mashed lamp and the loss of a very beautiful radiator. There was only one thing to be done. Fortunately he was on the ditch side of the road. I dropped into first, Mr. Royce's honed gears ran up the scale in that smooth, suggestive whine, we brushed the alders, lurched a little, slid the edge of the mudguard along the bull's ribs and pushed, quite gently. He shouted in amazement and in one half second was in the ditch, upside down. Then we left those parts with what speed we could, considering Mr. Anderson imbedded in the reeling groceries in the rear.

And that is properly the end of this very minor adventure.

We returned to Charlottetown through the most profound depths of that night, not by the way we had come but by circuitous and sometimes imperceptible bye-roads. Once we almost touched Souris, and our headlights suddenly looked over the extreme edge of the East End, toward the mountains of the Cape Breton coast, fifty miles away. We slid through Cardigan, buried in sleep, and moved confidently up the main road from Montague, and so at last in under the elms and on to the smooth pavements again. Even here we floated along strictly residential avenues of selected quietness, until we headed for the water and rolled into the courtyard that was bounded by Mr. Kimborough's house and his extremely private garage. Then the tall red gates closed softly, and the adventure was finished. No pirate ship ever brought in a finer cargo.

We found cold lobster and cold goose and celery, and these we piled on plates and bore into the room where the Steinway lived. Also we took part of the case of champagne that Henry Simpson had opened in the boat. There, after we had eaten, Mr. Kimborough played once more, the *A-flat Major Polonaise*, for the sake of the days gone past, and the mighty periods brought down the family, one by one, in the most varied and surprising clothes. They listened to the story of the whole night's doings, mostly from Mr. Simpson and Mr. Kimborough, until they were overcome with laughter, and the dawn sifted in and dulled down the lights overhead.

That day Mr. Anderson and Mr. Simpson left us, sadly. They had come with very little baggage, but now they had a new and inexpensive trunk between them. They carried it themselves, and the last we saw of them they were sitting on it on the deck of the *Hochelaga*, that once had been a grand duke's yacht. Of such is romance.

Mr. McGoospick we saw for a brief instant, at a considerable distance, on the street. It is doubtful if he saw us at all.

The *Gulnare*, we learned, an all-wise Providence had permitted to float, and she had proceeded on her way. She carried our blessings.

## Hope—By EMILY DICKINSON

HOPE is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all.

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

# So They Say

REV. DR. F. B. SHORT:
*for thirty-five years pastor of a Methodist Church*

"When being baptized, blond babies usually cry, brunettes smile, and baldheaded ones look blank."

MARY AGNES HAMILTON:
*English novelist; member of the Independent Labour party—in "The Atlantic Monthly"*

"The red-haired woman has no soul."

MR. JUSTICE MCCARDIE:
*Judge of the High Court, London*

"I have read that it used to take two sheep to clothe a woman; now I am assured that it takes but a single silkworm."

CAPTAIN ROBERT DOLLAR:
*Eighty-three-year-old president of the Dollar Steamship Company*

"What we need in the Orient is backbone. Idea of the Government telling me I've got to quit China. Why, before I'd get out of China, I'd tell the Government to."

DR. ALBERT ADLER:
*of Vienna, the father of the w. k. "Inferiority Complex"*

"The Don Juans among men and the light-o'-loves among women are afraid of marriage."

POLICE JUDGE GOLDEN:
*when Hugh Clairborne was arrested for kissing his wife in a movie palace and distracting the patrons' attention from films*

"Every man has a right to kiss his own wife, any time, any place, if the wife be willing."

JOHN GALSWORTHY:
*English novelist and dramatist*

"There will always be about the same percentage of people capable of real love, and there will always be about the same percentage of people who aren't."

RT. HON. SIR GORDON HEWART:
*Lord Chief Justice of England, in divorce petition, when plaintiff sought £200 for the loss of his wife*

"I am asked, in the absence of a jury, to put a money value on the worth of this wife to her husband. I award two shillings and sixpence."

DR. STANLEY COULTER:
*dean emeritus of Purdue University, defends the "young lady of to-day with her cute bobbed hair and her short skirt"*

"If we older ones would flame a little more ourselves we would not be so worried about the younger generation."

ANDRÉ LAMANDE:
*Speaks for French gourmets*

"Good cooking is the honour of our country"

THE FRENCH FEMINISTS:
*reply*

"Since when is the national honour in our stomachs?"

GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA:
*General Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York*

"One must admit one disagreeable thing: great opera composers are gone; the number of great singers diminished, great scene painters and sceneography rare."

HUGH WALPOLE:
*English novelist*

"The gods and goddesses of contemporary America are 'Babe' Ruth and Dempsey and 'Trudy' Ederle."

ANGELO M. ELLISON:
*Greek ex-bellboy asked share in $15,000,000 fortune of Edward F. Searles, who, he claimed, promised to make him his heir*

"I was the apple of his eye, and I have been cut off with a mere $10,000. He liked me better than the other elevator boys, because I had personality."

ROBERT QUILLEN:
*American syndicate writer*

"Unfortunately there is nothing that can be done for the college boys who are committing suicide. As a fad it is the worst they have so far adopted."

DR. JAMES R. ANGELL:
*President of Yale University, questioned as to the cause of suicides among college students*

"Perhaps we don't make life interesting enough for them."

PAUL POIRET:
*French couturier*

"The worst drawback to distinction in dress is an adherence to a standard of absolute correctness."

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW:
*to the newspaper men who called to interview him on his ninety-third birthday*

"You know, I don't think I have anything new to say."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT:
*in "The New Republic"*

"Chicago has, with its metropolitan outlook, the soul of the village."

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. SIMS:
*commander of the United States Navy in the World War*

"In another war the best thing to do with our battleships would be to send them as far as possible up the Mississippi River out of harm's way, and send out submarines and aircraft to do our fighting."

MME. OLGA KAMENEFF:
*wife of the Soviet Ambassador to Italy, and sister to Leon Trotzky*

"Marriage, which formerly was a 'church-sanctioned business deal,' has been changed in Soviet Russia to an 'arrangement between loving couples.'"

SIR THOMAS LIPTON:
*sees extenuation in short skirts*

"When a girl pays thirty shillings for a pair of silk stockings, it is only natural that she should want to show twenty-nine shillings and sixpence worth."

A TREASURE OF A MAID:
*explains why she and her chauffeur husband had suddenly bought a suburban two-family house, a taxi, a new breakfast set, and a suite of bedroom furniture*

"Well, Patrick's been out of a job, and he didn't have much to occupy his mind."

HOMER S. SAINT-GAUDENS:
*Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute*

"Art is something to make the heart beat a little warmer. It won't make life longer, but it will make it richer."

JAY N. DARLING ("DING"):
*the cartoonist, returned home from a cruise in the Caribbean*

"Always the United States has done justice in the Caribbean, or nearly always. And always the United States, benevolent but heavy-handed, has done it so brusquely, so gracelessly, so arbitrarily as to bring peaceful, friendly Latin-Americans to a boil."

DISTRICT ATTORNEY BANTON:
*in New York, complains that a former gunman, a former gangster, and a tinhorn gambler are among those running night-clubs*

"It really requires more moral character to get a license to drive a taxicab than it does to get a license to run a night-club. An ex-convict cannot get a license to run a taxi."

FRANK COLLYER:
*Mayor of Fishkill, re-elected for a two-year term, refuses to take the oath of office*

"This job of Mayor gives the person holding it too much trouble."

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI:
*opera star*

"Grand opera is good for the heart, and jazz is good for the feet. They have their distinct spheres, and I enjoy both."

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN:
*British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs*

"There are no secrets in British foreign policy."

DR. WILLIAM MAYO:
*of the Mayo Clinic and Mayo Foundation*

"Liquor dissipates a woman's loveliness, mars her complexion, ruins her figure, and checks her charm quicker than gluttony or ruthless Time."

JAY RUTHERFORD:
*ten-year-old editor of "The Tuxedo News," Tuxedo, New York*

"Gee, I wish we'd get a good murder here some day, so we could show what we could do."

JOSEPH CASAMENTO:
*arrested for sleeping in a parked car three nights, because he had no job nor a thing to wear on Easter Sunday*

"Go ahead and send me to jail. Easter Sunday will bring me only sorrow and shame."

JOHN MCCORMACK:
*Irish tenor*

"I am not the greatest tenor in the world!"

MR. FRANK SWINNERTON:
*English novelist*

"The English are the only people who laugh at themselves."

DEAN WALTER L. DORN:
*of the History Department, University of Chicago*

"I myself believe in no personal God nor immortality, but yet I am religious—religious in the broadest sense of the word."

DR. JOSEPH J. INTERLAND:
*president of the Podiatrists' Research Association*

"Fifty-five per cent. of the people are suffering from flat feet, whereas a hundred years ago the ailment was comparatively rare. And with the increase of these sufferers the contour of their feet is changing, taking a new shape that closely resembles that of a horse's hoof."

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD:
*in "The New Republic"*

"A poem should have the immediacy of an ejaculation; it should be followed by silence."

MAGISTRATE ANDREW JACOBY:
*of Atlantic City, when Duco Johnson was haled into court by his wife for striking her when she raided his cigar box*

"A man's cigars are his inviolable property, to do with as he wishes."

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES:
*English writer*

"The sooner we realize that education—that is, an organized system for arranging a child's environment according to a certain preconceived pattern—will not add to the happiness of the world, nor, in most cases, of the child, the better for all of us."

MAX EASTMAN:
*editor, poet, lecturer*

"Like all people who become rich, Americans have become old and respectable."

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM:
*British advertising envoy*

"I had always heard that conversationally the President of the United States was rather what you people call a 'dumbbell.' Imagine my surprise when in vivacious, intelligent fashion he talked with me on half a dozen subjects. Furthermore, he was the first man I had seen in the United States whose shoes were shined."

JOHN J. CASEY:
*jobless photographer, drinks chemical, jumps into bath-tub and floods rooming-house—and explains to the patrolman*

"Sir, I have placed a chemical in this water that will form a cement wall about me, and then I shall climb the wall and walk about."

GENERAL ABEL DAVIS:
*vice-president of a Chicago trust company*

"Give an intelligent woman $1,000,000, and you make the chances about four to one that she will not marry."

SAMUEL S. DRURY:
*headmaster of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.*

"The American father's chief fault is ignorance. He is an absentee. He is preoccupied. He is only half acquainted with the household which he supports."

DR. ERNST F. W. ALEXANDERSON:
*engineer of the General Electric research laboratories at Schenectady, sums up television*

"You take seven beams of light and scramble them all up and put them on a radio wave. Then at the receiving end you take that same wave and unscramble it."

BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE:
*Actress, author, lecturer*

"At heart men still love to 'dress up.' If any one doubts it, let him watch a parade of Shriners or Elks, or consider the brilliant emblems of the Masons, and be convinced."

BRITISH HOTEL PATRON:
*asks that dogs be kept out of the public rooms of hotels*

"Why can't I be allowed to drink my tea without having an Alsatian dog swish his tail in it?"

MORRIS HALEGUA:
*nine years old, on the steamer, returning from a runaway voyage (begun with twenty-seven pennies, finished with $14)—seeing his parents waiting on the dock*

"Why should I wave? I get a whipping yet whether I wave or not, don't I?"

GENE TUNNEY:
*heavy-weight boxing champion of America*

"My idea of a great fighter is a man who never quits. No great fighter ever lost a fight without being knocked out."

REV. W. RUSSELL MALTBY:
*President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, Manchester, Eng.*

"A correspondent has written me suggesting that I confer with the Archbishop of Canterbury to arrange for a special prayer-meeting for lengthening women's skirts."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS:
*movie star, when asked if he finds golf good exercise*

"Golf—exercise! I play thirty holes and come back to my gymnasium for exercise. But art, yes. Golf is an art."

SIR ERNEST BENN:
*English publisher and author*

"If material resources alone counted, Brazil, Liberia and Ireland would be the world's most prosperous countries."

MARY PICKFORD:
*movie star*

"We of the pictures are of the moment only."

A DILATORY TAILOR:
*explains his being an hour late for a fitting*

"My little daughter stepped on her bird and I had to go out and buy her another."

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF:
*Russian pianist and composer*

"Any master pianist, any really fine pianist, is justified in finding his own interpretation and in putting his own personality into the rendering of a composition."

BARONESS DE VAUGHAN:
*morganatic wife of late King Leopold of the Belgians, having lost 80,000,000 francs at Monte Carlo, is coming to America in search of a career or a husband*

"America is the land of hope."

HENRY JUDD GRAY:
*in confessing his part in the murder of his mistress's husband*

"I have always been a gentleman, and I have always been absolutely on the level with everybody."

REV. O. G. BELLAH:
*of the Memorial Seventh Day Adventist Church of Omaha, Nebraska, bills his lecture as "Jonah's modern apartment inside the whale"*

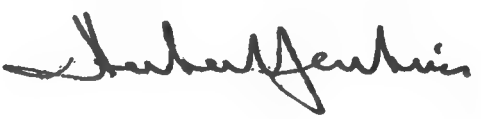
"I have slides to prove that it is possible that Jonah was able to stand up and walk inside the whale. There was plenty of room. Of course, it was dark, and he had no food and no water, even though he did have a soft bed and plenty of fresh air."

MILTON SILLS:
*movie star, in an address at Harvard University*

"We are beginning to recognize that amusement . . . is a commodity as essential to the physical and mental health and well-being of the human animal as lumber, wheat, oil, steel, or textiles."

# Bindle Tries a Change of Work

By HERBERT JENKINS



"PAINTIN' 'as its points," Bindle would remark, "that is, providin' it ain't outdoor paintin', when you're either on top of a ladder, which may be swep' from under yer and bang yer goes to Kingdom Come, or else you're 'angin' like a bally worm on an 'ook."

In the spring when moving was slack, Bindle invariably found a job as a painter. He heard hands were wanted at the Splendid Hotel, where a permanent staff of painters and decorators was kept. It was the pride of the management to keep the hotel spotless, and as it was always full, to give a wing bodily over to the painters and decorators would mean a considerable loss of revenue. Consequently all the work of renovation was done during the night.

The insides of the bedrooms were completely redecorated within the space of twenty-four hours. All corridors and common-rooms were done between midnight and the hot-water hour, special quick-drying materials being used; but most important of all was the silence of the workers.

"The bloomin' miracles," Bindle called the little army that transformed the place in the course of a few hours.

When first told of the system he had been incredulous, and on applying for a job to the foreman in charge he remarked:

"I've 'eard tell of dumb dawgs, mebbe it's true, and dumb waiters; but dumb painters—I won't believe it—it ain't natural."

The foreman had eyed him deliberately; then in a contemptuous tone, remarked:

"If you get this job you've got to go without winkin' or breathin' in case you make a noise. If you want to cough you've got to choke; if you want to sneeze you've got to bust instead. You'll get to like it in time."

"Sounds pleasant," remarked Bindle drily; "still, I'll join," he added with decision, "though it's like bein' a night-watchman in a museum."

The hours were awkward and the restrictions severe, but the pay was good, and Bindle had in his mind's eye the irate form of Mrs. Bindle with her inevitable interrogation, "Got a job?"

"You start at eleven p. m.," proceeded the foreman, "and you leaves off at eight next mornin'—if you're lucky. If y'ain't you gets the sack, and leaves all the same."

At first Bindle found the work inexpressibly dreary. To be within a few yards of a fellow-creature and debarred from speaking to him was an entirely new experience. Time after time he was on the point of venturing some comment, checking himself only with obvious effort. He soon discovered, however, that if he were to make no noise he must devote his entire attention to his work.

"Mustn't drop a bloomin' brush, or fall over a bloomin' paint-pot," he grumbled, "but wot yer gets the sack. Rummy 'ole, this."

Once his brush slipped from his hand, but by a masterly contortion he recovered it before it reached the ground. The foreman, who happened to be passing at the time, eyed him steadily for several seconds, then with withering scorn remarked in a hoarse whisper as he turned on his heel:

"Paintin's your job, Slippery, not jugglin'."

Not to be able to retort and wither an opponent was to Bindle a new experience; but to remain silent in the face of an insult from a foreman was an intolerable humiliation. To Bindle foremen were the epitome of evil. He had once in a moment of supreme contempt remarked to his brother-in-law:

"Call yerself a man, 'Oly Moses! I've seen better things than you in bloomin' foremen's jobs!"

Mr. Hearty had not appreciated the

withering contempt that underlay this remark, being too much aghast at its profanity. Bindle had said to his wife:

"You and 'Earty is always so busy lookin' for sin that you ain't time to see a joke."

Bindle quickly tired of the work, and after a few days allowed it to transpire, as if quite casually, that he was a man of many crafts. He gave his mates to understand, for instance, that he was a carpenter of such transcendental ability as to be entirely wasted as a painter. He threw out the hint in the hope that it might reach the ears of the foreman and result in an occasional change of work.

He was inexpressibly weary of this silent painting. The world had changed for him.

"Sleepin' all the sunny day," he grumbled, "and dabbin' on paint all the bloomin' night; not allowed to blow yer nose, an' me not knowin' the deaf-and-dumb alphabet."

He would probably have been more content had it not been for the foreman. He had known many foremen in his time, but this man carried offensiveness to the point of inspiration. He had been at his present work for many years, and was consequently well versed in the arts of conveying insult other than by word of mouth.

He was possessed of many gestures so expressive in their power of humiliating contempt, that upon Bindle their effect was the same as if he had been struck in the face. One of these, Bindle gathered, he had learned from a sailor, who had assured him that in Brazil the inevitable response was the knife. Ever after, Bindle had a great respect for the Brazilian, and for the laws of a country that permitted the arbitrary punishment of silent insult.

Henceforward the foreman became the centre of Bindle's thoughts. Too genial and happy-go-lucky by nature himself to nourish any enmity against his superior, Bindle was determined to teach him a lesson, should the chance occur. The man was a bully, and Bindle disliked bullies. At last his chance came, much to Bindle's satisfaction, as a result of his own foresight in allowing it to become known that he possessed some ability as a carpenter.

The third floor corridor, known as No. 1 East, was to be redecorated. In painting the doors, all the numbers, which were separate figures of gun-metal, had to be removed before the painting was commenced and replaced after it was completed. This required great care, not only that the guests might not be awakened, but that the partially dried paint might not be smeared. The foreman always performed this delicate operation himself, regarding it as of too great importance to entrust to a subordinate.

On this particular occasion, however, the foreman had received an invitation to a bean-feast at Epping. This was for the Saturday, and the corridor was to be redecorated on the Friday night. As an early start was to be made, the foreman was anxious to get away and obtain some sleep, that he might enjoy the day to its full extent.

He had done all he could to postpone the work until the next week, but without success, so it became necessary for him either to find a substitute, or go weary-eyed and sleepless to his pleasure.

For a man of the social temperament of the foreman, to decline such an invitation was unthinkable.

Just as he had arrived at the conclusion that he would have to go straight from work, his eye lighted on Bindle, and remembering what he had heard about his varied abilities, he beckoned him to follow to a room that temporarily served as an Office of Works. Inside the room Bindle gazed expectantly at his superior.

"I 'ear you've been a carpenter," the foreman began.

"Funny 'ow rumours do get about," remarked Bindle pleasantly. "I remember when my brother-in-law, 'Earty's 'is name —ever met him? Quaint ole bird, 'Earty.— Well, when 'e——"

"Never mind 'im," returned the foreman; "can you 'andle a screw-driver?"

"'Andle anything except a woman. Married yerself?" Bindle interrogated with significance.

Ignoring the question the foreman continued: "Can you take the numbers off them rosy doors in the east corridor, and put 'em back again to-night without makin' a stutterin' row?"

"Me?" queried Bindle in surprise.

"I got to go to a funeral," continued the foreman, avoiding Bindle's eye, "an' I want to get a bit o' sleep first."

Bindle eyed his superior curiously.

"Funny things, funerals," he remarked casually. "Goin' to 'ave a cornet on the 'earse?"

"A what?"

"The last time I went to a funeral the guv'nor saw me on the box, next to Ole 'Arper, and all the boys a-shoutin' somethink about 'Ope and Glory. The ole

guv'nor didn't ought to 'ave been out so early. Ole 'Arper could play; 'e'd wake a 'ole village while another man was thinkin' about it," he added reminiscently.

"It's my mother wot's dead," said the foreman dully, unequal to the task of stemming the tide of Bindle's loquacity and at the same time keeping on good terms with him.

"Yer mother? I'm sorry. Buryin' 'is mother twice got 'Oly Jim into an 'orrible mess. He fixed 'er funeral for February—all serene; but wot must he go an' do, the silly 'Uggins, but forget all about it and start a buryin' of 'er again in June. 'Is guvn'nor used to keep a book o' buryin's, and it took Jim quite a long time to explain that 'is buryin' of 'er twice all come about through 'im bein' a twin."

The foreman's impatience was visibly growing. "Never you mind about Jim, 'oly or otherwise. Can yer take off and put on again them numbers?"

Then after a pause he added casually, nodding in the direction of a cupboard in the corner:

"There's a couple of bottles o' beer and some bread an' cheese an' pickles in that cupboard."

Bindle's face brightened, and thus it was that the bargain was struck.

When Bindle left the room it was with the knowledge that his superior had been delivered into his hands. He did not then know exactly how he intended to compass the foreman's downfall. Inspiration would come later. It was sufficient for him to know that correction was to be administered where correction was due.

In Bindle there was a strong sense of justice, and his sympathies were all with his mates, who suffered the foreman's insults rather than lose good jobs. Bindle was always popular with his fellow-workers. They liked and respected him. He was free with his money, always ready with a joke or a helping hand, was sober and clean of speech without appearing to notice any defect in others save on very rare occasions. He had been known to fight and beat a bigger man than himself to save a woman from a thrashing, and when Mrs. Bindle had poured down reproaches upon his head on account of his battered appearance, he had silently gone to bed and simulated sleep, although every inch of his body ached.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening that the foreman had seen in Bindle the means of his obtaining some sleep and arriving at his bean-feast refreshed. At eleven o'clock he left the hotel, after having given to his deputy the most elaborate instructions. His parting words filled Bindle with unholy joy.

"If anythin' goes wrong I'll lose my job, and don't you forget it." Bindle promised himself that he would not.

"I'll not forget it, ole son," he murmured, with the light of joy in his eyes. "I'll not forget it. It's your beano to-morrow, but it's goin' to be mine to-night. Last week yer sacked poor ole Teddy Snell, an' 'im wi' seven kids," and Bindle smiled as St. George might have smiled on seeing the dragon.

For some time after the foreman's departure, Bindle cogitated as to how to take full advantage of the situation which had thus providentially presented itself. Plan after plan was put aside as unworthy of the occasion.

There are great possibilities for "little jokes" in hotels. Bindle remembered an early effort of his when a page-boy. The employment had been short-lived, for on his first day the corridors were being re-carpeted. The sight of a large box of exceedingly long carpet nails left by the workmen at night had given him an idea. He had crept from his room and carefully lifted the carpet for the whole length of the corridor, inserting beneath it scores of carpet nails points upwards; later he had sounded the fire alarm and watched with glee the visitors rush from their rooms only to dance about in anguish on the points of the nails, uttering imprecations and blasphemies.

This effort had cost him his job and a thrashing from his father, but it had been worth it.

It was, however, merely the crude attempt of a child.

It was one of the chambermaids, a rosy-cheeked girl recently up from the country, who gave Bindle the idea he had been seeking. As he was unscrewing the numbers with all the elaborate caution of a burglar, he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and found the chambermaid beside him.

"Mind you put them numbers back right," she whispered, "or I shan't know t'other from which."

Bindle turned and eyed her gravely.

"My dear," he remonstrated, "I'm a married man, and if Mrs. Bindle was to see you wi' yer arm round me neck—wot!"

The pretty chambermaid had soundly boxed his ears.

"A girl would have to have tired arms to rest them round *your* neck," she whispered, and tripped off down the corridor.

For some miuutes Bindle worked mechanically. His mind was busy with the chambermaid's remark. At the end of half an hour all the numbers were removed and the painters busy on the doors. Bindle returned to the Office of Works.

"'Oly angels," he muttered joyously, as he attacked the bread and cheese and pickles, and poured out a glass of beer. "'Oly angels, if I was to forget, and get them numbers mixed, an' them bunnies wasn't able to get back to their 'utches!"

He put down his glass, choking. When he had recovered his breath, he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, finished his meal, and returned to the corridor.

It was the rule of the hotel that no workmen should be seen about after seven-thirty. Just before that hour Bindle had completed his work of replacing the numbers on the doors, and had removed from the corridor the last traces of the work that had been in progress. He returned to the Office of Works which commanded a view of the whole length of the East Corridor. He was careful to leave the door ajar so that he had an uninterrupted view. He sat down and proceeded to enjoy the morning paper which the "Boots" had brought him, the second bottle of the foreman's beer, and the remains of the bread and cheese.

"Shouldn't be surprised if things was to 'appen soon," he murmured, as he rose and carefully folded the newspaper.

THE HOTEL CORRIDOR

As Bindle watched, a face peeped cautiously round the door of one of the bedrooms. It was a nervous, ascetic face, crowned by a mass of iron-gray hair that swept from left to right, and seemed to be held back from obliterating the weak but kindly blue eyes only by the determination of the right eyebrow.

The face looked nervously to the right and to the left, and then, as if assured that no one was about, it was followed by a body clothed in carpet slippers, clerical trousers and coat, with a towel hanging over its shoulders.

"Parson," muttered Bindle, as the figure slid cautiously along the corridor towards him.

At the sight of Bindle emerging from the Office of Works the clergyman started violently.

"C-c-can you direct me to the bathroom, please?" he inquired nervously.

"Ladies' or gents', sir?" demanded Bindle.

"Ladies', of—I mean gentlemen's." The pale face flushed painfully, and the tide of hair refused to be held back longer and swept down, entirely obliterating the right eye.

"Must 'ave forgot 'is dressin'-gown," remarked Bindle, as the cleric disappeared round a corner in the direction of the bathroom furthest from his own room, to which he had been directed.

"'E must get over that nervousness of 'is," was Bindle's excuse to himself, as he returned to his room.

He was just wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve after draining the last drop of beer, when he heard a suppressed scream from the corridor. He opened the door suddenly, and was startled to find himself confronted by a woman of uncertain age in an elaborate rose-pink négligé and mob cap—beneath which was to be seen a head suspiciously well-coiffed for that hour of the morning.

"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" she gasped, as she entered the room, obviously labouring under some great emotion.

"Anythink I can do, miss?" inquired Bindle respectfully, marveling at the make-up that lay thick upon her withered cheeks.

"Looks like an apple wot they've forgot to pluck," he commented inwardly. "Anythink I can do, miss?"

"There's—there's a—a m-m-man in my room," she gasped.

"A wot, miss?" inquired Bindle in shocked surprise.

"A m-m-man."

"Yer 'usband, mum," Bindle suggested diplomatically.

"I haven't got one," she stuttered. "Oh! it's dreadful. He—he's in my bed, and he's bald, and he's got black whiskers."

Bindle whistled. "'Ow long's 'e been there, miss?" he inquired.

"I went to the bathroom and—and he was there when I got back. It's horrible, dreadful," and two tears that had hung pendulously in the corner of her eyes decided to make the plunge, and ploughed their way through the make-up, leaving brown trails like devastating armies.

"Oh, what shall I do?"

"Well, since you arst me, miss, I shouldn't say anythink about it," replied Bindle.

"Nothing about it, nothing about a man being in my bed?" She was on the verge of hysterics. "What do you mean?"

"Well, miss, 'otels is funny places. They might put 'im on the bill as a extra."

"You—you——"

What it was that Bindle most resembled he did not wait to hear, but with great tact stepped out into the corridor, closing the door behind him.

"Some'ow I thought things would 'appen," he murmured joyously.

A few yards from him he saw the form of a fair-haired youth, immaculately garbed in a brilliantly hued silk kimono, with red Turkish slippers and an eye-glass. He was gazing about him with an air of extreme embarrassment.

"Hi! You!" he called out.

Bindle approached the young exquisite.

"There's—er—some one got into my room by mistake. She's in my bed, too. What the devil am I to do? Awfully awkward, what!"

Bindle grinned, the young man laughed nervously. He was feeling "a most awful rip, you know."

"Some people gets all the luck," remarked Bindle with a happy grin. "A lady 'as just complained that she's found a man in 'er bed, bald 'ead and black whiskers an' all, an' now 'ere are you a-sayin' as there's a girl in yours. 'As she a bald 'ead and black whiskers, sir?"

"She's got fair hair and is rather pretty, and she's asleep. I stole out without waking her. Now, I can't walk about in this kit all day." He looked down at his elaborate déshabille. "I must get my clothes, you know. How the deuce did she get there? I was only away twenty minutes."

Bindle scratched his head.

"You're in a difficult sort of 'ole, sir. I'm afraid it's like once when I went a-bathin', and a dog went to sleep on me trousers and growled and snapped when I tried to get 'em away. I 'ad to go 'ome lookin' like an 'Ighlander."

"Look here," remarked the young man. "I'll give you a sovereign to go and fetch my things. I'll dress in a bathroom."

He was a really nice young man, one who has a mother and sisters and remembers the circumstance.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Bindle—my wife, sir, my name's Bindle, Joseph Bindle—wouldn't like it, sir. She's very particular, is Mrs. B. I think yer'd better go in there," indicating the Office of Works, "an' I'll call the chambermaid."

"Ah, that's a brainy idea," remarked the youth, brightening. "I never thought of that."

Bindle opened the door and the youth entered.

There was a shrill scream from the pink négligé.

"It's all right, miss. This gentleman's like yerself, sort o' got hisself mixed up. There's a lady in *'is* room—ahem! in 'is bed too. Kind o' family coach goin' on this mornin', seems to me."

The youth blushed rosily, and was just on the point of stammering apologies for his garb, when a tremendous uproar from the corridor interrupted him.

Bindle had purposely left the door ajar, and through the slit he had, a moment previously, seen the clergyman disappear precipitately through one of the bedroom doors. It was from this room that the noise came.

"Mon Dieu!" shrieked a female voice. "Il se battent. À moi! à moi!" There were hoarse mutterings and the sound of blows.

"'Ere, you look arter each other," Bindle cried, "it's murder this time." And he sped down the corridor.

He entered No. 21, to find locked together in a deadly embrace the clergyman and a little bald-headed man in pyjamas. In the bed was a figure—Bindle mentally commended its daintiness, rising up from a foam of frillies and shrieking at the top of her voice "silly things wot wasn't even words," as Bindle afterwards told Mrs. Hearty.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Il sera tué!"

"Regular fightin' parson," muttered Bindle, as he strove to part the men. "If 'e don't stop a-bumpin' 'is 'ead on the floor 'e'll break it. 'Ere, stop it, sir. Yer mustn't use 'is 'ead as if it was a cokernut and yer wanted the milk. Come orf!"

Bindle had seized the clergyman from behind, and was pulling with all his strength as he might at the collar of a bellicose bull-terrier.

"Come orf, yer mustn't do this sort o' thing in an 'otel. I'm surprised at you, sir, a clergyman too."

Half choking, the clergyman rose to his feet, and strove to brush the flood of hair from his eyes. His opponent seized the opportunity and flew back to bed, where he sat, trying to staunch the blood that flowed from his nose, and hurling defiance at his enemy.

"Wot's it all about?" enquired Bindle.

"I—I came back from my bath and found this man in my bed with a—a——"

"Ma femme," shrieked the little French-

man. "Is it not that we have slept here every night for——"

"'Ush, sir, 'ush!" rebuked Bindle over his shoulder with a grin. "We don't talk like that in England."

"Sort of lost yer way, sir, and got in the wrong room," Bindle suggested to the clergyman.

"He rushed at me and kicked me in the—er—stom—er—well, he kicked me, and I—forget, and I—I——"

"Of course yer did, sir; any one 'ud 'a done the same."

Then to the Frenchman Bindle remarked severely:

"Yer didn't ought to 'ave kicked 'im, 'im a clergyman too. Fancy kicking a clergyman in the—well, where you kicked 'im. Wot's the number of yer room, sir?" he enquired, turning to the clergyman.

"Twenty-one; see, it's on the door."

Bindle looked; there was "21" clear enough.

"Wot's yer number, sir?" he asked the Frenchman.

"Vingt-quatre."

"Now don't you go a-using none of them words 'fore a clergyman. Wot's yer number? that's wot I'm arstin'."

"Twenty-four—vingt-quatre."

"Well," said Bindle with decision, "you're in the wrong room."

"Mais c'est impossible," cried the Frenchman. "We have been here all night. Is it not so, chérie?" He turned to his wife for corroboration.

Bindle had no time to enter further into the dispute. Suddenly a fresh disturbance broke out further along the corridor.

"What the devil do you mean by this outrage, sir?" an angry and imperious voice was demanding. "What the devil do you——"

With a hasty word to the clergyman, who now looked thoroughly ashamed of himself, and a gentle push in the direction of the Office of Works, Bindle trotted off to the scene of the new disturbance. He heard another suppressed scream from the pink négligée betokening the entry of the clergyman.

"What the devil do you mean by entering my room?"

A tall, irate man, with the Army stamped all over him, dressed in pyjamas, with a monocle firmly wedged in his left eye, was fiercely eyeing a smaller man in a bathrobe.

"Not content with having got into my room, but damme, sir, you must needs try and get into my trousers. What the devil do you mean by it?"

Bindle looked along the corridor appreciatively. "Looks like a shipwreck at night, it do," he remarked to the chambermaid.

"It's my room," said the man in the bathrobe.

"Confound you," was the reply, "this is my room, and I'll prosecute you for libel."

"My room is No. 18," responded the other, "and I left my wife there half an hour ago."

He pointed to the figures on the door in proof of his contention. The man in the monocle looked at the door, and a puzzled expression passed over his face.

"Damme," he exploded, "my room is No. 15, but I certainly slept in that room all night." He darted inside and reappeared a moment after with his trousers in his hand.

"Here are my trousers to prove it. Are these your trousers?" The man in the bathrobe confessed that they were not.

"That seems to prove it all right, sir," remarked Bindle, who had come up. "A man don't sleep in a different room from his trousers, leastways, unless 'e's a Ighlander."

Similar disturbances were taking place along the corridor. The uproar began to attract visitors from other corridors, and soon the whole place was jammed with excited guests, in attire so varied and insufficient that one lady, who had insisted on her husband accompanying her to see what had happened, immediately sent him back to his room that his eyes might not be outraged by the lavish display of ankles and bare arms.

The more nervous among the women guests had immediately assumed fire to be the cause of the disturbance, and thinking of their lives rather than of modesty and decorum, had rushed precipitately from their rooms.

"It might be a Turkish bath for all the clothes they're wearin'," Bindle whispered to the exquisite youth, who with his two fellow-guests had left the Office of Works. "Ain't women funny shapes when they ain't braced up!"

The youth looked at Bindle reproachfully. He had not yet passed from that period when women are mysterious and wonderful.

At the doors of several of the rooms heated arguments were in progress as to who was the rightful occupant. Inside, the rooms were all practically alike—that was part of the scheme of the hotel. The man with

the monocle was still engaged in a fierce altercation with the man in the bathrobe, who was trying to enter No. 18.

"My wife's in there," cried the man in the bathrobe fiercely.

At this moment the deputy-manager appeared, a man whose face had apparently been modelled with the object of expressing only two emotions, benignant servility to the guests and overbearing contempt to his subordinates. As if by common consent, the groups broke up and the guests hastened towards him. His automatic smile seemed strangely out of keeping with the crisis he was called upon to face. Information and questions poured in upon him.

"There's a girl in my bed."

"There's a man in my room."

"Somebody's got into my room."

"Is it fire?"

"It's a public scandal."

"This man has tried to take my trousers."

"Look here, I can't go about in this kit."

"I left my wife in room 18, and I can't find her."

"I shall write to the *Times*."

"I protest against this indecent exhibition."

The more questions and remarks that poured down upon him, the more persistently the deputy-manager smiled. He looked about him helplessly. Hitherto in the whole of his experience all that had been necessary for him to do was to smile and promise attention, and bully his subordinates. Here was a new phase. He wished the manager had not chosen this week-end for a trip to Brighton.

The eyes of the deputy-manager roved round him like those of a trapped animal seeking some channel of escape. By a lucky chance they fell upon the fireman who was just preparing to go off duty. The deputy-manager beckoned to him; the smile had left his face, he was now talking to a subordinate.

"What's the meaning of this?" he enquired.

The fireman looked up and down the corridor. He had been at the hotel over ten years, that is, since its opening, and knew every inch of the place. From the crowd of figures he glanced along the corridor. He was a man of few words.

"Somebody's been 'avin' a joke. The numbers 'ave all been changed. That," pointing to No. 18, "is No. 15, and that," pointing to No. 24, "is No. 21."

At the fireman's words angry murmurs and looks were exchanged. Each of the guests suspected the others of the joke. The fireman, who was a man of much resource as well as of few words, quickly solved the problem by obtaining some envelopes and putting on the doors the right numbers. Within a quarter of an hour every guest had found either his clothes, his lost one, or both, and the corridor was once more deserted.

"Well," murmured Bindle, as he stepped out of the service lift, "I s'pose they won't be wantin' me again, so I'll go 'ome an' get a bit o' sleep." And he walked off whistling gaily, whilst the fireman searched everywhere for the one man the deputy-manager most desired to see.

On the Monday evening following the hotel episode Mr. and Mrs. Bindle were seated at supper. Bindle had been unusually conversational. He was fortunate in having that morning obtained employment at a well-known store. He was once more a pantechnicon-man. "King Richard is 'isself again," he would say, when he passed from a temporary alien employment to what he called the "legitimate."

He had felt it desirable to explain to Mrs. Bindle the cause of his leaving the Splendid Hotel. She had seen nothing at all humorous in it, and Bindle had studiously refrained from any mention of women being in the corridors.

He had just drawn away from the table, and was sitting smoking his pipe by the fire, when there was a loud knock at the outer door. He looked up expectantly.

Mrs. Bindle went to the door. From the passage he heard a familiar voice enquiring for him. It was Sanders, the foreman, who followed Mrs. Bindle into the room. He made no response to Bindle's pleasant, "Good-evenin'."

"D'you know what you done?" enquired Sanders aggressively. "You lost me my ruddy job. You did it a-purpose, and I've come to kill yer."

"Ain't yer 'ad enough of buryin'?" enquired Bindle significantly. "Buryin' yer mother on Saturday, and now yer wants to kill yer ole pal on Monday."

The menacing attitude of the foreman had no effect upon Bindle. He had a great heart, and would cheerfully have stood up to a man twice the size of Sanders. The foreman made a swift movement in the direction of Bindle.

"You stutterin', bespattered——Gawd!"

Mrs. Bindle, seeing that trouble was impending, had armed herself with a very wet

and very greasy dishcloth, which she had thrown with such accurate aim as to catch the foreman full in the mouth.

"You dirty 'ound," she vociferated, "comin' into a Christian 'ome and usin' that foul language. You dirty 'ound, I'll teach yer!"

Mrs. Bindle's voice rose in a high crescendo. She looked about her for something with which to follow up her attack and saw her favourite weapon—the broom.

"You dirty-mouthed tyke," she cried, working herself into a fury. "You blasphemin' son o' Belial, take that." *Crack!* came the handle of the broom on the foreman's head. Without waiting to observe the result, and with a dexterous movement, she reversed her weapon and charged the foreman, taking him full in the middle with the broom itself. In retreating he stumbled over the coal-scuttle, and sat down with a suddenness that made his teeth rattle.

Bindle watched the episode with great interest. Never had he so approved of Mrs. Bindle as at that moment. Like a St. George threatening the dragon she stood over the foreman.

"Now then, will yer say it again?" she inquired menacingly. There was no response. "Say, 'God forgive me,'" she ordered. "Say it," she insisted, seeing reluctance in the foreman's eye. "Say it, or I'll 'it yer on yer dirty mouth with this 'ere broom. I'm a daughter of the Lord, I am. Are yer goin' to say it or shall I change yer face for yer?"

"God forgive me," mumbled the foreman, in a voice entirely devoid of contrition.

Mrs. Bindle was satisfied. "Now up yer get, and orf yer go," she said. "I won't 'it yer again if yer don't talk, but never you think to come a-usin' such words in a Christian 'ome again."

The foreman sidled towards the door warily. When he was within reach of it he made a sudden dive and disappeared.

Bindle regarded his wife with approval as she returned from banging the door after him.

"I didn't know," he remarked, "that they taught yer that sort of thing at chapel. I likes a religion that lets yer do a bit in the knock-about business. Can't understand you and 'Earty belongin' to the same flock of sheep. Rummy thing, religion," he soliloquized, as he applied a match to his pipe; "seems to 'ave its Bank 'Olidays, same as work."

# The Musicians

## By IVÁN ANDRÈYEVICH KRYLÒV

**Translated by Mme. N. Jarintzov**

A MAN invited once his neighbour
To have a meal, but in his mind
He meant to treat him to a kind
Of higher feast for mind and heart:
He lured him in to hear his choir's home-trainéd art.
The lads sent forth a burst of sound
As loud as they were able
In different keys,—a dreadful Babel!—
All shouting to their heart's delight.
This made the poor guest's head go round
And caused his ears to ache.
"Have mercy, man!" he cried in woe,
From eating dinner quite prevented:
"What is there to admire?
Your choir
Bellows as if demented!"
"Precisely so,"
The happy host agreed: [but, then,
"They make, perhaps, some funny sounds;
They are teetotallers—all splendid men!
And they behave like Saints, indeed."

As for myself, I'd rather have them drink,
But know their job, I think.

# The Judgment of Paris

## By LUCIAN

Translated by A. M. Harmon

ZEUS—Hermes, take this apple; go to Phrygia, to Priam's son, the herdsman—he is grazing his flock in the foothills of Ida, on Gargaron—and say to him: "Paris, as you are handsome yourself, and also well schooled in all that concerns love, Zeus bids you be judge for the goddesses, to decide which of them is the most beautiful. As the prize for the contest, let the victor take the apple." (*To the* GODDESSES.) You yourselves must now go and appear before your judge. I refuse to be umpire, because I love you all alike, and, if it were possible, should be glad to see you all victorious. Moreover, it is sure that if I gave the guerdon of beauty to one, I should inevitably get into the bad graces of the majority. For those reasons I am not a proper judge for you, but the young Phrygian to whom you are going is of royal blood and near of kin to our Ganymede; besides, he is ingenuous and unsophisticated, and one cannot consider him unworthy of a spectacle such as this.

APHRODITE—For my part, Zeus, even if you should appoint Momus himself to be our judge, I would go and face the inspection confidently, for what could he carp at in me? The others, too, ought to be satisfied with the man.

HERA—We are not afraid either, Aphrodite, not even if the arbitration is turned over to your own Ares. We accept this Paris, whoever he may be.

ZEUS—Is that your view, too, daughter? What do you say? You turn away and blush? Of course, it is the way of a maid like you to be bashful in such matters, but you nod assent, anyhow. Go, then, and do not get angry at your judge, those of you who are defeated, and do not inflict any harm on the lad. It is not possible for all of you to be equally beautiful.

HERMES—Let us make straight for Phrygia; I will lead the way, and you follow me without delaying. Be of good courage; I know Paris. He is young and handsome and in every way susceptible to love; just the sort to decide such questions. He would not judge amiss, not he.

APHRODITE—What you say is all to the good and in my favour, that our judge is just. Is he unmarried, or does some woman live with him?

HERMES—Not quite unmarried, Aphrodite.

APHRODITE—What do you mean by that?

HERMES—Apparently someone is living with him, a woman from Mount Ida, well enough, but countrified and terribly unsophisticated; however, he does not seem to think much of her. But why do you ask?

APHRODITE—It was just a casual question.

ATHENA—I say, you are betraying your trust in talking to her privately all this while.

HERMES—It was nothing alarming, Athena, or against you and Hera; she asked me whether Paris is unmarried.

ATHENA—Why was she inquisitive about that?

HERMES—I don't know; she says, however, that she asked because it came into her head casually, and not because she had anything definite in view.

ATHENA—Well, what about it? Is he unmarried?

HERMES—Apparently not.

ATHENA—Tell me, does he covet success in war and is he fond of glory, or is he nothing but a herdsman?

HERMES—I can't say for certain, but it is fair to suppose that, being young, he yearns to acquire all that too, and would like to be first in war.

APHRODITE—You see, I am not making any complaint or reproaching you with talking confidentially to her; that is the way of fault-finders, not of Aphrodite!

HERMES—She herself asked me practically the same questions; so do not be ill-tempered or think you are getting the worst of it if I answered her as I did you, in a straightforward way. But in the course of

our conversation we have already left the stars far behind as we pressed on, and we are almost over Phrygia. Indeed, I can see Ida and the whole of Gargaron plainly, and unless I am mistaken, even Paris himself, your judge.

HERA—Where is he? I do not see him.

HERMES—Look in this direction, Hera, to the left; not near the mountain-top, but on the side, where the cavern is, near which you see the herd.

HERA—But I do not see the herd.

HERMES—What? Don't you see tiny cattle over here in the direction of my finger, coming out from among the rocks, and someone running down from the cliff, holding a crook and trying to prevent the herd from scattering out ahead of him?

HERA—I see now—if that is really he.

HERMES—Yes, it is he. As we are near now, let us alight upon the earth and walk, if it is your pleasure, so that we may not alarm him by flying suddenly down from above.

HERA—You are right: let us do so. . . . Now that we have descended, it is in order, Aphrodite, for you to go in front and lead the way for us. You are probably acquainted with the countryside, since by common report you often came down to visit Anchises.

APHRODITE—These jokes do not vex me greatly, Hera.

HERMES—No matter: I will lead you, for I myself spent some time on Ida when Zeus was in love with his Phrygian lad, and I often came here when he sent me down to watch the boy. Indeed, when he was in the eagle, I flew beside him and helped him to lift the pretty fellow, and if my memory serves me, it was from this rock just here that Zeus caught him up. You see, he chanced to be piping to his flock then, and Zeus, flying down behind him, grasped him very delicately in his talons, held in his beak the pointed cap which was on the boy's head, and bore him on high, terrified and staring at him with his head turned backwards. So then I took the syrinx, for he had let it fall in his fright—but here is your umpire close by, so let us speak to him. Good day, herdsman.

PARIS—Good day to you also, young man. But who are you, to have come here to see me, and who are these women whom you have with you? They are not of a sort to roam the mountains, being so beautiful.

HERMES—They are not women; it is Hera and Athena and Aphrodite whom you see, Paris, and I am Hermes, sent by Zeus—but why do you tremble and turn pale? Don't be afraid; it is nothing terrible. He bids you be judge of their beauty, saying that as you are handsome yourself and also well schooled in all that concerns love, he turns over the decision to you. You will find out the prize for the contest if you read the writing on the apple.

PARIS—Come, let me see what it says; "The fairest may have me."—How could I, Lord Hermes, a mere mortal and a countryman, be judge of an extraordinary spectacle, too sublime for a herdsman? To decide such matters better befits dainty, city-bred folk. As for me, I could perhaps pass judgment as an expert between two she-goats, as to which is the more beautiful, or between two heifers, but these goddesses are all equally beautiful, and I do not know how a man could withdraw his eyes from one and transfer them to another. They are not inclined to come away readily, but wherever one directs them first, they take firm hold and commend what is before them; and if they pass over to something else, they see that this too is beautiful and linger upon it, mastered by what is near. In short, their beauty encompasses and completely enthralls me, and I am distressed that I cannot see with my whole body as Argus did. I think I should pass a becoming judgment if I should give the apple to them all.—Another thing: one of them is Zeus' sister and wife, and the other two are his daughters! How, then, could the decision help being hazardous from that point of view also?

HERMES—I do not know; but it is impossible to escape carrying out what Zeus has commanded.

PARIS—Do me this one favour, Hermes: persuade them not to be angry with me, the two that are defeated, but to think that only my sight is at fault.

HERMES—They say they will do so, and now it is high time for you to get your judging done.

PARIS—I shall try; what else can one do? But first I want to know whether it will satisfy the requirements to look them over just as they are, or must I have them undress for a thorough examination?

HERMES—That is your affair, as you are the judge. Give your orders as you will.

PARIS—As I will? I want to see them naked.

HERMES—Undress, goddesses. Make your inspection, Paris. I have turned my back.

APHRODITE—Very well, Paris. I shall

undress first, so that you may discover that I am not just "white-armed" and vain of "ox-eyes," but that I am equally and uniformly beautiful all over.

ATHENA—Do not ler her undress, Paris, until she puts aside her girdle, for she is an enchantress; otherwise she may bewitch you with it. And indeed she ought not to appear before you made up to that extent and bedaubed with all those colours, as if she were a courtesan in earnest: she ought to show her beauty unadorned.

PARIS—They are right about the girdle, so lay it aside.

APHRODITE—Then why do not you take off your helmet, Athena, and show your head bare, instead of tossing your plumes at the judge and frightening him? Are you afraid that you may be criticized for the green glare of your eyes if it is seen without trappings that inspire terror?

ATHENA—There is the helmet for you: I have taken it off.

APHRODITE—There is the girdle for *you*.

HERA—Come, let us undress.

PARIS—O Zeus, god of miracles! What a spectacle! What beauty! What rapture! How fair the maiden is! How royal and majestic and truly worthy of Zeus is the matron's splendour! How sweet and delicious is the other's gaze, and how seductively she smiled! But I have more than enough of bliss already; and if you please, I should like to examine each of you separately, for at present I am all at sea and do not know what to look at; my eyes are ravished in every direction.

APHRODITE—Let us do that.

PARIS—Then you two go away, and you, Hera, stay here.

HERA—Very well, and when you have examined me thoroughly, you must further consider whether the rewards of a vote in my favour are also beautiful in your eyes. If you judge me to be beautiful, Paris, you shall be lord of all Asia.

PARIS—My decisions are not to be influenced by rewards. But go; I shall do whatever seems best. Come, Athena.

ATHENA—I am at your side, and if you judge me beautiful, Paris, you shall never leave the field of battle defeated, but always victorious, for I shall make you a warrior and a conqueror.

PARIS—I have no use, Athena, for war and battle. As you see, peace reigns at present over Phrygia and Lydia, and my father's realm is free from wars. But have no fear; you shall not be treated unfairly, even if my judgment is not to be influenced by gifts. Dress yourself now, and put on your helmet, for I have seen enough. It is time for Aphrodite to appear.

APHRODITE—Here I am, close by; examine me thoroughly, part by part, slighting none, but lingering upon each. And if you will be so good, my handsome lad, let me tell you this. I have long seen that you are young and more handsome than perhaps anyone else whom Phrygia nurtures. While I congratulate you upon your beauty, I find fault with you because, instead of abandoning these crags and cliffs and living in town, you are letting your beauty go to waste in the solitude. What joy can you get of the mountains? What good can your beauty do the kine? Moreover, you ought to have married by this time—not a country girl, however, a peasant, like the women about Ida, but someone from Greece, either from Argos or Corinth, or a Spartan like Helen, who is young and beautiful and not a bit inferior to me, and above all, susceptible to love. If she but saw you, I know very well that, abandoning everything and surrendering without conditions, she would follow you and make her home with you. No doubt you yourself have heard something of her.

PARIS—Nothing, Aphrodite, but I should be glad to hear you tell all about her now.

APHRODITE—In the first place, she is the daughter of that lovely Leda to whom Zeus flew down in the form of a swan.

PARIS—What is her appearance?

APHRODITE—She is white, as is natural in the daughter of a swan, and delicate, since she was nurtured in an egg-shell, much given to exercise and athletics, and so very much sought for that a war actually broke out over her because Theseus carried her off while she was still a young girl. Moreover, when she came to maturity, all the noblest of the Achaeans assembled to woo her, and Menelaus, of the line of Pelops, was given the preference. If you like, I will arrange the marriage for you.

PARIS—What do you mean? With a married woman?

APHRODITE—You are young and countrified, but I know how such things are to be managed.

PARIS—How? I too want to know.

APHRODITE—You will go abroad on the pretext of seeing Greece, and when you come to Sparta, Helen will see you. From that time on it will be my look-out that she falls in love with you and follows you.

PARIS—That is just the thing that seems

downright incredible to me, that she should be willing to abandon her husband and sail away with a foreigner and a stranger.

APHRODITE—Be easy on that score; I have two beautiful pages, Desire and Love; these I shall give you to be your guides on the journey. Love will enter wholly into her heart and compel the woman to love you, while Desire will encompass you and make you what he is himself, desirable and charming. I myself shall be there too, and I shall ask the Graces to go with me; and in this way, by united effort, we shall prevail upon her.

PARIS—How this affair will turn out is uncertain, Aphrodite; but, anyhow, I am in love with Helen already; somehow or other I think I see her; I am sailing direct to Greece, visiting Sparta, coming back again with the woman—and it irks me not to be doing all this now!

APHRODITE—Do not fall in love, Paris, until you have requited me, your matchmaker and maid of honour, with the decision. It would be only fitting that when I am there with you, I too should be triumphant, and that we should celebrate at the same time your marriage and my victory. It is in your power to buy everything—her love, her beauty, and her hand—at the price of this apple.

PARIS—I am afraid you may dismiss me from your mind after the decision.

APHRODITE—Do you want me to take an oath?

PARIS—Not at all; but promise once again.

APHRODITE—I do promise that I will give you Helen to wife, and that she shall follow you and come to your people in Troy; and I myself will be there and help in arranging it all.

PARIS—And shall you bring Love and Desire and the Graces?

APHRODITE—Have no fear; I shall take with me Longing and Wedlock as well.

PARIS—Then on these conditions I award you the apple: take it on these conditions.

# Elizabeth of Bohemia

By SIR HENRY WOTTON

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the Moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you when the Rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

# The Clammer

By WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

## I

MANY of my friends—and probably all my neighbours—think me erratic and peculiar, I do not doubt. My friends remonstrate with me mildly, and I usually listen and accept and make no reply. For how can they know? And, they being what they are, how can I help them to a knowledge of things which must be born in a man? My neighbours do not remonstrate, for my neighbours are not of necessity my friends, and I am queer enough not to care to cultivate a man's acquaintance merely because he lives next me.

There is Goodwin the Rich, who has the place on the hill, above my favourite clam beds. It is not likely that I shall ever know him, although his automobiles flash past my front gate, covering my hedge with dust, and enveloping my house in nauseous smells. I do not like automobiles. It is not to be imagined that Goodwin finds me peculiar, for he is probably unaware of my existence; but I have some humbler neighbours who stare at me and shake their heads. And I smile and pass on; for I know what I know, and it passeth their understanding. And all this shaking of heads, and all the protesting of my friends, is because I choose to go clamming.

Some of my friends may, at first, have had an idea that my interest in clams was biological; for I received some training in that branch of science, and even taught it—or was supposed to teach it, with other branches—in a school. But I look back upon that school with horror, as, no doubt, my victims regard me, in retrospect. And my neighbours may, very naturally, have assumed that my interest in clams was gastronomic, which is, indeed, nearer the truth. But the evidence on that point was inconclusive. They were not asked to my feasts of steamed clams, if I had any, and they came to look upon me as simply queer.

As an occupation for leisure hours, I commend the pursuit of the clam. Your true clammer is of another age, born after his time. He values not at all the improvements of this age. He reads by candle light or goes to bed at dark. He loves the wandering along the bare shores, hoe in hand, the wading through shallows, the mud pies he may make in the incidental pursuit of his prey, and the sights he sees. For the capture of the clams is less than the search for them, even as the sport of the true fisherman lies as much in fishing as in catching fish.

So it befell that I wandered, one afternoon, toward my chosen hunting ground over the oozy flats. The sun was low in the west, and he spread the still water and the shining mud with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. If I might regulate the matter, low tide should always fall at sunset or at dawn. Either is a fitting time, with the old earth at peace and its waters stilled or just waking. And at either time I may satisfy my soul with the unapproachable colouring of the Great Painter. The hot noon is no time for clamming. Then the water glares in your eyes, the sun beats down upon your back. The mud is just mud that stinketh in the nostrils. But when I have the happiness to go clamming at sunset, I am wont to stand and gaze and muse, forgetting my errand until I am sunken to my ankles in the mud. Then is my regret for my scientific training the keenest, and I know, within my soul, that in the making of a mediocre scientist a good painter has been lost to the world. Strive against it as I may, I cannot see a sunset without converting it into its elements of refraction, with a question of polarization; nor the colours on the muddy puddle under my feet without thoughts of interference. But I am improving, and I hope, in time, to have shaken off all the dry dust of science I was at such pains to acquire. So, that afternoon, I wended on with joy in my heart. For I would dig, or gaze, as the fancy seized me, until the sun was gone and the night was fallen.

Now, that particular piece of flat, to which incline alike my heart and my feet, is my own. I bought the few feet of shore to which the clam beds are attached because I loved it and feared lest, otherwise, the march of progress should take it from me. For Goodwin the Rich lives here, and he is improving the shore—his Water Front. But he shall not improve away my clams. He may dig here and fill there and build his walls, but he shall leave mine untouched. For it is mine, as witnesseth a certain deed recorded with the Register. And as I thought these thoughts, walking over my sand,—there is more sand than mud here, which is perhaps why I like it,—as I thought on these things, anger surged within me and I stamped my foot. And, behold, a little jet of water spurted up beside it.

"Oho," said I, "so there you are."

And straightway I stopped and set down my basket and began to dig; but leisurely, and with my face to the west, for I would bid the sun good-night. And that clam was found, and his fellows, and my basket was half full, and I rose to see the sun. And as I stood and saw him, his red disk was half down behind the hill, and I could see it sink. So I raised my hand to salute him, and there came a sweet voice behind me.

"Man," said the sweet voice, "why are you digging there?"

Now, I was surprised to hear that voice, but most surprised at its sweetness. But yet I would not turn nor answer until the red sun had winked his last. For, I thought, here is one of the maids from the house of Goodwin the Rich—or perhaps the governess; yes, surely, the governess. The truly Rich may insist upon sweet voices in their governesses. And at last I turned and saw the governess sitting upon the bank, just where the sod broke off to the sand. And the light from the western sky shone upon her, the light from the sky that was all yellows and reds and would soon be turned violet and green. And as she sat there, in her plain black dress, with that light shining upon her, she seemed very beautiful. Truly, thought I, the Rich may have what they will. But I could not have told what was the colour of her hair. In that light it was red and gold. And I stammered in my speech.

"Your pardon, madam," I said. "I was saying good-night to the old sun."

She smiled, a smile as sweet as her voice, but with a touch of sadness in it. The life of a governess to the Rich is not all a path of roses.

"Yes," she said. "I came down to see the sun set, too. But why are you digging?"

"I was digging clams," I answered gently. For I felt a sorrow for her sadness.

"Oh," she said, "do you dig clams? Have you some clams in your basket? I should like to see some clams."

Now, truly, that was an easy matter, that she should see some clams, for there they were in the basket. And the sun was gone, so I lost none of his company if I would please the governess. It did, indeed, strike me as strange that a governess should know so little of clams, but probably she did not teach biology. Governesses to the Rich deal more in appearance and in manners. Still, I hold that in some respects the manners of a clam are worthy of imitation. He is quiet and unobtrusive. I waded out into the water and soused my basket well. Then I brought it to the governess sitting on the bank.

"Now," she said, a trifle of petulance showing in the sweet voice, "you have got them all wet."

"Better all wet than all muddy," I replied, standing before her, and watching the play of light upon her hair. When I see her hair in the plain light of day, I think I shall find it red,—a brilliant red. But it was wonderful. Her head was bent as she looked into my basket, and my opportunity for observation was excellent. One thing my scientific training has done for me is to make me a good observer.

"Oh," cried the governess, "what is that funny-looking thing they are sticking out? Is it the head?"

"It is called the head," I answered, "but it is not. Isn't it strange how often a thing is not what it is called? But I suppose you do not have to teach anything about clams."

"Teach about clams!" she said, puzzled for an instant. Then she seemed to be amused. "No, I don't. It's lucky, isn't it? For I don't know anything about them. May I take one of them?"

"It will drip on your dress and spot it," I said warningly.

"It doesn't matter," she replied. And she took a clam in her hand, and the water dripped upon her dress, as I had said, and it made a spot. She could not see it then, but I knew how it would look in the morning. She was a most careless, heedless governess.

"Of course it matters," I said, reproving. "You will see. Surely they don't give you

all the gowns you want, to spot with salt water."

She was puzzled again. "All the gowns I want?" she asked, wondering. "What do you mean?"

"Up at the great house," I said, "at Good—Mr. Goodwin's."

The governess smiled, a merry smile that filled her eyes with light. For she was looking up at me then. And I looked deep into those eyes until her face was the colour of her hair.

"Oh, yes," she said, looking down,—and I was sorry, for on a sudden it seemed dark, —"oh, yes, they are very good to me—in the matter of gowns. But I will be careful if you think I ought."

"I know you ought," I said. "Waste is wicked."

"Yes," she answered, musing, "I suppose it is. But I am afraid I haven't thought about it as much as I might."

She was looking at me, up and down, from my mud-covered rubber boots to my old battered hat. I was clad as a clammer should be clad, and I was not ashamed.

"You are not wicked, are you?" asked the governess. "You are not wasteful?"

"Not of my clothes," I answered. "I cannot be. And do you suppose my wife would drip salt water upon her best dress?"

I thought I saw a shadow steal across her face. But the sun had left many shadows behind him.

"It isn't my—" She hesitated and stopped. "Have you a wife?"

"No," I answered shamelessly. And she laughed aloud, a sweet laugh and low, like—like nothing else in the wide world.

"Are you a fisherman?" she asked.

I had forgotten how the garb of a clammer would be regarded by a governess to the Rich.

"Sometimes," I said. "I am but a passable fisherman. I can catch enough for myself, or, if need were, for two."

"And do you use the clams to catch the fish?"

"Some of them."

"I should like to open this clam. How shall I do it?"

I broke the shell upon a stone, and pulled forth the clam.

"Oh," cried the governess, "the poor thing! And doesn't it hurt it?"

"The scientists will tell you that it does not," I said. "Never having been a clam, I do not know. But I know I cannot use them without breaking the shell."

"And what do you do with the rest?" she asked.

"The rest?"

"Yes, the rest,—those you do not use to catch fish. Come, tell me. Don't make me ask so many questions."

"I like to hear you ask questions," I said, whereupon she smiled again. And her eyes filled with light as they had before, and I knew that I were safer on the quicksand of the Hole than looking down into those eyes. But I went on.

"The rest are eaten. Some make chowder, which is a mystery; some are steamed in the oven; but the rest are covered with seaweed and baked on hot stones. Did you never see a clambake?"

"Never," she answered, "although I have heard them mentioned. Are they rare feasts? I should like to see a clambake."

"I shall have one," I said, "and you will come. And we shall have clams, fresh digged and weltering; and fish fresh caught; and chicken not too fresh; and lobsters and sweet potatoes and corn and many other things. And there will be a great pan for the shells and the husks, for you will not throw them on the ground, as we common people do. And you will shuck the clams with your fingers, and eat the corn from the cob."

"Horrible!" she said. And she looked at her hands, and laughed. They were shapely hands, soft and beautiful. I wished —but it does not matter what I wished, for I knew I might not have it.

"Fisherman," she said, "you amuse me. But I will come to your clambake."

"Do you find me more amusing than your teaching?" I asked. For one does not enjoy being laughed at by a governess with red hair and beautiful eyes, although to stand there, close before her, and to see her laugh, was a joy.

"Yes," she answered, "vastly more than my teaching. My teaching is not amusing. I weary of it."

"Yes," I cried, "I know it. And do you find the doings at the great house a weariness?"

"I do," she said. "And that is why I came here."

"And will you come again?"

"Perhaps. But when shall that wonderful clambake be?"

"That," I said, "is in the future. There are preparations. And besides, I would have it to look forward to. And how am I to let you know?"

"Why," she said, "that is a problem.

Perhaps—you might leave your invitation under that great stone."

"And how should I know——"

"Why, again," she said, "one might find something under the stone if he but looked."

And she was silent for some while.

"Fisherman," she said suddenly, "what is your name?"

"Thomas," I answered; "and what is yours?"

She started, and for an instant she was angry. Then she laughed again, adorably, and blushed. "My name is Eve," she said.

"Truly," I said, "I should have known. And I was wrong, for mine is Adam."

"Now, fisherman," she cried, "you presume."

"I must," I answered, "for it is the nature that God gave me.'

"And, Thomas," she went on, "you dig in our—in Mr. Goodwin's clam beds."

"I do not," I cried, forgetting, in my anger, "they are m—, they belong to a queer fellow who lives near."

"Oh," she said. "And he lets you dig there?"

"He lets me."

She mused and looked down at the clam beds. But the water was lapping on the flats by this, and the twilight waned.

"I wonder," she said, and stopped.

"What?"

"I, too, would dig for clams."

"Well," I said, "why not? But not in that gown."

"Would it be a waste, and wicked? But you said it was spotted already."

"It may be cleaned," I answered. "I wonder at you." For I was impatient. What a spendthrift governess!

"There are so many things I do not think of," she said contritely. "But I must learn. And what gowns, then?"

"A short one," I said, "and an old one, if you have such a thing. I never heard of so extravagant a governess."

"Oh," she said, and smiled again. And I saw the light in her eyes, though it was nearly dark. "And have you known many governesses, fisherman?"

"None," said I. "But my name is Adam."

"You said Thomas."

"Eve," I replied, with firmness, "I said Adam."

"Well, then, Adam, what else?"

"Boots," I answered,—"rubber boots. See mine."

It was not light enough, but she had seen.

"Yes," she said, "but governesses do not have rubber boots."

"They should," said I, "for the grass is wet even now, and it is long. But I will bring you some."

"Oh," she began, and stopped. And I knew she blushed, though I could not see.

"And I wonder," she went on, "if that queer fellow would let me dig, too."

"He would."

"You seem very sure, fisherman."

"Adam," I corrected.

"Well, then, Adam."

"I am sure," I said; "and besides, I shall not tell him."

"It is very dark," she observed. "The twilight is quite gone."

"Not quite gone. See the west." Indeed, there was a light streak in the west, and the bearded hill was marked against it.

"I must go in," she said; but she did not rise.

"Not yet," I urged.

"I must go in," she repeated, "or they will send for me." And this time she rose.

"I will go with you," I insisted.

"No," she said, "you will stay. Good-night, fisherman."

"Adam," I corrected. "Governesses should have better memories."

She laughed. I loved to hear her laugh, and I would have seen her eyes.

"Good-night, Adam."

"Good-night, Eve. To-morrow——"

But she was gone, swiftly, and I stayed, as I was commanded. And my heart was beating as no clammer's should. For a heart-beat of above seventy a minute is not fitting for a clammer. I sat, that night, with my book in my lap, staring into the dark shadows, and my candle sputtered and went out. Will this new light go out of my life, too?

I sat upon the edge of the bank, just where the sod breaks off to the sand, and I stared at the red sun, and he stared back at me. I sat close beside the place where the governess had sat,—very close,—but that place was vacant. For perhaps, I thought, perhaps— And the old sun spread his colours lavishly over the still water and upon the wet sand; his purples and his reds and his dainty shades of pink and blue and green. If I could mix my colours like that—or are they mixed? My scientific training does not help me much. It does not tell me why the colours are now brighter than they were yesterday, and now sombre. There is more than one kind of

reflection, and science knows them not. And, as I stared and wondered—for these things are marvels—came a sweet voice behind me, and my heart leaped up into my throat and choked me. And I did not stop to reflect that it was not my heart at all, but some ganglion or plexus or what not. What cared I for ganglion or plexus?

"Fisherman," said the sweet voice, "you are early."

"Eve," said I,—and my voice was steady,—"may a man come too early to Paradise? The woman comes after—though I have all my ribs."

"Fisherman," she said, "you are a strange man."

"So I have heard," I answered. "But you forget. A governess should have a better memory. I wonder that you can teach."

"I am but a passable teacher, Adam. I cannot even teach well enough for one."

"Well enough for two, if we be the two. For I am learning."

"Adam," she said, "I might speak seriously to you. I ought to be angry with you——"

"But you are not. It is strange how seldom we are what we should be. I should call you 'lady,' as though I were a car conductor, and be most respectful, as befitteth a fisherman——"

"But you are not. Why, Adam?"

"How should I know? It is the nature that God gave me. And those who stand nearest to nature—well, I am learning. Come and sit here, Eve, where I can see you."

"Now, Adam, really—you must learn. Even a fisherman should not need to be told to stand——"

"Your pardon, madam," I cried, standing. "You are right, and as I said, I am but a passable fisherman. Did the first man stand, in Paradise? Probably he ran. But I do not, for I can see you well as we are—and that light on your hair, Eve——"

She stamped her foot. "Fisherman," she cried, "it is too much. I will not stay. Remember that——"

"I am a fisherman. I will," I said. "And you are a governess."

Then she laughed, which was what I wanted. I was missing the sun's good-night, but what of that? For I might see his marvels half the days in the year; but this marvel that I saw—how many days? I wished,—but my wishes are vain. Still, there was I, looking up, and there was she, looking down and smiling yet, and the glory of the west was in her eyes and on her hair.

"Turn, fisherman," she said, "or you will miss your good-night to the sun."

"What I see pleases me better," I said. "But stand beside me, and we will bid him good-night together."

So she stood beside me, which was a marvel, and the sun rested his red rim on the bearded hill, and we saw him sink. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the hill, I saluted, and so did she. And then she laughed. I love a ready laugh,—mine is not ready, but has to be pumped out, with a great noise—and such an one as hers——

"Now, Adam," she said, "we must dig. We have wasted time."

"No," I answered, "for the beds are but now uncovered. See the colours, Eve. What would you give to paint like that? There is but one Painter."

"One could never learn," she said, "there is so much to learn."

"But we are learning every day."

"And what have you learned to-day, Adam?"

"Many things."

"From the sun?"

"From the sun," I answered. "and from you."

"From me!" she cried. "What have vou learned from me, fisherman?"

"Some day I will tell you, governess," I said.

"What day, fisherman?"

"When we dig for clams at dawn."

"And when will that day be?"

"In more than one week, and less than two."

"And why not any day, Adam,—when I will?"

"The tide, Eve. Even a woman must wait for the tide. See, it has made us late to-night."

"Come, fisherman," she said, "let us dig quickly, or it will be too late."

So I drew the boots from my basket, and she took them.

"Fisherman," she said, "these are new. Where did you get them?"

"I had them," I replied; which was true. I had had them since the morning.

She sat behind a tree and put them on, and I heard her laughing to herself. Then she came forth.

"They are too large," she said, "but it does not matter."

I might have known it. But what know I of women's boots?

"My stock is small," I answered. "I had no other size." And that was true, too.

So I showed her how to dig, and when her hoe broke through a shell, she almost wept. But she dug six.

"I am tired," she said then. "I will dig no more to-night. Does your back get tired, too?"

"Not now," said I, "but it did at first."

Then she sat behind the tree and changed the boots, and we hung them in the tree against another time. And then we sat upon the bank, for the colours had not faded. And Eve sat silent, gazing at the water and the western sky; and I sat silent and gazed up at her.

"Eve," said I.

She turned and looked at me, but did not speak.

"I think many things," I said, "and some of them I would say."

"No," she answered, "do not say them. Watch the sky and the water while the colours last. See, it is almost dark."

"The water and the sky are from everlasting to everlasting, Eve, so far as I am concerned. But you—no, I must make the most of what I have."

"Fisherman," she said, "you must not speak so to me."

"And why not, governess? Does it displease you? May a fisherman not say his say to a governess? If I were a—what must I be, to rank with a governess? Would my speech offend you then?"

"Adam," she answered, "I came here to dig for clams."

"Truly," said I, "we did, and to see the sun go down."

"And the sun is gone, and the clams are digged, and I must go."

"Eve," I observed, "you are a logician."

"I am not," she replied. "I am a woman."

"Heaven be praised for that!" I cried. "A perfect work!"

"Adam," she said, and she was half laughing as she spoke, "I ought to be angry with you."

"You ought not," I answered, "for it heats the blood and causes vapours in the brain. Or so the ancient writers tell us. Besides, I do not like it."

"Like a woman's postscript," said she. "You are a strange fisherman."

"Truly," I said, "I am. But see the water and the sky, Eve. What peace and tranquillity! Can you feel anger when you look upon that? And what am I? The grass of the field, and to-morrow I shall be cast into the oven. For to-morrow it will be hot."

"You speak much nonsense, Adam."

"Nonsense is the savour of life, Eve."

She said nothing, but sat there, with her hands clasped about her knees, and I gazed up at her and was content. And the twilight faded and was gone.

"Now I must go," she said at last.

She rose, regretfully, I thought, and the thought gave me joy. And that was marvel, too; for what was this governess to me—this governess whom I had seen but twice? But that unruly ganglion of mine——

"Adam," she said, smiling down at me, "you have not scolded me. My gown——"

"Your gown is well enough," I answered; "too good for clamming, but I suppose it is the worst you could do. If I said more of it, it would be that you look adorable in that gown—or any other. But I must not say it, or you will be angry."

"No," she said, "you must not say that, for anger heats the blood and causes vapours in the brain, and I have enough already. It is the oldest gown I have—and the shortest."

"It is——"

"Never mind. If it is wasteful and wicked, I can not help it. Will it do for digging clams to-morrow?"

"We may not dig clams to-morrow."

"And why not, Adam,—if I will?"

"The tide. It will be too late. But the sun will go down."

"Good-night, Adam. You may have the clams I dug."

"If I could press them, Eve, like flowers! Good-night."

And again I sat through an evening too long for a clammer; and, though my book was in my hand, and my candle burned bright and clear, I did not read, but I stared into the dark shadows. And from those shadows there shone out that wonderful hair with the light upon it from the western sky; and those wonderful eyes, with the light in them from the soul within. Oh, Eve, Eve! And I have seen you only twice.

There is a restlessness that seizes upon men in certain case. I have seen it often, and wondered at the poor fools who turned from this to that, then tried the other thing, and found no satisfaction in any. And I have laughed at them and counseled them to turn to clamming. And there is a cure

for that malady, too; a simple cure, as simple as the fount of eternal youth. It is only to find it and the thing is done. And some find the fount, and some do not. And those who find it, why, eternal youth is theirs, and joy and peace are in their abiding places forever. And those who find it not, why, Heaven help them! For there is no peace for them, nor rest on earth.

So it befell that I rose before the dawn, and went forth. And there, without, was a fog as thick as cheese. But though I could not see ten fathoms, yet I looked out toward my clam beds. And then I thought: You poor fool, shall she come down in this thickness, at four in the morning, looking for clams? And yet again, I took my basket and wandered in that fog like a lost soul. And the more fool I, for the tide was not half down, and no dawn to see. And as I wandered along the shore, angry and out of sorts, striking with with my hoe in the sand, I met one of my neighbours; and as he passed behind me, I heard him laughing in the fog.

And my breakfast was no better. My fresh-gathered eggs were bitter in my mouth, and they tasted of sulphur; and my coffee was gray that should have been a rich red-brown like the copper beech; and my rolls were lead or cotton, I knew not which. I lighted my pipe and went out.

The hot sun was burning off the fog. I stood at the foot of my garden, where I have a seat against the trunk of an old pine, and I watched the fog writhing and twisting in the anguish of defeat and dissolution, vanishing into the hot air above in little jets and shreds, rolling away over the water to the ocean, a far gray bank. And the waters of the bay danced in the sun, and dazzled my eyes. So, for some while I paced there, back and forth. Then I heaved a sigh and sat me upon my seat, and the great pine whispered softly above me; but I fidgeted upon the seat and found no peace.

So, all day, I wandered the shores, and I dug no clams, but found myself picking shells and pebbles of bright colours. And in the early afternoon I stood by our clam beds—Eve's and mine—and looked up through all the greenery toward the great house, and saw the gleam of dresses. And I left my basket by the bank and turned and ran,—like the fool I was. Why did I run? For as the sun was low, and my pulse high, I wandered once more over to that place. And as I came near, behold there on the bank sat Eve. And at the sight, that ganglion which serves me for a heart began its rioting so that I nearly choked. But I came nearer yet, and sat me down beside her, and she smiled at me. And then I found that peace I had sought all day.

"Fisherman," she said, "you are not early to-night."

"I am not," I said, "and yet I am. For I have haunted this place all day, and yet I feared to come too soon."

She did not ask me why, but pointed to my basket. "Are these you gatherings?"

I nodded.

"Why, Adam? They are not clams—nor fish."

"I do not know, Eve. I have done strange things to-day."

"Are they for me?"

"What shall a governess do with pebbles?'

"They might be useful in my teaching, Adam. Are they for me?"

"If you will. Anything I have is yours——"

"Fisherman, remember——"

"Eve, Eve, how shall I remember, with you sitting beside me, and your eyes smiling and that light upon your hair?"

"Then I will not smile nor sit beside you. And so I must go——"

"No, no," I cried. "Stay, for the pity of man. I will remember,—or I will try. I cannot promise more. A fisherman and a governess! So I may not give you the pebbles, Eve, but I will bargain with you."

"For what?"

"For that rose you wear." For she wore a great red rose upon her bosom.

She considered. "It is a fair bargain," she said at last, "and I agree. A rose for your pebbles."

So she took her rose and fastened it upon my coat. And I did not speak nor thank her, for I could not. What foolish thing should I have said? It was hard enough not to kiss the hand so near my lips. And we sat there a long while in silence, she looking at the west, and I gazing up at her or idly sticking the little pebbles in the sod. And when the sun was gone and she rose to go, she saw the pebbles, and they made two words, ADAM and EVE. I thought she would have stamped upon them, but she did not. She only smiled and bade me good-night.

And so for days I lived in purgatory and in paradise, wandering the shore, without purpose save to pass the endless day till sunset; and at evening I sat with Eve upon the bank until the twilight faded, and she left me. And the weeds sprang in my

garden, and my neighbours laughed at me more than ever. For I went clamming at high tide. And upon my mantel, between two plates of glass that were cunningly bound about the edges, was a red rose.

Then, one evening, I waited there upon the bank and no Eve came. And I fretted and fumed and mourned until I bethought me of the great stone. Without hope, I looked beneath; and, wonder of wonders, there was a scrap of paper with its message. "They will not let me come to-night." And I acted like the fool I was, and kissed the dainty thing, and thrust it in my pocket, and pulled it out again a dozen times. Never having seen her writing, I should know it, it was so like her. And I tore a corner, though I hated to,—I had no other paper,—and wrote, "We miss you, the sun and I. Eve, Eve, do not fail to-morrow. Do not shut the gates upon me yet." And I put it beneath the stone and went away.

And in the morning the sky was gray, with low-hanging clouds, heavy and wet. And by afternoon there was a driving drizzle, and my heart sank. But I went. I would not fail, though I had no hope. And there, leaning against a tree, stood Eve, the water dripping from her wide felt hat, and shining upon her long coat. And she smiled at me as I came, and I could not speak; but I looked at her until the slow flush mounted to her forehead.

"Eve," I said at last, "how shall a fisherman remember, when you stand so, before him,—and on such a day?"

"Why, fisherman," she said lightly, "it is a good day. I find this weather as good as any other,—in fair measure."

"It pleases me," I said, "although this morning it did not."

Then, deliberately, I went to the great stone and turned it up, and my paper was gone. And Eve watched me, and again the slow flush mounted to her forehead, but she said nothing. And as we stood together under the tree, there was a constraint upon us both. The things that I would say I might not, and for the light things that I might say, I had no heart.

And the next day, too, it rained, but I cared not. And again we stood together under the tree, Eve and I, and as we stood there, the clouds parted and showed the sun sinking in splendour. And I saw a greater glory than I had seen. And when the sun was gone, there was the young moon following.

"Peace on earth," I said; but she did not speak.

So for some while we stood silent, and I saw the gold and the red fade from the clouds, and the clouds themselves were gone, deep banks of indigo, into the east. Then the western sky was grown violet and a green like the curl of a wave, till, overhead, it became the night. And I looked at Eve, and her look smote upon my heart, for it was troubled. But I might not say the thing I would; for shall a fisherman so speak to a governess to the Rich? Even a governess to the Rich may have her woes, it seems, and it is no fisherman's part——

"Eve," I said. And she started, as though her thoughts were wandering.

"Eve," I said again, "would you dig for clams at dawn? For the beds will be uncovered by dawn to-morrow."

"Oh," she answered, "will they? And is it a joy to see the dawn?"

"Did you never see a dawn, Eve?"

"Never. Have I missed much?"

"If you see one, Eve, you will know how much."

"I would like to see a dawn," she said. And then she was silent, and I thought her near to tears, and a great fear came upon me.

"Now, Adam," she said, at last, "I must go. Good-night."

Then she turned and listened. "They are coming for me now. Run, Adam."

"Run!" I cried. "Run, when I stand upon my own? Why should I run? No, I will stay. And they shall do nothing to you against your will."

I had forgotten that I was a fisherman, but Eve did not note it. "Run, Adam," she cried, beseeching. "If you care for my peace, run."

And so I ran, like any poacher. And that night, sitting staring into the shadows, I wondered.

My clam beds—mine and Eve's—have many virtues. From them I can see both east and west; from that point neither dawn nor sunset escapes me. And another virtue they had had for me, that was more than dawn or sunset. And what that was, any man who has been in such case as mine will know without the telling. So, though I loved the dawn, it was more than that that brought me stealing through the early gray of morning to the bank, just where the sod breaks off to the sand.

There I sat and waited, alone, and I watched the gray brighten in the east, and hoped that Eve would not be too late. And just as the gray became a tender blue,

and hope was leaving me, there was the light step behind me, and I rose and stood, as a fisherman should stand before a governess. And Eve did not speak to me, for she saw the east.

"Oh!" she cried softly.

And she said no word more, but there we stood together. And we saw the blue brighten and become suffused with pink, and there in the eastern sky lay a great rose that stretched its petals to the zenith. And in the heart of that rose was a little cloud like a flame, with one long finger pointed straight at Eve and me. And all those soft tints of blue and pink, with the flame of the little cloud, were spread upon the water that was but just stirring in its sleep, and dimpling here and there. Then was the little flame-cloud edged with gold upon its lower side, and shot through with orange lights, and the pink rose turned to saffron and then to orange, and the rim of the sea was luminous, like molten gold. And on a sudden the gold and orange fled from the little cloud, and a great blazing fire showed above the sea.

"The sun, Eve," I whispered; and as I spoke, a little breeze flashed across the water and darkened it like a breath upon a mirror. And there was the great disk of the sun half risen, and we might no longer look him in the face.

And at that Eve fetched a great sigh, and turned, and the chorus of the birds broke forth in the trees behind us. They had been calling back and forth before, but now they sang madly. The old earth had waked once more, and it was day.

"Adam," said Eve, "I thank you."

Then she sat upon the bank, where the coloured pebbles still marked the names, and I sat there beside her; and for some while we spoke not, but listened to the mad music of the birds. Then Eve would dig for clams.

"What matter, Eve?" I asked. "The clams will be the bigger for waiting. We have seen the dawn, and we may see the day grow."

"Yes," she said, "we have seen the dawn. I did not dream it could be like that. There are no words, Adam. And I would see the day grow. But for my conscience's sake I must dig."

"Eve," I said, "a conscience is a most distressing comrade. Does a governess have a conscience—a governess to the Rich?"

"Does not a fisherman?" she asked.

"He cannot afford it," I replied. "It is a luxury not for the poor nor for the very rich."

"But a governess is not very rich. And if she were, she yet might have a conscience. I have."

"And does it plague you?"

"Yes," she said. "Come, let us dig, and I will tell you."

I, too, had somewhat that I would tell, and presently we were digging. And Eve dug in silence, and gently, for she would not harm the clams.

"Well, Eve?" I said, when I was wearied of the silence.

She was so long in speaking that I feared she never would. "Adam," she asked, at last, "are you a wise man?"

"Very," I answered; "wiser than Solomon. He had seven hundred wives, and I have none."

"And is that wise,—to have none?"

"Eve, Eve," I cried, "you do not help me. I jest because I fear to speak in earnest."

"You are good, Adam," she said. "And if you are wise, you may tell me what to do."

"If you would do what I tell you!"

She was bending very low over her digging, and her face was turned away, which did not please me. I like to see her face.

"I fear that I may lose my place," she said.

I straightened up at that, but she bent lower yet.

"Lose your place!" I cried. "And why?"

"Why—they—it is not easy to tell you, Adam."

"I will not urge you, Eve, but——"

"You need not. I wish to tell you, for I—a governess may not always stand alone. She is a woman, after all."

"Yes," I said, "thank God!"

"They—they would"—She began to laugh, a nervous laugh and with no mirth in it,—"they would marry me, Adam."

"What!" I cried. "They would—who would marry you? Not old Goodwin!"

"No," she said; and laughed the more, and seemed really merry at it. "Now I feel better. Not old Goodwin. He has a wife."

I was puzzled.

"Who, then, Eve? Who would marry you? I doubt not there are many who would, for I know——"

"It is old Goodwin's wife," she said, breaking me off short, and just in time.

Then she stood straight. "Now, Adam," she went on, "I am not so nervous as I was, but I may laugh or I may cry with no reason. I will sit upon the bank and tell you;

for truly I am in straits. And do you bear with me, for you are honest, and I may trust you. And indeed I know no other I may trust—but one."

"A governess advised in matrimony by a fisherman!" I said. "And who is that one, Eve?"

"You shall hear. And do not jest, Adam, or my laughter may turn to tears. They are near enough. And now for the story, which is a short one. Old Goodwin's wife would marry me to a certain rich man, —for my worldly good, as she says."

"A certain rich man," I said, musing. "And will he enter the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"That he will not."

"Then why doubt? And do you love him, Eve?"

"I do not."

"Then why doubt?"

"If I do not," she said, "I shall lose my place. And that is much to me, Adam, for what shall I do then? The man whom I may trust is old Goodwin, but he is not so much my friend as to hold against his wife."

"And what said you to the man?"

"I said no, but still he came. And now I know not what I shall say next."

"Shall I tell you what to do, Eve?"

"If you know, Adam."

"Marry me," I said. And she looked at me with wide eyes and laughed; and at that laugh I was sore and hurt, though I had no right. Then her laugh died and her eyes filled.

"Forgive me, Adam," she said. "I should not laugh, but indeed I am overwrought. Truly—truly I might almost find it in my heart"——

I stood before her, trembling. "I should not have said it, Eve. What is a fisherman, that he should offer the little that he has to you? But I am well-to-do, Eve,—for a fisherman. You should never want—nor work. And if you might find it in your heart——"

"I will consider your offer, good fisherman," she said, smiling. "I must consider. You have—I must tell you, in justice, you have an even chance with that other. But I must consider."

"So an honest fisherman, well-to-do, has an even chance with a rich rascal whom you do not love. That is a high price on honesty, Eve."

"Yes," she said, "but not too high. And now, Adam, be my good friend still."

"I will," I replied, "if I may not be more."

So she was silent, and so was I. And presently I reached down to my basket and drew forth a package wrapped in a napkin.

"Governess," I asked, "are you, by chance, hungry?"

"Fisherman," she answered, "I am famished; but not by chance. Open, quickly."

So I unwrapped the package, and in it were slices of white bread, cut thin, and between, lettuce picked that morning, crisp and cool. And we ate together, and Eve grew merry, and my content came back to me.

"Fisherman," she said at last, "I thank you. Now I must go."

"Thank me for what, Eve?"

"It was the sandwiches I meant," she said.

"And how long must you consider? When shall I have my answer?"

"Your answer? Oh, when I come to your clambake."

"It shall be to-morrow," I said.

"Oh, not so soon," she cried.

"The day after, then."

She hesitated. "Well," she said, "good-by."

"I shall come here for you, Eve."

But she was gone, and I went, too, my brain in turmoil.

Down under my great pine is a pleasant place for a man—or for a governess, I should suppose—with a heart at ease. And for a fisherman whose heart is not at ease it serves as well as any place but one, and that one not fixed, but moving as she moves. And for a certain rich man it might, indeed, be pleasant under my pine, but not if I could make it otherwise. And there was the seat against the tree, and from that seat he might see my favourite clam beds. But what would rich men care for clam beds? And, for the seat, why, I had other views.

It was there, just without the shadow of the pine, that the hole was scooped in the ground and lined with great stones. And on these stones I kindled a fire that roared high; and when it had burned long and the stones were hot, I raked the ashes off. Then I shook down upon the stones fresh seaweed from the pile, and on the seaweed laid the clams that I had digged, myself—and alone—that morning. Then, more seaweed; and the other things, in layers, orderly, with the clean, salt-smelling weed between: the lobsters, green and crawling, and the fish, fresh caught, and the

chicken, not too fresh, and the sweet and tender corn, and sweet potatoes. And over all I piled the weed and made a dome that smoked and steamed and filled the air with incense.

Then, my work done, I sat there and looked out. And when it was time I garbed myself and set forth. And my heart-beat was too high, by far, and there was a faintness at my throat. But I strode along the shore and came to our bank, where the coloured pebbles shone in the sun, ADAM and EVE. And there I sat, just where the sod breaks off to the sand, and waited. And presently there was the light step I knew so well, and up came my heart into my throat and choked me. But I stood, as a fisherman should before a governess, and turned.

And such a governess! All in light, filmy white, with two red roses at her bosom, and her hair a glory. And her eyes,—there are no other such eyes as hers,—her eyes smiled at me, and then they opened wide in wonder.

"Adam," she said, "is it you? Are you my fisherman?"

"Truly," I answered, "I am your fisherman, whether you will or not,—and for as long as I have life."

"The time is not yet, fisherman," she said. "Remember."

"It is hard to remember, governess, even for a fisherman."

"I did not know you, Adam," she said. "You should have told me."

"What, Eve? That a fisherman may have decent raiment? But I am well-to-do —for a fisherman."

"Come," said she, "let us go, or we shall be late to the clambake."

"With all my heart," I answered, "though it matters not if we are late. For there is but one guest."

"There will be two, Adam."

"Two!" I cried. "I have asked but one. If it is that certain rich man, I give you warning he shall have no clams of mine, but I will cast him into the sea."

"It is my father, Adam," she replied. "He is here and would see a clambake, so I asked him."

"Your father, Eve? Do governesses have fathers? And is he here to help you?"

"I hope that he will help me," she said. "I think he will."

And she smiled brightly.

My heart grew cold, and froze beneath my ribs. "Then," I said, "you will not need help from a fisherman, governess."

"Adam," she said, reproaching, "let us enjoy our clambake."

"That is good doctrine, Eve," said I, "and I will do my best. But how will your father know——"

"It is for him to find it," she answered, "and he may, for he has eyes and a nose. Now I might find my way straight enough, for I see a smoking mound upon that point, beneath the pine. It seems a pleasant place, Adam."

"That queer fellow that I mentioned let me use it," I said in haste. "He is from home just now."

"He seems a good friend of yours," she said.

"At times I think he is," I said, "and at other times he is the poorest friend I know."

As we talked we walked along the shore. And we climbed the steep path and stood beneath the pine. The dome of seaweed still smoked bravely, and before the seat against the pine was set a little table, upon stakes. It was just large enough for two, and upon it were all things fitting—and no more. No cloth, only the bare white boards of pine, rubbed smooth.

"Now, governess," I said, "the bake is done. Do you sit there, and I will serve you."

"No, Adam," she cried, "for I must help."

She always had her will, that red-haired governess. So I took my fork and opened the smoking dome, and together we set upon the table, corn and sweet potatoes and a chicken, and a fish and the lobsters; and, last of all, a great pan of clams. And the rest, upon the hot stones, I covered again with seaweed. And as I pitched the weed, I heard Eve laughing.

"Adam," she said, "look here. And there are two of us."

I turned and saw the table filled to overflowing, and no place left large enough to set a plate; and Eve sitting on the seat, and laughing so that tears stood in her eyes.

"I should have made the table larger," I said. "But we need no plates. What would the first man have done with a plate, Eve?"

"Or with baked clams?" she asked. "But we are not in Eden."

"I am," I said.

And she spoke hastily: "At least the other guest shall not want."

"Let us begin," I said, "while the clams are hot. There is yet more."

So we sat side by side upon the bench, and the wind whispered softly in the tree above. And suddenly Eve rose.

"My father, Adam," she said. "He is just in time."

I stood and turned. Her father! It was Goodwin the Rich; and my castles were tumbling about my ears.

So we saw each other, he and I, and looked each other up and down, and either measured other. And though he was Goodwin the Rich, he seemed a man, and I hoped he thought as much of me. And he said something about clams and his daughter, I know not what, and I said some foolish thing, I know not what. Then I fetched a box from my shed, for him to sit upon,—a proper seat for the Rich,—and he seemed to like it, and tilted back and forth, and ate prodigious quantities of clams and all things else, and pronounced them uncommon good.

And I sat mute, but Eve talked steadily, a merry talk, and ate the heads of the clams—or tried to eat them—and found them but ill eating—until I showed her how to take the clam by the head and dip him in the butter, and eat him properly. And she bit the corn from the cob, and opened the clams with her fingers, and I watched her in adoration and despair. For what should I say to a Daughter of the Rich?

So there we sat long at my little table under my great tree, and I saw the tide lapping high upon the shore, and heard the wind that sighed loud in the pine. And indeed that sighing wind fell in marvelously with my mood, for I was not merry, as any may guess. And at last Goodwin the Rich had filled him full with lobster and corn and clams, and he seemed well pleased, and sat upon his box, and smiled and exhaled peace. And in a while he rose and made some excuse, and thanked me and went his way.

Then, when he was gone, I sat there still and looked out upon the water, and said nothing. For I could not look at Eve and be content, but still I had the water and the shore. And I felt that Eve was watching me and smiling.

"Adam," she said at last.

"Well?"

"We have had a pleasant clambake, have we not? Such a feast as I never had."

I made no reply.

"Fisherman," she said then, "you should make some pretty speech."

"Is it for a fisherman," I asked, "to make pretty speeches? He must catch his fish and dig his clams."

"You have changed so, Adam," she said, reproaching.

"It is not I have changed," I answered.

Still I would not look at her, but she was silent, and I knew her smile was gone.

"And is there nothing more?" she asked. "Is it ended?"

"It is ended," I said. "Even the stones grow cold."

"Adam," she cried, "why will you be so contrary? It is not ended. I will not have it so."

"The Rich may have what they will," I said, "nearly, but not quite. I was not made for a plaything for the Rich."

"You are bitter, and you are not fair," she said softly. "It is not like you, Adam. There is something more. Why will you make it hard?"

"I will not make it hard," I answered. "There is nothing else. What has a fisherman to say to a Daughter of the Rich, or she to him? So, for that other matter, Miss Goodwin, I absolve you from an answer."

"Adam," she cried, "you make me angry. I have a mind to go home."

"Shall I see you on your way?" I asked.

"I will not have it so," she said, and stood and stamped her foot. I knew well how she must look, in that pretty rage. "And you forgot, Adam."

"What?" I asked. "I would not fail in duty."

"My name," she said. "I told you it was Eve."

"Are you not Miss Goodwin?"

"Adam," she said firmly, "I said Eve."

"Well, Eve, have you not done with me?" I sighed and would not look at her, though she stood before me.

"No, I have not," she said. "I should laugh if I were not so angry. Look at me."

I stood and looked down at her, an instant but no more. I could not, for I should have choked.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, "have you no mercy? Must the Rich destroy the playthings that they weary of?"

"Adam," she said, "you have a duty yet. Do not shirk it. A fisherman must not shirk his duty."

"I am but a drowned fisherman," I replied. "But what a drowned man may do, I will do."

"You promised to be my good friend,"

she said. "So come back with me along the shore."

So we went down the steep path and side by side along the shore, where the water lapped high. And we came to our bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun, and there Eve sat her down.

"Sit beside me, Adam."

And down I sat, as wretched as man was ever, and I looked into the water that covered my clam beds. I doubted I should have heart to dig in those beds again.

"Adam," said Eve, and her voice was not steady, "I have considered, and——"

"Eve," I cried, "can you not spare me that? If you feel any friendship for me, spare me that. I am blind enough, but I can see——"

"Oh, you are the blindest man that ever was." And she slipped her hand within my arm, and drew it back again and began to cry softly. And at that I sprang to my feet, and my heart thumped like a hammer, till I thought it would burst my ribs.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, my voice shaking so it shamed me, "do not play with me. Do you mean——"

"Oh, you blind man, can you not see what I mean? Must I say it more plainly? It is yes, Adam, and no play."

And she smiled at me through her tears, and suddenly, for me, earth and sky were flooded with a great glory.

Now, what I did next, I shall not tell, nor what she said to me; for those are things for my Eve and me to know and to remember. But any man who has been in such case as mine may guess to some purpose, if he will but try. And after some time, I know not how long, we sat there side by side upon the bank, most decorous, for out upon the water was a boat. But we might say what we would, and I might hold her hand, down upon the sod, out of sight, and I might gaze into her wonderful eyes and see in them the tender light that made them pass all wonders.

"Such trouble as I had to get you, Adam, at the last!"

"It served you right," I said, "for your deceit."

She laughed, a happy laugh. "You honest fisherman!" she said. "It was so easy to deceive you! But never again, Adam. You may trust me."

"Always," I answered, and stooped low and kissed the hand I held. And she stooped, too, and quite by chance, and if they saw us from the boat, I did not care.

"And were you deceived?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "for half an hour. You are too honest, Adam. But I love you for it."

And then we did some other silly things, and cared not for the boat.

"And what of old Goodwin, Eve?" I asked, after some while. "What will he say?"

She laughed again her happy laugh.

"What did he say, Adam? He seemed pleased, I thought."

"Eve," I cried, "you do not mean——"

"He came there for that purpose, Adam. I confessed to him. He is my friend, I told you."

"Honest gentleman!" I said. "I beg his pardon. He may have my clam beds if he will."

"No, no," she cried, "for they must be mine, too, those clam beds. I will not have them changed."

"They are yours, Eve," I said, "for they were mine and I am yours. See the colours the old sun spreads over them now. He is almost sitting on that hill."

"We will bid him good-night, together," she said; "a happy one, Adam. Stand beside me."

So we stood, and she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we saw the sun, that he spread the still water with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the bearded hill, we saluted. And again we sat upon the bank, and saw the red west turn to violet, and then to green. And then Eve rose and said good-night.

"Until to-morrow, Adam," she said.

"Until to-morrow, Eve," I echoed.

And then she seemed to listen.

"They are coming for me, Adam. If you love me, run!"

(*To be Continued*)

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# Alter Ego—By JOHN B. TABB

THOU art to me as is the sea
Unto the shell:
A life whereof I breathe, a love
Wherein I dwell.

# The Water Pavilion

## By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

Translated by F. C. De Sumichrast

IN THE province of Canton, some distance from the city, lived side by side two rich Chinamen who had retired. At what period this took place is of small consequence, for the chronology of tales need not be very accurate. One of the Chinamen was called Tou, and the other Kouan. Tou had held high scientific offices; he was a scholar of the Jasper Hall and a *hanlin*. Kouan had grown rich and honoured in less exalted employment.

Tou and Kouan, who were distantly related, had formerly been friends. When they were younger they had enjoyed meeting with some of their former class-mates, and during the autumn evenings they were wont to make the black pigment-laden brush fly over the quadrilling of the flowered paper, and to sing the praises of the chrysanthemum while sipping small cups of wine. Their dispositions, at first marked by the very slightest of divergences, had with time become wholly different, just as an almond bough forks, so that the two parts, united at the bottom, are far apart at the top, and the one scatters its bitter perfume in the garden, while the other sheds its snowy blossoms outside the wall.

Year by year Tou became more imposing; his paunch rounded out more majestically, his triple chin looked more solemn. He now wrote only moral verses suitable for hanging on the posts of the pavilions.

Kouan, on the contrary, seemed to grow jollier as he grew older, and sang more delightedly than ever wine, flowers, and swallows. His mind, freed from vulgar cares, was quick and bright as that of a young man, and when the word to be set in verse had been announced, his hand did not hesitate for a second.

Little by little the two friends had got to hate each other. They never spoke but they irritated each other by sharp words; they were like two hedges bristling with thorns and briers. Matters came to such a pass that they ceased to have anything to do with each other, and hung on the front of their houses a tablet bearing a formal interdiction to the inhabitants of the neighbouring home ever to cross the threshold of theirs.

They would willingly have uprooted their homes and planted them elsewhere, but unfortunately this was not possible. Tou, indeed, tried to sell his property, but he could not get his price, and, besides, it is always unpleasant to have to leave the carved walls, the polished tables, the transparent windows, the gilded trellises, the bamboo seats, the porcelain vases, the red or black lacquer cabinets, the cartouches of ancient poems, which one has taken so much pains to arrange. It is hard to hand over to another man the garden one has planted with willow, peach and plum trees, and where, in each successive springtime, one has watched the blooming of the pretty mei flower. Each of these things binds the heart of man with a thread more tenuous than silk, but as hard to break as an iron chain.

At the time when Tou and Kouan were friends, they had each built a pavilion in their garden, upon the bank of a pond that was owned jointly by them. They used to enjoy greeting each other from the balcony and smoking a drop of burning opium upon the porcelain mushroom pipe as they exchanged kindly puffs. Since they had quarreled, however, they had built a wall that cut the pond into two equal parts; only, as the pond was deep, the wall rested upon piles forming low arches, through the openings of which passed the waters that reflected the pavilion on the other side.

Each pavilion was three stories in height, with receding terraces. The roofs, curved and turned up at the corners like clogs, were covered with round, shining tiles like the scales that cover the belly of carps. On each ridge were crocketings in the form of leaves and dragons. Red varnished pillars, joined by a traceried frieze, resembling the blade of a fan, supported the elegant roof. The shafts of these pillars rested upon a little low wall, overlaid with porcelain

squares arranged in pleasant symmetry, and protected by a railing of quaint design, the whole forming a sort of open gallery in front of the main building.

The same arrangement was repeated, with some variants, on each story. In the one case the porcelain tiles were replaced by *bassi-relievi* illustrating pastoral scenes; or a trellis work of curiously interlaced branches of quaintest twists took the place of the balcony, or, again, posts, painted in bright colours, formed pedestals on which were sat warty monsters and fantastic figures, the result of the union of every sort of impossibility. The buildings each ended in a wrought and gilded cornice, with a balustrade of bamboos, selected for the regularity of the knots, and adorned in each compartment with a ball of metal.

The interior was no less sumptuous. On the walls a skilful hand had inscribed in perpendicular lines, in gilded letters upon a lacquer background, verses of Tou Chi and Li Tai Pe. A milky, opaline light filtered through the windows, fitted with panes of talc. On the window sills artistically arranged pots of peonies, Chinese primroses, white blossomed erythrinas, delighted the eye with their delicate tints. Squares of beautiful flowered silk were placed in the corners of various rooms, and on the tables, that were polished like mirrors were always to be found toothpicks, fans, ebony pipes, brushes. and all necessary writing materials.

Artificial rockeries, in which grew willows and walnut trees, formed the foundations of these pretty buildings on the land side, while on the water side they rested on indestructible piles.

It was really a delightful spectacle to see the willows' golden filaments and silken tufts streaming down toward the surface of the water, and the brilliant colours of the pavilions reflected within a framework of multicoloured foliage.

In the crystal wave gambolled shoals of azure fishes, with golden scales; squadrons of pretty ducks with emerald necks sailed about in every direction, and the broad leaves of the nymphœa nelumbo spread out lazily under the diamond-like transparency of the lakelet, that was fed by a spring.

Save in the center, where the bottom was formed of exceedingly fine silvery sand, and where the bubbling up of the spring did not allow the water plants to take root, the rest of the pond was covered with the loveliest green velvet carpet that ever was seen, formed by great banks of water-cress.

But for the ugly wall erected by the reciprocal enmity of the two neighbours, there certainly would not have been anywhere in the Middle Empire, which, as every one knows, covers more than three-fourths of the earth's surface, a more picturesque and more delightful garden. Each one could have increased his property with the view over his neighbour's, for here below man can have only the outward aspect of things. Such as it was, however, no sage could have wished for a pleasanter and more agreeable retreat in which to end his days in the contemplation of nature and the charm of poetry.

All Tou and Kouan had gained by their quarrel was the sight of an ugly wall, and the depriving each other of the view of the lovely pavilions, but the thought of the annoyance they had inflicted on each other consoled them.

This state of things had lasted for some years, and nettles and other weeds had overgrown the paths that led from the one house to the other. The branches of the thorn bushes had become interlaced, as though to prevent any intercommunication. It looked as though the plants were aware of the dissensions between the two former friends, and took part in them by trying to separate them still further.

Meanwhile, Tou's wife and Kouan's had each given birth to a child. Mrs. Tou was the mother of a lovely girl, and Mrs. Kouan of the handsomest boy in the world. This happy event, which had brought joy to each household, was unknown to the other, for although their properties marched with each other, the two Chinamen lived as much apart as though their homes had been divided by the Yellow River or the Great Wall, and their mutual friends avoided making any allusion to the other family, while the respective servants had orders not to speak to each other when they met, under the pain of the lash and the cangue.

The boy was called Tchin Sing, and the girl Ju Kiouan, that is, Pearl and Jasper, names well borne out by their perfect beauty. As soon as they had grown up a little, the wall, which cut the pond into two parts and annoyingly closed the view on that side, excited their curiosity, and they asked their parents what there was on the other side of that erection so curiously placed in the centre of the stretch of water, and whose were the high trees the tops of which they could see. They were told that queer, disagreeable, unpleasant, and wholly unsociable people lived there, and that the

wall had been put up as a protection against these wicked neighbours. The children were satisfied with the explanation, and having become used to the wall, did not trouble about it any more.

Ju Kiouan grew in grace and perfection. She was skilled in all the occupations of her sex, and plied her needle with incomparable adroitness. The butterflies she embroidered upon satin seemed to be alive and to flutter their wings; one would have sworn that the birds she wrought upon her canvas could be heard singing, and more than one person bent down to breathe the perfume of the flowers she scattered upon it. Nor were Ju Kiouan's accomplishments confined to this; she knew by heart the Book of Odes and the Five Rules of Life, and never did a lighter hand trace on silk paper bolder and clearer characters. The flight of dragons is not swifter than her wrist when she sprayed the black ink with a brush. She knew all the poetic modes, the Slow, the Quick, the Elevated, the Re-entering, and composed very meritorious pieces on such subjects as naturally strike a maiden: the return of the swallows, the willows in springtime, the chrysanthemums, and other kindred topics. More than one scholar who considered himself worthy of bestriding the golden steed could not have improvised as easily as she did.

Nor had Tchin Sing profited less by his studies. His name stood first on the examiners' list, and although he was still very young, he might have worn the black cap, while every mother already reflected that a youth so learned would make an excellent son-in-law and would speedily attain to the highest literary dignities. Tchin Sing, however, replied pleasantly to the negotiators who were sent to him, and said that is was too early for him to marry, that he wished to enjoy his bachelor freedom for some time longer. He refused one after the other Hon Giu, Lo Men Gli, Oma, Po Fo and other very well-bred young ladies. Never was any youth more petted and the recipient of more advances, not even the handsome Fan Gan, whose carriage was filled with sweets and oranges by the ladies as he drove home after practising shooting with his bow and arrows. But Tchin Sing's heart appeared to be insensible to love, not through coldness, however, for by a thousand signs it was plain that he was tender-hearted; only it seemed as though he preserved the memory of some one he had known in a previous life and hoped to meet in this world. In vain were praised the willow leaf-like eyebrows, the tiny feet and the dragon-fly waists of the beauties proposed to him; he listened inattentively and as if his thoughts were elsewhere.

On her part Ju Kiouan proved no less difficult to please, and dismissed all her suitors, the one because he bowed ungracefully, the other because he was careless in his dress, a third because his handwriting was heavy and vulgar, a fourth because he did not know the Book of Verses—in a word, all suffered from some defect or other. Ju Kiouan drew such comical portraits of them that her parents were compelled to laugh at them, and as politely as possible show out the unfortunate suitor who had already imagined himself entering the Oriental pavilion.

At last the parents of the two young people began to feel some alarm at their persistent rejection of every match proposed to them. Mrs. Tou and Mrs. Kiouan, no doubt preoccupied by thoughts of settling their children, dreamed at night of what they thought of all day long, and one of their dreams made a great impression upon them. Mrs. Kouan dreamed that she saw upon her son's breast a jasper stone so marvelously polished that it gleamed like a carbuncle. On the other hand, Mrs. Tou dreamed that her daughter was wearing on her neck a pearl of the finest water and of priceless value. What could these two dreams mean? Did the vision vouchsafed to Mrs. Kouan foretell for Tchin Sing the honours of the Imperial Academy, and did that of Mrs. Tou presage that Ju Kiouan was to find a treasure buried in the garden or hidden under a stone of the hearth? This view was entirely reasonable, and more than one person would have been satisfied with it, but the worthy ladies saw in these visions allusions to excellent matches soon to be made by their respective children. Unfortunately, both Tchin Sing and Ju Kiouan persisted more resolutely than ever in their refusals and thus gave the lie to the prophecies.

Although they had no dreams, Kouan and Tou were also amazed at the young people's obstinacy, marriage being a ceremony which does not usually excite prolonged aversion in youths and maidens. They fancied that their resistance might be due to some secret attachment, but Tchin Sing paid attentions to no girl, and no young man wandered by the trellises of Ju Kiouan, as both families easily ascertained after a few days' watching. Mrs. Tou and Mrs. Kouan were therefore more

than ever convinced that the dreams foretold great destinies for their offspring.

The two ladies each went to consult the priest of the Temple of Fo, a handsome building with traceried roofs, round windows, a tower glittering with varnish and gilding, overlaid with votive tablets, adorned with flag-poles from which flew banners ornamented with monsters and dragons, and shaded by trees centuries old and of enormous size. After having burned gilded paper and perfumes before the idol, the priest told Mrs. Tou that the jasper must have the pearl, and told Mrs. Kouan that the pearl must have the jasper, as their union alone could put an end to all difficulties. Little satisfied with this ambiguous reply, the two ladies returned home, without having met in the temple, by a road different from that by which they had come, and as greatly perplexed as before.

Now it happened that Ju Kiouan was one day leaning on the balcony of the rustic pavilion precisely at the moment when Tchin Sing was doing the same. The weather was fine; there was not a cloud in the sky, nor wind enough to move the leaves of the quivering aspen, and not a ripple on the glass-smooth surface of the pond. Only now and again did a carp, leaping and gambolling, make a circle that soon disappeared. The trees on the bank were so accurately reflected in it that it was hard to tell the image from the reality; they looked like a forest planted upside down and uniting its roots with those of an identical wood; like a grove that had drowned itself for love, in a word. The fish seemed to swim in the foliage, and the birds to be flying in the water.

Ju Kiouan was amusing herself watching this wonderful transparency when, on glancing at that part of the pond that lay by the dividing wall, she saw the reflection of the opposite pavilion that spread to that point through the arch. She had never noticed this optical effect, which both surprised and interested her. She could make out the red pillars, the traceried frieze, the pots of chrysanthemums, the gilded vanes, and but that they were reversed by the reflection, she could have read the inscriptions on the tablets. But what most surprised her was to see leaning upon the rail of the balcony, in a position exactly like her own, a figure so like herself that, had it not shown from the other side of the wall, she would have taken it for her own image. It was the figure of Tchin Sing, and if my reader thinks it strange that a young fellow should be mistaken for a girl, I shall reply that Tchin Sing had taken off his licentiate's cap on account of the heat, that he was still very young and beardless, and that his delicate features, his smooth complexion and his brilliant eyes might well contribute to the illusion, which for the matter of that, was not of long duration. Ju Kiouan quickly felt, by the beating of her heart, that it was no girl whose image was reflected in the wave.

Until then she had not believed that earth held the being created for her, and she had often longed to possess one of Fargana's horses, that can travel three thousand miles in one day, so that she might seek him out in unknown space. She fancied her mate did not exist in this world, and that she would never know the happiness of the union of the teals. "Never," she would say to herself, "shall I consecrate on the altar of my ancestors the drop of water and the alisma, and I shall enter alone the grove of mulberries and elms."

But when she beheld the reflection in the water she knew that her beauty had a sister, or a brother, rather, and far from being annoyed at this, she felt exceedingly happy. The pride of being unique quickly yielded to love, for from that moment Ju Kiouan's heart was forever given. The exchange of a single glance, not even directly, but by reflection, is sufficient to bring about such a result. And let not Ju Kiouan be accused of frivolity on that account, and let it not be said that she was foolish to fall in love with a man merely for having seen his reflection in the water. What more, unless one had the advantage of long acquaintance, so that the character may be studied, does a girl see of a suitor? His outward aspect only, like his reflection in a mirror; and is it not the wont of maidens to judge of their future husbands by the enamel of their teeth and the cut of their nails?

Tchin Sing also had caught sight of the wondrous beauty.

"Am I dreaming, while awake?" he exclaimed. "Surely that lovely face sparkling in the crystal water was formed of the moon's silvery beams and of the most subtile aroma of the flowers on some spring night. Though I have never seen her, I recognize her: she is indeed the woman whose image in engraved on my heart, the fair unknown to whom I address my distichs and my quatrains."

Tchin Sing had got so far in his monologue, when he heard his father's voice calling to him.

"My son," said the old gentleman, "my friend Wing has called to propose a very rich and suitable match for you. The young lady has imperial blood in her veins; she is famous for her beauty, and has all the qualities fitted to make a husband happy."

Tchin Sing, full of the incident of the pavilion and burning with love for the girl whose image he had seen in the water, refused unhesitatingly. His father, transported with rage, lost his temper and hurled the fiercest threats at him.

"You scoundrel," cried the old gentleman, "it you persist in your obstinacy, I shall ask the magistrate to have you imprisoned in the fortress held by the Western barbarians, and from which nothing can be seen save rocks washed by the waves, mountains capped with clouds, and dark waters traversed by those monstrous inventions of the evil genii, which travel with paddles and vomit fetid smoke. There you will have leisure to reflect and to mend your ways."

These threats did not greatly frighten Tchin Sing, who replied that he was ready to accept the first bride that came along, provided it were not the one now offered him.

The next day, at the same hour, he returned to the rural pavilion, and as on the previous day, he leaned over the railing of the balcony. In a few minutes, he saw Ju Kiouan's image reflected on the water like a bouquet of submerged flowers. The young man put his hand to his heart, kissed the tips of his fingers and blew the kiss to the reflection with a gesture full of grace and love.

A smile of happiness bloomed like a pomegranate bud in the transparent water, and proved to Tchin Sing that he was not indifferent to the fair unknown, but as it is not possible to carry on a long conversation with a reflection of which the body is invisible, he made a sign that he was about to write, and returned into the pavilion. A few minutes later he came out, holding a square of tinted silver paper on which he had improvised a declaration of love in seven syllables. He rolled it up and enclosed it in the calyx of a flower, which he put into a broad water-lily leaf, and placed the parcel gently on the water.

A light air, that arose most seasonably, drove the love letter towards one of the bays in the wall, so that all Ju Kiouan had to do was to bend and pick it up. Fearful of being surprised, she withdrew to her most secret chamber, and there read with infinite pleasure the expressions of love and the metaphors of which Tchin Sing had made use. Besides the delight of being loved, she had the satisfaction of being so by a scholarly man, for the beauty of the handwriting, the selection of the words, the excellence of the rhymes and the brilliancy of the images testified to his admirable education. What most struck her was the name Tchin Sing. She had too often heard her mother tell of her dreaming of a pearl not to be struck by this coincidence, and she did not for a moment doubt but that Tchin Sing was the husband Heaven meant for her.

The next day, as the wind had gone round, Ju Kiouan sent in the same way towards the opposite pavilion, a reply in verse, in which, in spite of the modesty natural in a girl, it was easy to read that she shared Tchin Sing's love.

As he read the signature to the letter, Tchin could not repress an exclamation of surprise:

"Jasper! Was not that the gem my mother saw in her dream gleaming upon my breast like a carbuncle? Decidedly, I must call at that house, for it is there that dwells the bride promised me by the spirits of night."

But as he started to go out, he remembered the dissensions which divided the owners, and the prohibitions inscribed upon the tablets. Not knowing what he had best do, he told the whole story to his mother. Meanwhile Ju Kiouan had told her's everything that had passed. The names Jasper and Pearl appeared to the two ladies to solve the riddle, and they returned to the Temple of Fo to consult the priest.

The priest replied that they had rightly interpreted the dream, and that if they did not conform to it they would incur the wrath of Heaven. Moved by the entreaties of the two mothers, and also by some presents they gave him, he undertook to talk to both Tou and Kouan; and he so neatly trapped them that, when they learned who were the parties to the proposed match, they had already given their consent.

When the pair met, the two old friends wondered at having quarrelled for such slight reasons, and felt how much they had lost by their separation. The wedding took place, and Pearl and Jasper were at last able to converse in a more agreeable way than by the medium of their reflections. Were they any the happier for it? I dare not venture to affirm it, for happiness is often but an image in water.

# Catnip

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Achmed Abdullah

MOHAMMED S. PILKINGTON purred, stretched himself, then suddenly jumped sideways into the air and began playing one of those mysterious and lonely cat games with an air of absorbed dignity. As suddenly, he ceased his game, landed softly on all fours, held out a bluish-gray velvet paw, inspected it closely, licked it, and used it as a sponge to wash his left ear. A minute later he stopped and cocked his flat head to one side as if listening to something invisible, found that something not worth his while, and continued his toilet, but this time on an entirely new part of his furred body. Again he stopped, again purred, staring absent-mindedly at a ray of sunshine that danced through the Venetians and mirrored the untinctured splendour of a late autumn afternoon on the sombre richness of the salon: the Ispahan rug of claret and royal purple, the age-toned Bokharan embroideries on the walls, the pillows of sumptuous Haidarabad gold brocade that were heaped on the large ottoman, the triangular tulip-wood cabinet filled with the precious, mellow trifles of Asia—glazed potteries from the days of the Ch'u emperors, lac-inlaid ivories from Vizagapatam, jade tortoises from Allahabad, beaten Dravidian gold work on a basis of wax, Kien-Lung beakers in rust-red and aubergine, imperial Ming porcelain with the true marks of Hung-wo and Yung-lo, and centuries-old plates, of a wondrous, robin's-egg blue, that had once belonged to a princess of Persia's Paishdadian Dynasty.

It was because of the oriental bric-a-brac, and chiefly because of the Persian plates, that Mohammed S. Pilkington, perhaps obeying an atavistic impulse, preferred this room.

For while he was, on his father's side, the descendant of a strictly Lutheran, Holland-Dutch tom-cat who had crossed the Atlantic aboard a high-pooped, square-rigged frigate mounted with brass culverins in the days when New York was still New Amsterdam, his mother's people, though settled for generations in the most exclusive Knickerbocker houses, had originally been Persian and Moslem; and there was a tradition in his family that one of his maternal ancestors had purred in the loose sleeve of Tareq ibn Ziad's silken, pistachio-and-lemon burnoose when that redoubtable warrior had taken ship from Morocco to bring the Spanish peninsula under the heel and simitar of Islam.

Mohammed S. Pilkington liked to speculate about his oriental ancestry. It helped to excuse, to himself and to others, his many peccadillos.

He yawned now with elaborate slowness, exposing pink gums, two perfect rows of small, pointed, snowy-white teeth, and a rough, grayish tongue. He stretched his left hind-leg. Then, suddenly, he shook his head, frowned with forehead and whiskers, and blinked flat, elfin-green eyes. For he had felt just the faintest twinge of rheumatism—and it annoyed him, less physically than psychologically.

He lay still, considered, then rose and walked over to the tall Florentine cheval-glass in the next room and surveyed himself. He looked into it often. For being a natural cat, he was a vain cat, and being an honest cat, he was not ashamed of being vain. And as he studied his likeness in the mirror he told himself that he had reasons for this vanity. He was, indeed, still good looking, in spite of his eleven years. His fur was thick and bluish and glossy; he had not too much fat on his body; and his flat head, with the bumps of obstinacy sharply marked and furrowed by the dark chasm of cynical, green eyes, showed strength and character and a

certain regal brutality. It was the sort of face that women cats admired, and the latter counted greatly in Mohammed S. Pilkington's life.

Not that he was altogether a sensualist. But the female of his species seemed to him, somehow, the barometer of his success and of his cathood. She was the yardstick by which he measured himself against the world.

He had never thought of marriage. It is a moot point whether he was really too selfish for the responsibilities involved, or afraid of them. But once, in answer to the question of Randolph Montague—a Southern cat of old F. F. V. lineage, who lived in the house next door and whose philosophy of life was distinctly old-fashioned, reminiscent of Robert E. Lee and magnolia blossoms and corn pone—in answer to the other's question why he did not marry and settle down, he had replied that he was entirely too civilized to indulge in the luxury of that displeasure.

The other cat had laughed, and had called it a clever epigram. But Mohammed S. Pilkington had been quite serious. He had meant it.

He thought of it now as he surveyed himself in the glass with the keen scrutiny of a critic, like a warrior who puts on his armour for the coming battle. He smiled at the reflection in the mirror, moistened his left paw, and gave his whiskers a final twist.

"You'll do, old fruit!" he purred to himself, and leaped onto the window-sill.

"Don't you think you ought to take some of that catnip before you go out?" came a meowing from the threshold.

"No!" he hissed curtly.

He did not look at the speaker who stepped fully into the room, a short, stocky, white and black female cat with full whiskers, a tiny, pink button of a nose, and twinkling emerald eyes. She was a widow and attached to the basement kitchen. Of Scotch-Irish breed, born in the blackest purlieus of Belfast, she usually carried her tail high in the air, as if it were wired, and purred to this day with a decided burr.

"Why not take some of the catnip, Mr. Pilkington?" she insisted. "I was over to the butcher's on an errand—" she gave a little cough and looked slightly guilty, "and I assure you there is a chill in the air." She pointed with her tail through the window at the horizon, where a high wind rode a wracked sky. "October!" she went on. "Winter's near. Over in the park the leaves are beginning to turn red—and you with your rheumatism and all——"

"I don't feel cold!" he said, about to leap out.

"Faith! But you'll *catch* cold!"

"Please leave me alone, Mrs. Casey!"

"Hm!" she meowed. "You never did have too much sense! Why—I knew you when you were a kitten!"

He did not reply.

"Chasing after women-cats again?" she went on.

"No. I'm just going for a constitutional across the roofs."

"I don't believe you, Mr. Pilkington!"

"Oh——?"

"Sure! I know where your roof-rides wind up generally. You haven't changed much since they fed you warm milk with a medicine dropper!"

"All right, all right!" he hissed, thoroughly exasperated. "I won't begin to change now."

"You won't because you can't. You're too old."

"Oh—am I, Mrs. Casey?" His whiskers quivered with rage. He clenched his claws.

"You are, Mr. Pilkington. You hardly touched your liver this morning."

"I wasn't hungry."

"Tell it to the marines!" she sneered. "I know tom-cats! Why—as I used to say to the late Mr. Casey—when a tom-cat does not go after his liver in the morning as chipper as a squirrel—well—it means age. Unless it means drink—and you aren't what I would call a drinking-cat, Mr. Pilkington! Take my advice, and leave that roof-gallivanting to the younger cats—who have lots of fresh, warm blood. What you need is early to bed and a good, stiff dose of catnip!"

He did not reply. But the ugly suspicion crossed his mind that she might be right.

He remembered that this morning, for the first time since he had come to live in this house, the clanking, crashing four-ton drays that crossed the Avenue on their way to the water front, had waked him before his usual hour. For the first time he had resisted the invitation of raw liver, and had eaten nothing for breakfast except a few crumbs of white bread in a tiny bowl of milk. And then that twinge of rheumatism . . .

"Why——" Mrs. Casey's sharp voice cut into his reverie, "it used to be the women who ran after you—many's the time I watched those hussies over yonder on the

back fence, making fools of themselves! And now? Bah! It's yourself who is doing all the running after!"

Quite suddenly Mohammed S. Pilkington purred, rather a frank, boyish purr. He jumped down from the window-sill, leaped up to Mrs. Casey, and nipped her tail playfully.

"You are partly right," he said, "and partly wrong, dear old trout!"

"How so?"

"You are right about my going out to keep a rendezvous with the female of the species."

"I knew it!" she meowed.

"And wrong—which proves, incidentally, that I'm not as decrepit as you try to make out—about my running after her!"

"Is that so?"

"Indeed. I am going to meet her because she asked me. *She*—asked *me!* Last night, when I happened to run across her in the Montagues' yard!"

Mrs. Casey was not impressed.

"Sure!" she said. "I can imagine the type. One of that fast Upper West Side married tabby set, I wager! Or one of that Ritz gang with unpaid bridge debts and artificial tortoise-shell hair!"

"Wrong again! She's a young, unmarried girl."

"A Junior League débutante, eh? The sort who thinks that age in a man means a new thrill—a new sophistication!"

"Wrong for the third time! She's just a cute little, unspoiled flapper. She doesn't even know my name—doesn't realize my wealth or social position." He jumped back on the window-sill. "So long, Mrs. Casey!" he laughed.

He leaped out; and, just as he cleared the back fence, he heard her calling after him:

"All the same I wish you'd taken a dose of catnip, sir. You need it."

"Aggravating old soul—but loyal to the marrow of her tail!" he thought to himself as, watching his chance, he crossed the Avenue and turned north.

"At half-past six, round the corner of the gas-house, on Seventy-seventh Street!" the little flapper-cat had whispered to him the night before.

A far church bell was tolling the quarter-hour, but already Mohammed S. Pilkington was at the place of rendezvous, softly, impatiently kneading the ground with his front paws. He blinked, meowed, nosed about in all directions, made sudden little excursions here and there. Presently he walked over to a tree-stump, stiffened his legs, arched his back, and rubbed himself vigourously against the rough bark. For—was it that Mrs. Casey's remarks had got beneath his pelt; was it, somehow, the high autumn wind which boomed from the river—he considered, with rather a bitter smile curling his whiskers, that formerly he would have been from ten to fifteen minutes late, would have loped up, swinging his tail negligently from side to side—and it was she who would have waited for him, nervous, expectant.

To-day it was the other way about. *He* was waiting. *He* was nervous and expectant; and so, with a tom-cat's typical lack of logic, knowing that it was illogical, yet finding a certain relief in it, he swore at Mrs. Casey. Somehow the thought of her suggested that it was really getting to be a little chilly. Perhaps, he told himself, she had been right and he should have taken a dose of catnip. Perhaps his system needed a tonic. . . .

"Damn that nagging old tabby!" he thought; and he ran rapidly up and down to get warmer.

A chill wind jumped up from the river, leaped high, met the northern wind that cut the upper air, blended with it, dropped down, sobbing and moaning and whistling. It rattled the anemic tracery of the trees near the gas-tower, blowing the dry, crimson and gold leaves in a fantastic whirl. Formerly Mohammed S. Pilkington would have chased them, pawed at them and played with them, making believe they were moths, or mice, or butterflies. To-day, listlessly, he watched them rise and fall on the wings of the wind, fluttering like the souls of homeless cats—to end in some miry, wayside puddle.

Again he shivered. The wind piped meanly, dismally. Far in the north was a dull thunder glow, and the distant houses looked like flakes of snow, dropped on a sullen slab of granite. Clouds came—a threat of rain, and he hated rain.

There was a tang of winter, sharp, sudden, saddening. He switched his bushy tail nervously. It was getting darker . . .

"Hello, there!" a low meow came from the gloom, and he turned, looked.

It was the flapper.

She was a cat of the people, a plain alley and ashbin tabby, smoke-gray with white stockings. There was about her no suggestion of perfumed talc and delicate brushing, of dainty food and sumptuous pillows. But her flat, triangular face was pretty and small and alluringly pert with the pertness

of the East Side back yards. Her nose was of an adorable rose-pink; in the ice-green depths of her eyes was just a faint, violet-blue memory of Erin; and her whiskers were like a glorious aureole. Many a Junior League débuntante-pussy, many a pampered, diabetic Ritz and Southampton Angora would have given months of her life to own those whiskers—and they were natural, not artificial.

He felt a warm glow run through his veins, straight up to his tail that rose at right angles, stiffening and bushing.

He smiled at her. She smiled back.

He purred at her. She purred back.

He rubbed against her. She rubbed back.

He switched his tail. She switched hers.

He told himself, rather defiantly, that he was quite sure of his own charm and strength and virile cathood. He would speak to her of love and passion after his lawless manner. He opened his lips, about to address her; then, suddenly, closed them without saying a word. For he sensed again a chilly touch freezing his bones. He gave a little cough—and it was she who spoke first:

"Swell weather, ain't it?"

"Yes," he said, shivering, "corking!"

"You've meowed a mouthful! Me—I love this sorta weather . . ."

She talked on—about the weather, about herself, about her beaux, about her girl friends.

"Say — there's Rose O'Halloran — the chinchilla from round at Rivington! Chinchilla—my hat!" she sniffed. "Gawd! I know how she gets her complexion—rubs coal clinkers into her pelt—sure—I seen her when she done it . . ."

Mohammed S. Pilkington hardly listened. He was angry with himself. Formerly he had been able to talk to the female of the species, to all breeds, all classes. His purr had held glittering gifts, and they had drunk it as gold. To-night, with this adorable little tabby rubbing against him, he felt something like mental and physical apathy. He did not know what to say. He caught her looking at him, surprised at his silence, her glorious whiskers curled in a little smile of puzzled and rather affectionate wonder.

"Say—" she asked—"ain't you feeling good, Mister?"

"Oh, yes——"

A dull, rheumatic pain stirred in him. Again he thought of Mrs. Casey. The thought enraged him.

Still — he wondered — should he have taken a dose of catnip—?

The tabby rattled on, and presently he smiled at her, at her lack of sophistication. To her everything was young and real and colourful and romantic. This rendezvous, in back of the gas-tower—it was romantic! He himself—to her he was romantic, with a spice of attractive wickedness . . .

"Mother don't know I'm meeting a tom-cat. You bet your nine lives she don't! She thinks I'm out with Mamie Einstein—from over at the kosher butcher's. Mamie is one white Jew-cat, believe me! Say—but mother's the strict old dame—she was brung up in the old country . . ."

He rubbed more closely against her, shooting out his claws, drawing them in again, accepting the undisguised admiration with which she regarded him. The dull pain of apathy had left momentarily. Listening to her girlish confidences, he felt conscious of a rush of poignant and searching tenderness. The wind had died. The afternoon, drawing toward its close, was peaceful. Tiny flecks of gold were in the air; they ran together like kittens at play; they transformed themselves into strips of transparent cloth of gold. Even the somber, squat contours of the gas-tower shone like an amethyst jewel, and the lanky trees took dreamy, feathery outlines against the horizon.

Mohammed S. Pilkington did not speak, except an occasional, deep-purring "yes" or "no." Her words—for she kept on talking—meant nothing to him. He hardly listened, hardly cared what she said. He only knew that she was a female cat, the barometer of his existence, its intimate and final meaning and soul——

He felt the warmth of her, the youth of her, and there rose in him a great longing for the pert sweetness of her face, the ice-green mystery of her eyes, the softness of her young body.

He knew that he would only have to meow one word, and she would come to him, to sacrifice the splendour of her youth to the momentary mood of his ripe, surfeited cathood; he remembered that always—always succeeding—he had claimed the beauty of the cats who crossed his path of life in fee-simple for his passions.

He stared at her. He switched his tail. He flattened his ears.

"Dear—" he purred thickly— "Oh, my dear . . ."

"Yes—?" She smiled up at him, expectantly, a little tremulously.

Then, his tail switching ever more violently, his claws opening and closing and opening and closing, he spoke, as he had often spoken in the past. At first his words were subtle, measured, deliberate. Then he was carried away on the flood of his own eloquence. A rasping sound, almost a growl, came into his purr. He did love her, this little slangy East Side ashbin tabby, he told himself; loved her more than he thought; and so his emotional outburst grew beyond his power of thinking; it pulsed with a genuine, mellow intensity of which he himself was hardly aware. The growl of passion in his throat grew louder and louder. It peaked a sudden, sharp octave. His tail went, left, right, left, right, like a flail——

"Gwan!" she said. "Gee—tell me some more! You sure know how to say things to a goil. . . ."

"I—I. . . ." he hissed.

Quite suddenly he was silent. The wind had boomed up again, clammy and chilly with the mist of evening. It struck him bodily straight between the shoulder-blades. It made him cough. He was sorry that he had not listened to Mrs. Casey, that he had not taken the catnip. After all, it was October, autumn—and the leaves were turning red.

"Wot's the matter?" she demanded.

"Nothing—nothing!" He blinked at her. "Tell me—are you warm enough?"

"Me? Sure—I'm as warm as toast, Mister!"

He looked at her. He saw that she was aglow with youth and warmth, though the wind was ruffling her glossy pelt.

Youth and warmth. And this was October. And the leaves were dry and red. And the wind—how bitter and cutting it was!

He stared straight ahead.

A faint, silver-gray cloud bank was flung like a mountain against the horizon. Beneath the puffed sky the houses seemed naked and uninviting. The wind piped shrilly, triumphantly. The trees creaked and moaned. The brittle, crimson leaves whispered restlessly and dropped, one by one.

"Say, Mister!" called the tabby. "Come along! Let's see who can catch it foist!"—running after one of the whirling leaves, clawing at it, leaping high into the air with all the strength and energy of her lithe young body.

But he did not reply. All at once he made up his mind. He loped away, without a word, his tail dragging on the ground—home—across back yard and back fence.

"You are right," he said to Mrs. Casey as he entered the house. "It's pretty chilly to-day."

"Didn't catch cold, Mr. Pilkington?"

"I hope not. And—" a little embarrassed, "ah—Mrs. Casey?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Got any catnip?"

"Yes. In the kitchen. Shall I bring you some, sir?"

"No, thanks. I'll come down with you and take a little. It's warmer in the basement, I fancy."

And so, at the end of the week, when Mr. James de Puyster, the owner of the house, turned to his wife across the breakfast table and asked what had become of Mohammed S. Pilkington—he had not seen the cat for a number of days—Mrs. de Puyster smiled.

"Queer animals — cats!" she replied. "Remember how he used to hate the kitchen? And the little tabby that belongs to the Jap cook—remember how Mohammed S. used to spit and growl at her whenever they met?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"Mohammed S. lives down there now altogether. Absolutely refuses to come up. And he and the tabby are inseparable—almost like man and wife. Queer animals—cats!" she repeated, as she dipped her spoon into the grapefruit. "No logic or sequence to what they do!"

"Aha—" mumbled Mr. de Puyster, propping the morning paper against the coffee urn.

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The turtle is held in low esteem in China . . . and to call a person a "turtle's egg" is practically to go the limit in Chinese invective.

If one Chinese simply steps up to his enemy and inquires in a most casual manner whether it will rain tomorrow, he has uttered a fighting word. Why? From a Chinese point of view, it's simple. The turtle is the only animal which can foretell the weather, say the Chinese; therefore to imply that a person can foretell the weather is correspondingly to imply that he is a turtle, grown from a turtle's egg. RANDALL GOULD.

# Moses Sees the Lord

By DAVID P. BERENBERG

AND the Lord said, "Moses."
And the Lord said, "See."
And the Lord said, "Moses,
I'm a burning tree."

And the Lord said, "Moses,
I'm a cloud of fire."
And the Lord said, "Moses,
What is your desire?"

"Lord, oh Lord," said Moses,
"There my people lie,
Bound in chains," said Moses,
"There they toil and die."

And the Lord said, "Moses,
Shall I set them free?"
And the Lord said, "Moses,
What are they to me?

"I can be a whirlwind,
I can be a snake,
I can be a locust swarm
Or a wooden stake.
I can be a sandstorm,
I can be a flood,
I can be a darkness
Or a sea of blood."

And the Lord said, "Moses,
Tell me what to be."
And the Lord said, "Moses,
Nothing's hard for me."

"Lord, oh Lord," said Moses,
"Even in my sleep,
Lord, oh Lord," said Moses,
"I hear my people weep."

And the Lord said, "Moses,
I can be a gleam."
And the Lord said, "Moses,
I can be a dream."

"Lord, oh Lord," said Moses,
"Be what you can be.
Lord, oh Lord," said Moses,
"Set my people free."

And the Lord was silent,
Silent for a space,
And the Lord was silent,
Then he set his face.

And the Lord said, "Moses,
There upon the ground,"
And the Lord said, "Moses,
Lie your people bound.

"Bond for bond, old Moses!
If I set them free,
Free from Pharaoh, Moses,
They are bound to me!"

And the Lord said, "Moses,
Will you have them so?
If you will, old Moses,
Tell them they may go!"

"Lord, oh Lord," said Moses,
"Free them from this land,
I myself will bring them
Bound, unto your hand.

"Lord, oh Lord," said Moses,
"Bind them, hands and feet;
I myself will bring them
To your judgment seat."

And the Lord said, "Moses,
You have said the word."
And the Lord said, "Moses,
Bring to me my herd.

"I can be a fire,
I can be a sea,
I can be desire,
I can be a tree.
I can be a windblast,
I can be a chain.
I can be a pestilence,
Or a seed of grain.
I can be the west wind
Playing on the waves,
I can be a master
Over many slaves."

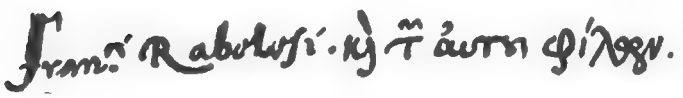
And the Lord said, "Moses,
I can be a thought."
And the Lord said, "Moses,
And perhaps I ought."

"Lord, oh Lord," said Moses,
"Be what you will be.
Lord, oh Lord," said Moses,
"Now at last we're free."

Then there was a whisper
And a little laugh.
Moses never heard it,
Leaning on his staff.

# Do What You Will

## By FRANÇOIS RABELAIS



From the Urquhart-Motteux Translation

### How Gargantua Caused to be Built for the Monk the Abbey of Theleme

THERE was left onely the Monk to provide for, whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seville, but he refused it; he would have given him the Abby of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent, which was the better, or both, if it pleased him; but the Monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of Monks. For how shall I be able (said he) to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself: if you think I have done you, or may hereafter do any acceptable service, give me leave to found an Abby after my owne minde and fancie; the notion pleased Gargantua very well, who thereupon offered him all the Countrey of Theleme by the river of Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-huaut: the Monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others.

First then (said Gargantua) you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other Abbies are strongly walled and mured about: See (said the Monk), and not without cause, (seeing wall and mure signifie but one and the same thing); where there is mur before and mur behinde, there is store of murmur, envie and mutual conspiracie. Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world, whereof the custome is, if any woman come in (I mean chaste and honest women) they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon: therefore was it ordained that if any man or woman entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new Abbey, all the roomes should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed; and because in all other Monasteries and Nunneries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by houres, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither Clock nor Dial, but that according to the opportunities, and incident occasions, all their hours should be disposed of; for (said Gargantua) the greatest losse of time, that I know, is to count the hours, what good comes of it? now can there be any greater dotage in the world then for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a Bell, and not by his owne judgement and discretion.

Item, Because at that time they put no women into Nunneries, but such as were either purblinde, blinkards, lame, crooked, ill-favoured, mis-shapen, fooles, senselesse, spoyled or corrupt; nor encloystered any men, but those that were either sickly, subject to defluxions, ill-bred lowts, simple sots, or peevish trouble-houses: but to the purpose; (said the monk) A woman that is neither faire nor good, to what use serves she? To make a Nunne of, said Gargantua: Yea, said the Monk, and to make shirts and smocks; therefore was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not faire, well featur'd, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable and well conditioned.

Item, Because in the convents of women men come not but under-hand, privily, and by stealth, it was therefore enacted, that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, Because both men and women, that are received into religious orders after the expiring of their noviciat or probation-year, were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life, it was therefore ordered, that all whatever, men or women, admitted within this Abbey,

should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment, whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, for that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three Vows, to wit, those of chastity, poverty and obedience, it was therefore constituted and appointed, that in this Convent they might be honourably married, that they might be rich and live at liberty. In regard to the legitimat time of the persons to be initiated, and years under, and above, which they were not capable of reception, the women were to be admitted from ten till fifteen, and the men from twelve till eighteen.

### How the Abbey of the Thelemites Was Built and Endowed

For the fabrick and furniture of the Abbey, Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money seven and twenty hundred thousand, eight hundred and one and thirty of those golden rams of Berrie, which have a sheep stamped on the one side, and a flowred crosse on the other; and for every yeare, until the whole work was compleated, he allotted threescore nine thousand crowns of the Sunne, and as many of the seven starres, to be charged all upon the receit of the custom. For the foundation and maintenance thereof forever, he settled a perpetual fee-farm-rent of three and twenty hundred, threescore and nine thousand, five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, exempted from all homage, fealty, service or burden whatsoever, and payable every yeare at the gate of the Abbey; and of this by letters pattent passed a very good grant. The Architecture was in a figure hexagonal, and in such a fashion, that in every one of the six corners there was built a great round tower of threescore foot in diameter, and were all of a like forme and bignesse. Upon the north-side ran along the river of Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctick: going towards the East, there was another called Calaer, the next following Anatole, the next Mesembrine, the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Every tower was distant from other the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole Ædifice was every where six stories high, reckoning the Cellars under ground for one; the second was arched after the fashion of a basket-handle; the rest were seeled with pure wainscot, flourished with Flanders fret-work, in the forme of the foot of a lamp; and covered above with fine slates, with an indorsement of lead, carrying the antick figures of little puppets, and animals of all sorts, notably well suited to one another, and guilt, together with the gutters, which, jetting without the walls from betwixt the crosse barres in a diagonal figure, painted with gold and azur, reach'd to the very ground, where they ended into great conduit-pipes, which carried all away unto the river from under the house.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent then ever was Bonnivet, Chambourg or Chantillie; for there were in it nine thousand, three hundred and two and thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing room, a handsom closet, a wardrobe, an oratory, and neat passage, leading into a great and spacious hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of building, there was a paire of winding (such as we now call lantern) staires, whereof the steps were part of Porphyrie, (which is a dark red marble, spotted with white), part of Numidian stone, (which is a kind of yellowishly streaked marble upon various colours), and part of Serpentine marble, (with light spots on a dark green ground) each of these steps being two and twenty foot in length, and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every rest, or, (as we now terme it), landing place. In every resting place were two faire antick arches where the light came in: and by those they went into a Cabinet, made even with and of the bredth of the said winding, and the re-ascending above the roofs of the house, ended conically in a pavillion: By that vize or winding, they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls, into the chambers; from the Arctick tower unto the Criere, were the faire great libraries in Greek, Latine, Hebrew, French, Italian and Spanish, respectively distributed in their several cantons, according to the diversity of these languages. In the midst there was a wonderful scalier or winding-staire, the entry whereof was without the house, in a vault or arch six fathom broad. It was made in such symmetrie and largenesse, that six men at armes with their lances in their rests might together in a breast ride all up to the very top of all the Palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were faire spacious galleries, all coloured over and painted with the ancient prowesses, histories and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate, as we said there was on the river-side.

Upon that gate was written in great antick letters, that which followeth.

THE INSCRIPTION SET UPON THE GREAT GATE OF THELEME

Here enter not vile bigots, hypocrites,
Externally devoted Apes, base snites,
Puft up, wry-necked beasts, worse then the Huns
Or Ostrogots, forerunners of baboons:
Curst snakes, dissembled varlots, seeming Sancts,
Slipshod caffards, beggars pretending wants,
Fat chuffcats, smell-feast knockers, doltish gulls,
Out-strouting cluster-fists, contentious bulls,
Fomenters of divisions and debates,
Elsewhere, not here, make sale of your deceits.

Your filthy trumperies
Stuff't with pernicious lies,
(Not worth a bubble)
Would do but trouble,
Our earthly Paradise
Your filthy trumperies.

Here enter not Atturneys, Barristers,
Nor bridle champing law-Practitioners:
Clerks, Commissaries, Scribes nor Pharisees,
Wilful disturbers of the Peoples ease:
Judges, destroyers, with an unjust breath,
Of honest men, like dogs, ev'n unto death.
Your salarie is at the gibet-foot:
Go drink there; for we do not here fly out
On those excessive courses, which may draw
A waiting on your courts by suits in law.

Law-suits, debates and wrangling
Hence are exil'd, and jangling.
Here we are very
Frolic and merry.
And free from all intangling,
Law-suits, debates and wrangling.

Here enter not base pinching Usurers,
Pelf-lickers, everlasting gatherers.
Gold-graspers, coine-gripers, gulpers of mists:
Niggish deformed sots, who, through your chests
Vast summes of money should to you affoard,
Would ne'erthelesse adde more unto that hoard,
And yet not be content, you cluntchfist dastards,
Insatiable fiends, and Plutoes bastards.
Greedie devourers, chichie sneakbill rogues,
Hell-mastiffs gnaw your bones, you rav'nous dogs.

You beastly looking fellowes,
Reason doth plainly tell us,
That we should not
To you allot
Roome here, but at the Gallowes,
You beastly looking fellowes.

Here enter not fond makers of demurres
In love adventures, peevish, jealous curres,
Sad pensive dotards, raisers of garboyles,
Hags, goblins, ghosts, firebrands of houshold broyls,
Nor drunkards, liars, cowards, cheaters, clowns,
Theeves, cannibals, faces o'recast with frowns,
Nor lazie slugs, envious, covetous:
Nor blockish, cruel, nor too credulous.
Here mangie, pockie folks shall have no place,
No ugly lusks, nor persons of disgrace.

Grace, honour, praise, delight,
Here sojourn day and night.
Sound bodies lin'd
With a good minde,
Do here pursue with might
Grace, honour, praise, delight.

Here enter you, and welcom from our hearts,
All noble sparks, endow'd with gallant parts.
This is the glorious place, which bravely shall
Afford wherewith to entertain you all.
Were you a thousand, here you shall not want
For anything; for what you'l ask we'l grant.
Stay here, you lively, jovial, handsom, brisk,
Gay, witty, frolick, chearful, merry, frisk,
Spruce, jocund, courteous, furtherers of trades,
And in a word, all worthy gentile blades.

Blades of heroick breasts
Shall taste here of the feasts,
Both privily
And civilly
Of the celestial guests,
Blades of heroick breasts.

Here enter you, pure, honest, faithful, true,
Expounders of the Scriptures old and new
Whose glosses do not blind our reason, but
Make it to see the clearer, and who shut
Its passages from hatred, avarice,

Pride, factious cov'nants, and all sort of vice.
Come, settle here a charitable faith,
Which neighbourly affection nourisheth.
And whose light chaseth all corrupters hence,
Of the blest Word, from the aforesaid sense.

The holy sacred Word
May it alwayes afford
T'us all in common
Both man and woman
A sp'ritual shield and sword,
The holy sacred Word.

Here enter you all Ladies of high birth,
Delicious, stately, charming, full of mirth,
Ingenious, lovely, miniard, proper, faire,
Magnetick, graceful, splendid, pleasant, rare,
Obliging, sprightly, vertuous, young, solacious,
Kind, neat, quick, feat, bright, compt, ripe, choice, dear, precious.
Alluring, courtly, comely, fine, compleat,
Wise, personable, ravishing and sweet.
Come joyes enjoy, the Lord celestial
Hath giv'n enough, wherewith to please us all.

Gold give us, God forgive us,
And from all woes relieve us.
That we the treasure
May reap of pleasure.
And shun what e're is grievous,
Gold Give us, God forgive us.

### What Manner of Dwelling the Thelemites Had

In the middle of the lower Court there was a stately fountain of faire Alabaster, upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with their cornucopias, or hornes of abundance, and did jert out the water at their breasts, mouth, eares, eyes, and other open passages of the body; the inside of the buildings in this lower Court stood upon great pillars of Cassydonie stone, and Porphyrie marble, made arch-wayes after a goodly antick fashion. Within those were spacious galleries, long and large, adorned with curious pictures, the hornes of Bucks and Unicornes: with Rhinoceroses, water-horses called Hippopotames, the teeth and tusks of Elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodging of the Ladies (for so we may call those gallant women) took up all from the tower Arctick unto the gate Mesembrine: the men possessed the rest, before the said lodging of the Ladies, that they might have their recreation between the two first towers. On the out-side, were placed the tilt-yard, the barriers or lists for turnements, the hippodrome or riding Court, the theater or publike play-house, and Natatorie or place to swim in, with most admirable bathes in three stages, situated above one another, well furnished with all necessary accommodation, and store of myrtle-water. By the river-side was the faire garden of pleasure; and in the midst of that the glorious labyrinth. Between the two other towers were the Courts for the tennis and the baloon. Towards the tower Criere stood the Orchard full of all fruit-trees, set and ranged in a quincuncial order. At the end of that was the great Park, abounding with all sort of Venison. Betwixt the third couple of towers were the butts and marks for shooting with a snap-work gun, an ordinary bow for common archery, or with a Crosse bowe. The office-houses were without the tower Hesperie, of one story high. The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconrie, managed by ostridge-keepers and Falconers, very expert in the art, and it was yearly supplied and furnished by the Canadians, Venetians, Sarmates (now called Moscoviters) with all sorts of most excellent hawks, eagles, ger-falcons, gosehawkes, sacres, lanners, falcons, sparhawks, Marlins, and other kindes of them, so gentle and perfectly well manned, that flying of themselves sometimes from the Castle for their own disport, they would not faile to catch whatever they encountred. The Venerie where the Beagles and Hounds were kept, was a little farther off drawing towards the Park.

All the halls, chambers, and closets or cabinets, were richly hung with tapestrie, and hangings of divers sorts, according to the variety of the seasons of the year. All the pavements and floors were covered with green cloth: the beds were all embroidered: in every back-chamber or withdrawing room there was a looking-glasse of pure crystal set in a frame of fine gold, garnished all about with pearles, and was of such greatnesse, that it would represent to the full the whole lineaments and proportion of the person that stood before it. At the going out of the halls, which belong to the Ladies lodgings, were the perfumers and trimmers, through whose hands the gallants past when they were to visit the Ladies; those sweet Artificers did every morning furnish the Ladies chambers with the spirit of roses, orange-flower-water and Angelica; and to

each of them gave a little precious casket vapouring forth the most odoriferous exhalations of the choicest aromatical sents.

### How the Men and Women of the Religious Order of Theleme were Apparelled

The Ladies at the foundation of this order, were apparelled after their own pleasure and liking; but since that of their own accord and free will they have reformed themselves, their accoutrement is in manner as followeth. They wore stockins of scarlet crimson, or ingrained purple die, which reached just three inches above the knee, having a list beautified with exquisite embroideries, and rare incisions of the Cutter's art. Their garters were of the colour of their bracelets, and circled the knee a little both over and under. Their shoes, pumps and slippers were either of red, violet, or crimson-velvet, pinked and jagged like Lobster wadles.

Next to their smock they put on the pretty kirtle or vasquin of pure silk chamlet: above that went the taffatie or tabie vardingale, of white, red, tawnie, gray, or of any other colour; Above this taffatie petticoat they had another of cloth of tissue or brocado, embroidered with fine gold, and interlaced with needle-work, or as they thought good, and according to the temperature and disposition of the weather had their upper coats of sattin, damask or velvet, and those either orange, tawnie, green, ash-coloured, blew, yelow, bright, red, crimson or white, and so forth; or had them of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or some other choise stuffe, inriched with purple, or embroidered according to the dignity of the festival dayes and times wherein they wore them.

Their gownes, being still correspondent to the season, were either of cloth of gold frizled with a silver-raised work: of red sattin, covered with gold purle; of tabie, or taffatie, white, blew, black, tawnie, etc., of silk serge, silk chamlot, velvet, cloth of silver, silver tissue, cloth of gold, gold wire, figured velvet, or figured sattin tinselled and overcast with golden threads, in divers variously purfled draughts.

In the summer some dayes in stead of gowns they wore light handsome mantles made either of the stuffe of the aforesaid attire, or like Moresco rugs, of violet, velvet frizled, with a raised work of gold upon silver purle, or with a knotted cordwork of gold embroiderie, every where garnished with little Indian pearles. They always carried a faire Pannache, or plume of feathers, of the colour of their muffe, bravely adorned and tricked out with glistening spangles of gold. In the wintertime, they had their taffatie gownes of all colours, as above-named: and those lined with the rich furrings of hindewolves, or speckled linxes, black-spotted weesils, martlet-skins of Calabria, sables, and other costly furres of an inestimable value. Their beads, rings, bracelets, collars, carcanets and neck-chaines were all of precious stones, such as carbuncles, rubies, baleus, diamonds, saphirs, emeralds, turkoises, garnets, agates, berilles, and excellent margarits. Their head-dressing also varied with the season of the yeare, according to which they decked themselves. In winter it was of the French fashion, in the spring of the Spanish; in summer of the fashion of Tuscanie, except only upon the holy dayes and Sundayes, at which times they were accoutred in the French mode, because they accounted it more honourable, and better befitting the garb of a matronal pudicity.

The men were apparelled after their fashion; their stockins were of tamine or of cloth-serge, of white, black, scarlet, or some other ingrained colour: their breeches were of velvet, of the same colour with their stockins, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their fancy; their doublet was of cloth of gold, of cloth of silver, of velvet, sattin, damask, taffaties, etc., of the same colours, cut, embroidered, and suitably trimmed up in perfection: the points were of silk of the same colours, the tags were of gold well enameled: their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold, tissue or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit: their gownes were every whit as costly as those of the Ladies: their girdles were of silk, of the colour of their doublets; every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt, and the scabbard of velvet, of the colour of his breeches, with a chape of gold, and pure Goldsmiths work: the dagger was of the same: their caps or bonnets were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold; upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like, parted by so many rowes of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling in a more sparkling resplendencie faire rubies, emeralds, diamonds, etc., but there was such a sympathy betwixt the gallants and the Ladies, that every day they were apparelled in the same livery: and that they might not

misse, there were certain Gentlemen appointed to tell the youths every morning what vestments the Ladies would on that day weare; for all was done according to the pleasure of the Ladies. In these so handsome clothes, and abiliaments so rich, think not that either one or other of either sex did waste any time at all; for the Masters of the Wardrobes had all their raiments and apparel so ready for every morning, and the chamber-Ladies so well skilled, that in a trice they would be dressed, and compleatly in their clothes from head to foot. And to have those accoutrements with the more conveniency, there was about the wood of Theleme a row of houses of the extent of half a league, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the Goldsmiths, Lapidaries, Jewellers, Embroiderers, Tailors, Gold-drawers, Velvet-weavers, Tapestrie-makers and Upholsterers, who wrought there every one in his own trade, and all for the aforesaid jollie Friars and Nuns of the new stamp, they were furnished with matter and stuffe from the hands of the Lord Nausiclete, who every year brought them seven ships from the Perlas and Cannibal-islands, laden with ingots of gold, with raw silk, with pearles and precious stones. And if any margarites (called unions), began to grow old, and lose somewhat of their natural whitenesse and lustre, those with their Art they did renew, by tendering them to eat to some pretty cocks, as they use to give casting into hawkes.

### How the Thelemites were Governed, and of Their Manner of Living

All their life was spent not in lawes, statutes or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds, when they thought good: they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a minde to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor to do any thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed,

### DO WHAT THOU WILT

Because men that are free, well-borne, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spurre that prompteth them unto vertuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition, by which they formerly were inclined to vertue, to shake off and break that bond of servitude, wherein they are so tyrannously inslaved; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied us.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation, to do all of them what they saw did please one; if any of the gallants or Ladies should say, Let us drink, they would all drink: if any one of them said, Let us play, they all played; if one said, Let us go a walking into the fields, they went all: if it were to go a hawking or a hunting, the Ladies mounted upon dainty well-paced nags, seated in a stately palfrey saddle, carried on their lovely fists, miniardly begloved every one of them, either a sparhawk, or a Laneret, or a Marlin, and the young gallants carried the other kinds of Hawkes: so nobly were they taught, that there was neither he nor she amongst them, but could read, write, sing, play upon several musical instruments, speak five or sixe several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in Verse and Prose: never were seen so valiant Knights, so noble and worthy, so dextrous and skilful both on foot and a horseback, more brisk and lively, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons then were there. Never were seene Ladies so proper and handsome, so miniard and dainty, lesse froward, or more ready with their hand, and with their needle, in every honest and free action belonging to that sexe, then were there; for this reason, when the time came, that any man of the said Abbey, either at the request of his parents, or for some other cause, had a minde to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the Ladies, namely her whom he had before that chosen for his Mistris, and were married together: and if they had formerly in Theleme lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein and increase it to a greater height in their state of matrimony: and did entertaine that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no lesse vigour and fervency, then at the very day of their wedding.

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"No matter how low ther necks are cut, or how high ther skirts get, we'll allus have t' take chances on ther real dispositions." "Kin" Hubbard.

# The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

## *THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—*

### ORIENTAL RUGS

A book of verses underneath the rug, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness, oh wilderness were paradise enow.—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Since the days of Alexander the Great the rugs of the East have been in fashion in American homes. When our own American ancestors sailed back from the seven seas, their finest treasures were oriental rugs—and they will still be "in style," it is safe to say, centuries from now. . . . PAUL S. OURFALIAN.

*Salt Lake Tribune (Utah).*

328 JACKSON, N. E.—Young bus. girl desires roommate, semi-private home; steam heat; also young man. WA. 5418.

*Atlanta (Ga.) Georgian.*

WE GIVE NEW FURNITURE AS PART PAYMENT FOR YOUR USED PIECES

*San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner.*

### LOST

OR STOLEN—Blue dog with red ears, white dog, one oversize eye, and lemon spots. Liberal reward. George Vernon, Miltonville.

*Hamilton (Ohio) Journal*

### HOUSES—FURNISHED

FURNISHED 4-room house, modern, and 2 furnished rooms for light housekeeping, redecorated and in 1st class condition. O. L. Wiley, 901 Grand.

*Joplin (Mo.) Globe.*

Notice—Doc Harry Fuller is at home now at 107 Spencerville St., where you can get Herbs for stomach troubles and worms for children. Watch for his big ad next week. 47t1p.

*Hicksville (Ohio) News-Tribune.*

### *A TAILOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT*

Attention you College men. To fill a date properly your appearance should be up to par. Phone 2128 and your sit will be given our personal attention.

*Colorado College "Tiger."*

GIRL, Irish, lately landed, wishes housework or children. Sullivan, 224 E. 70th.

*New York World.*

THE PARTIES who took jug, funnel and gasoline from house on Winchester pike near Asbury church please return jug and funnel at least. This is seven jugs and funnels carried away and not returned.

*Columbus (Ohio) Despatch.*

RHODE ISLAND pullets and two roosters, and Silver Wyandotte pullets, all laying. Will make splendid mothers. 7828 South J Street, Fern Hill.

*Tacoma (Wash.) News Tribune.*

FOR SALE—Lovely pedigreed R. I. R. pullets, laying $3 papers. 366 N. Pine.

*Orange (Cal.) Daily News.*

A bargain 1924 Fordor sedan in No shape. First come, first served.—Milford Motor Co.

*Milford (Nebr.) Review.*

RENT——————
——AND ENJOY
THE BEST SELLING
BOOKS OF FRICTION

*(listing "Elmer Gantry," "The Allinghams," "Doomsday," and other novels of conflict).*

LEE SYCLE

"The Largest Little Cigar Stores in the World"
402 North Main Street. South Side Square.
"Your Purchase Free If We Fail to Thank You."

*Bloomington (Ill.) Pantograph.*

### NOTICE

To the unknown white horse rider:

Please don't ride up in front of my door any more and play K. K. K. to my wife for I might be at home next time, and I will try to jar you loose from your saddle. I know who you are and could track you home. Why didn't you come in? The door was unlocked and my .45 had eight tombstones in it. Understand me, I don't mean this for the K. K. K., for I am a good believer myself, and I know your robes was cheap stuff. Signed:
advt. Edgar Danner, Thor, Ky.

*Lewis County Herald (Vanceburg, Ky.)*

FOR SALE

"Male shepherd (police) dog, very noble race, burglary impossible because incorruptible; man, blows and fireproof. Loves children, without cunning. Military obedience! Watches living and dead bodies. To be sold to good hands for marks 150." *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung.*

FOR RENT—Two small colleges at Shelby City. George W. Coulter, Phone, 2706. 35-6ts.
*Danville (Ky.) Daily Advocate.*

FOR SALE: Restaurant, dirt cheap.
*Western paper.*

FOR SALE—White Chestnut sow, one year old, 6 feet long, 3 feet high. Andy Stalma, 1205 Cascade St. 166t2—28.
*New Castle (Pa.) News.*

EXPERIENCED driver wishing to go Wet, willing to drive enclosed Chevrolet with 2 ladies to Chicago for expenses; references exchanged. Box 1141, Union Office.
*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

FOR SALE—Thirty head of good young milk cattle, mostly all steers. E. A. Green, Eastonville, Colo. 35-2t.
*Colorado Springs (Colo.) Farm News.*

## *WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME*

The Moreton Common girls do not mind the cold weather, for they go to school when the mercury is 30 below zero bareheaded and their stockings rolled down a distance of two miles.
*Montpelier (Vt.) Argus.*

Mrs. Ingersoll had killed herself before shooting Probasco. *Indianapolis (Ind.) Star.*

He is survived by his wife, a four-ton truck.
*Bowling Green (Ky.) Times-Journal.*

Mrs. Trotter, who will be remembered here as a horse-guest of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Williams, the latter a sister of Mr. Trotter, during Christmas of 1925, is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson, of Rochester, one of the oldest families in Western New York. *Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

"Don't." The girl's voice was sharp and she pronounced every *r*. *Woman's Home Companion.*

Although the flicker eats some cultivated fruits, his main bill of fare is wild fruits and aunts. Any one who has had to contend with aunts in their gardens and lawns surely would appreciate his assistance in reducing these pests.
*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat Chronicle.*

The world which fought for ideals is suffering to-day from the cussedness of the United States on a parity with the cussedness of Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins College, said in addressing 1,500 students this morning in the auditorium of Hillsborough High school. *Tampa (Fla.) Daily Times.*

The fire department was called to 1404 Garfield Ave. at 7:30 this morning where they extinguished a small building belonging to Carl Frymire. The fire was caused by an overheated hot air register in a petition. *Terre Haute (Ind.) Sunday Tribune.*

Mrs. Fred Jones of Wymore, who gave birth to a fine boy Tuesday at the Mennonite Hospital, is reported as getting along nicely. Her uncle, N. A. Savenger of Lincoln, who also suffered a broken leg in the same accident, is recovering at Fall's sanitarium. *Beatrice (Nebr.) Sun.*

Ted Eisermann called on Henry Brye Sunday. Mr. Brye isn't feeling so well now.
*Hardin County Citizen (Iowa Falls, Iowa).*

Mrs. Katherine Serretti, 4220 Tejon street, wife of Jack Serretti, Monday afternoon, at her home, gave birth to triplets, two boys and one girl.
Mother, father and children are doing well.
*Denver (Colo.) Post.*

The home is artistically decorated for the occasion with ferns, roses, syringes and other flowers and with streamers of tulle ribbons.
*Clinton (Iowa) Herald.*

MRS. CARRIE PARKER, of 2008 Milledgeville road, reported to police officers Friday morning that some one entered her foul house Thursday night and made away with eight chickens. The chickens were later found by Mrs. Parker and detectives were assigned to the case.
*Augusta (Ga.) Herald.*

Mr. A. B. Culpepper will regret to learn of his continued illness at his home on The Hill.
*Augusta (Ga.) Herald.*

Nevertheless, she could not help but smile a little through her ears.
*Presbyterian Advance (Nashville, Tenn.).*

The wedding party died at the Windsor Hotel, where Dr. Mower was a guest.
*Bangor (Me.) Daily Commercial.*

Mrs. Felix McGinnis, wife of the Southern Pacific railroad, and Mrs. F. H. Powell, wife of the vice-president of the company, his two daughters, survive him. *Dayton (Ohio) Journal.*

NEW ARRIVALS

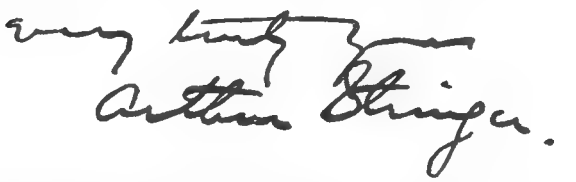
Relatives here have been advised of the arrival of twin boy girls at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Shellhamer in Coaldale. The mother was nee Myrtle Woodring of town. Mother and babies are getting along nicely.
*Hazleton (Pa.) Standard-Sentinel.*

Oscar F. Carlstrom, attorney-general of Illinois, said in formal statement to-day that he concedes the Senate "no right" to exclude Frank L. Smith, senator-designate of Illinois, from taking the oats of office. *Capital Journal (Salem, Ore.).*

A pleasing event occurred Saturday evening in the vestry of the First Baptist church when Richard Silverthorne of Main street was given a genuine surprise. He was invited to the vestry on pretense of business and was greatly surprised to meet a large gathering of his friends. Rev. Arthur B. Peebles, with whom Mr. Silverthorne is associated in the local orchestra, in behalf of Mr. Silverthorne's wife and daughter presented him with a handsome silver Conn trumpet cornet. Mr. Silverthorne responded in a feeling manner. A baked bean was served . . . *Lawrence (Mass.) Tribune.*

# Gun Play

By ARTHUR STRINGER



THE idea came to her one night when she was unable to sleep. It came sharp as an arrow through the drumming tent of her wakefulness. *She would kill Walton Craswell.*

It was the only way out. It was her one possible escape from that accumulated agony of hopelessness which was slowly but surely driving her mad, which at that very moment was sabering the back of her head with its familiar sharp pain. She would kill Walton Craswell, and that would end the whole intolerable business.

It would end the thing at a stroke, the same as you end a cricket's incessant drone by smashing its body. And that, she knew, would give her a chance to breathe again. For life had grown like the room in which she lay, the musty room that smelled of sodden carpet perpetually sour with water spilled from a rickety washstand. It seemed to crowd too suffocatingly close about her. She was only fighting for air, the air without which she could not live. And in doing the thing, she could do it so cunningly she would never be accused, she would never even be suspected. Fate, with its continuous rain of cruelties, had at least been kind in this. It had left in her hand the machinery for carrying out a crime which the world would accept as an accident.

For it would be a crime, Katherine Kinsella reminded herself as she lay on her undulatory thin mattress as rigid as she would some day lie in her coffin. It would be a crime, no matter how unselfish her motives and no matter how extenuating the circumstances. Killing was killing. And no one did such things lightly. But there were times when such things were imposed upon you. The world did that when it went to war. There were times when war made you kill or be killed, times when the enemy at your door had to go down, or only too soon your whole house of life would smoulder in ruins.

And young Wallie Craswell was the enemy at her door. He was an enemy already within her door, an enemy against whom, because of his very closeness, she had regarded herself as helpless. She had not been able to fight him as life had taught her to fight. Even her hatred for him was shot through with a perverse pity, touched by envy. He was, in many ways, little more than a boy. But with the unconsidering quick cruelty of youth he had come trampling through the one jealously guarded enclosure in her dusty courtyard of failure. And with that lost to her, there was nothing left in life.

She warned herself that she must think straight about it all, though she had been harried, of late, by the fear of losing her power to think straight. That fear had begun to haunt her, just as she had been haunted for years by the fear of losing her memory. It had happened to more than one old stock-actress. And she was getting old.

Slowly and painfully, as she lay beside her sleeping daughter, with her thin hands crossed on her breast, she began to review her past life. With grim deliberateness she went back over it, trying to muffle her stark wakefulness with its merciful trailing veils, so that she saw, yet did not see, the oblong of light thrown by a street-lamp on the broken plaster of the ceiling above her. Through the thin partition of that sordid temperance-hotel on a sordid street of a sordid town she could still hear the intemperate hilarity of the four road salesmen at their eternal stud-poker in the next

room. But a note of remoteness crept into their noise, as it had done at first when she got up about midnight and took her five grains of sulphonal. And close to her throbbingly wakeful body she could hear, monotonous as the wash of water on a lake-shore, the deep and regular breathing of her daughter. She heard that soft and tranquil breathing with a sort of hatred which gave selvage to the fabric of her relief at the thought the girl was at least getting her rest. But it intensified the older woman's impression of isolation. It reminded her of the infinite distances that lay between her and the warm body which she might have reached out in the dark and touched. For many a month now they had slept side by side in the same bed, shrinking back from even accidental contact, as impersonal as two knife-blades on a table-top of marble. And that had not a little to do with the slow-thickening cloud of hopelessness which threatened to choke her.

For Katherine Kinsella, before all things in life, had loved and brooded over and treasured her only daughter Anada. From the first day of her birth she had brooded over that quietly breathing body, had brooded over it with the dull ferocity of the lioness brooding over her cub, had guarded it and watched it grow and sought to impart to it the wisdom which comes only to the old lioness on whom life has fixed its scars. There was a time when, without abashment, she had been able to take that body in her arms, when the love which turned to a foolish ache in her heart had been able to expend itself in simple and satisfying services. But the impalpable yet ponderous defenses of girlhood had grown up about the child. Mysteriously the reserves of womanhood had widened between them. And the girl, while chained to her very side, had escaped her. She had escaped for the time being. But there were relinquishments which Katherine Kinsella would not and could not endure. Rather than lose what little remained of her life she would kill Wallie Craswell.

She went back to the beginning of that life again, as though in tracing its course she might find the secret of her failure as an actress and a mother. Her father, she recalled, had failed in the same way, her father, the black-face comedian who had always secretly hungered to play *Othello*. But instead of starring in Shakespeare he had become the lesser light in the minstrel-team of Raht and Flynn. She had held that failure against him, after she herself had appeared in *Blue Jeans* and *The County Judge* at the age of seven. And when on the eve of her first appearance as an *ingénue* in *The Charity Ball* he had died of drunkenness, that ambiguous deprivation had in no way interfered with her professional plans. From *The Charity Ball* she passed on to small parts in *Frou-Frou* and *Fedora*. Then she became soubrette in summer stock at Peek's Island and later at Indianapolis. When she returned to New York it was Frohman himself who put her on at the Old Lyceum, where only ill-luck at the last moment elbowed her out of a part in *Trelawney of the Wells*. She forgot her disappointment, the next summer, by busying herself in stock at Ehlich's Gardens, in Denver, where she met Costerella. Costerella had made love to her as she had never been made love to before. She was a woman of twenty then, but she was already thinking of her future. And this olive-skinned orchestra-leader with the fiery spirit and the tubercular flush had talked much of what they might do together. She even remembered the hot afternoon when he had actually asked her to marry him, the hot afternoon when their matinee performance was so repeatedly interrupted by the cavernous *yumping* of the sleepy Zoo lions just outside the open-doored theatre.

It seemed a very long time ago. But it was momentous, because it was the first big mistake of her life.

Costerella had forgotten his weak lungs and had gone East with her, where he soon likewise forgot his music and his ambition. He complained, not without reason, that the climate was killing him. But she worked hard, during those three years when she had a dying husband to support, for she had much lost ground to recover. She had rehearsed under Pictou and Kibbell and had played with O'Neill and Modjeska and the elder Barrymore. And even Budanski, the great Budanski, then in the first flush of his success as a producing-manager, had considered her for the American tour of the younger Salvini.

But that was five months before her daughter Anada was born. And Costerella, suffering from and terrified by his second hemorrhage, had to be taken back to Colorado. There, after her daughter's birth, she again struggled to recover lost ground. But the fight was a losing one. The best she could do was to mark time by attempting to found a dramatic school.

For two bitter years she wrestled with her school, doing what she could to support a dying husband and a dying home. After Costerella's death she joined a road-company, which disbanded at Sacramento. At San Francisco she joined another company working its way deviously but stubbornly eastward. It was an unsavoury company playing an unsavoury farce. Its paraded indecencies provided a strange setting for a young mother and a nursing baby. But she endured it all, knowing that each day was carrying her nearer and nearer New York. And once she was back to what in the metonymy of the newer age was already being designated as "Broadway" she attempted to regain a footing in that lost world of hers. She even went to Budanski and begged for her chance, begged through the tears that streaked the powder on her face and were an irritation to the preoccupied manager, who had to tell her for the third time that he had nothing for her. Her youthfulness had slipped away, her face had thinned and hardened, and no one else in that preoccupied city seemed to have anything for her.

But she had to live. So eventually she went out as assistant to a xylophone-player, where daily and blithely, adorned in rose-coloured fleshings and a Huzzar's jacket of blue and gold, she was compelled to act as feeder and props to a trick musician. From this intolerable position she finally escaped to small parts in a stock company at Los Angeles. There, in the end, she once more attached herself to a road-company moving East.

New York, by this time, had doubly forgotten her. It had no place for her. In the very hour that she hungered most for it she awakened to the devastating knowledge that she could live only in regions remote from it. So the road swallowed her up again. It swallowed her up as lonely sea-routes swallow up a lonely craft intent on unseen ports. And somberly she adventured up and down the sordid by-ways of the theatrical world's hinterland, taking what she could get, enduring what she had to face, but forever scheming and fretting for something better. Her ambition, being instinctive, was an unreasoning one. It refused, accordingly, to accept defeat. She had set out in the world to be a great actress. From the first, in her secret soul of souls, she carried the conviction that she had the makings of a great actress in her. With a man like Budanski behind her, for example, she could still show them what they had overlooked. And forlornly, through all those years of exile, she kept her card in *Variety*, duly announcing week by week and month by month that Katherine Kinsella was "On Tour." And long had the hoofs of adversity beaten on her broken body before they trampled out the last spark of that stubborn fire.

That change came about when her daughter Anada was a trifle over four years old. The child, taught prematurely to lisp a few lines of which she had no actual comprehension, was carried on in *A Daughter of Midas*, said her piece, and smiled engagingly at the audience. The result was a prompt and prolonged patter of applause, through which the tiny Anada smiled at an audience which she recognized as friendly. She was still youthfully and blissfully ignorant of the claws behind its velvet. So she was led discreetly off in the face of her determination to repeat a piece which had already met with such unmixed approval, and the wooden old melodrama went on its wooden old way.

But that precious moment of applause had brought home to Katherine Kinsella a fact which she had hitherto overlooked. It announced to her that in the little body which had proved so irksome and so prolonged a burden she possessed an undeveloped theatrical possibility. Her daughter could be trained for "kid" parts, and from those she could graduate into juveniles, and from the *ingénue* and soubrette she could climb into leads. And some day, perhaps, she might be the great *artiste* which her mother had failed to make herself.

So a change took place in the older woman's plan of life. From that day forward she no longer lived for herself, but for her daughter. From her own tired breast to the resilient young body of her child she transplanted her parched hopes, as a frugal gardener repots a blighted flower. From that day forward she began to train the child. She made undivulged sacrifices to the end that little Anada might have reading and dancing lessons, overlaid with purely ornamental efforts in music, at which she displayed none of her father's talent for that art. Amid the noises of cheap hotels and the odours of cheaper rooming-houses she taught the girl what it seemed best to teach her. She opened up to her the new world of the printed word, and schooled her in poise and tone and gesture—gesture always outward and always from the thorax—and directed her

reading and guarded her movements. But it was at the theatre more than anywhere else she watched over the child. She sentineled those troubled lines until the company fell into the habit of speaking of her as "The She-Lion" and realized there was to be neither trifling nor profanity in the neighbourhood of the precocious young lady still in ringlets, with her ardent young eyes glued to a book.

Her beauty, at that time, was more that of promise than of fulfilment. But already she lived in a world of her own, singularly detached from the loose-jointed little world which gyrated about her. And beside her always was the untiring watch-dog of her innocence. Already, Katherine Kinsella realized, there was too much at stake to allow the indifference of to-day to imperil the promise of to-morrow. All her eggs were now in one basket, and it was her duty to see that this basket was treated with respect.

Not that the struggle, for it was a struggle, was all selfishness on Katherine Kinsella's part. She loved the girl, even though her love was a jealous and unreasoning one. She was all that life seemed willing to leave her. Beside being the only link with the past, she became the custodian of the older woman's hopes. And once she had merged into her teens she became her confidante and her companion. They shared their hard and febrile lives just as they continued to share their hard and transitory beds. They had no secrets from each other.

As the girl advanced toward breaking womanhood the studious-eyed mother began to discern the possibilities for which she had hoped. By this time the older woman was a star, if such worlds as hers could be said to hold stars, for she was the nominal head of "The Kinsella Amusement Company." Beside being its head she was also its sustaining spirit, for her years of varied stage-work, much as it may have cheapened her, had also left her a most dexterous utility-woman. She could, at a pinch, play anything from a *grande-dame* to an *ingênue* in an auburn wig. She could handle fire-arms and decipher train-routes and crimp up a stage-wait. She could throw a half-drunken actor his lines, count up a house before the end of her first speech, and by the time for her second cross duly winnow the "paper" and dead heads from the innocent and investing public. In two hours' time she could throw together a Marie Antoinette costume, and in three days she could have a new vehicle ready for production.

They were neither sophisticated nor subtle, these tawdry productions so hastily coopered together, but they were prepared for audiences which were neither subtle nor sophisticated. For the Kinsella Amusement Company shunned the larger urban centers as the coyote shuns a settlement. There were times, it is true, when this threadbare company scuttled into a booking on one of the grape-vine circuits, but for the most part they "outlawed" in the remoter districts, resting content to synchronize with the country fair and remaining satisfied to milk the frontier towns and the mushroom centers usually given over to the "burleyque" or the movies. They played in "Opera Houses" overlooking market-squares, and in town-hall auditoriums with a stage too narrow for their sets, and in dingy theatres where a lone piano-thumper was often enough responsible for the entire *entr'acte* music. They traveled light, carrying merely a few trunks of props and costumes, bartering passes with the local hardware dealer for the use of those implements needed in their rural dramas, and borrowing red-plush parlour-sets from the accommodating undertaker who happened to sell furniture as a side-line. They did not greatly worry when business was bad, for their cast was compact and their outlay was small. The tax of royalty payments was something beyond their ken, for time and experience had long since taught them how easy it was to change the face and name of an old favourite. And even a newly appropriated vehicle, once in those none-too-tender hands for a week or two, underwent mysterious hardening processes. It was pounded into a derelict of "sure-fire stuff." It was airily deformed to fit the Procrustean bed of their strictly limited sets and casts. They modernized *East Lynne* and gave *Ingomar* in cheese-cloth tunics. They did *Romeo and Juliet* with gratuitous comic relief and in the midst of Grand Rapids factory-furniture, and gave Saumet's *Gladiator*, revised in a way that would have made the unknown Saumet turn in his grave—with tin swords and clanking girdles of cow-chain. But most of all they reveled in "westerns," westerns stripped to the bone of intrigue and gun-play, and with their creaking joints swathed in a merciful smoke-screen of cartridge-blanks. Through these they went with a brisk and businesslike solemnity, the villain getting his daily round of hisses, the

heavy his daily round of laughs, and the *ingénue* her daily round of applause.

For Anada Kinsella was by this time playing juveniles in her mother's company. She was playing these formalized youthful parts with a freshness and a quiet ardency which tended to accentuate the staleness of the road-hardened troupers about her. Her voice was small but musical, her figure was unquenchably girlish, and she had the trick of appearing adorable in any costume, however threadbare, and in any scene, however trivial. She had not been guarded in vain. She was beginning to break into womanhood with that miraculous virgin white of the pond-lily that flowers but a hand's-breadth above the slimy and festering waters of a swamp. She knew life without knowing that she did. She stood a witness of the most sordid of sex-intrigues without seeming to waken to their actual significances. There had been developed in her not only an extraordinary capacity for self-esteem, but also an extraordinary gift of self-sufficiency. Even her own mother regarded her as unemotional. Then the awakening came. And for the second time Katherine Kinsella's carefully-balanced world went tumbling down about her ears.

It began, as so many of life's momentous things begin, without being observed and without any betrayal of its possibilities. It began when the Kinsella Amusement Company was playing a cow-town in the foothills, and Katherine Kinsella was waylaid in the rotunda of the Commercial Hotel by a young man who seemed scarcely out of his teens. He was a dreamy-eyed but somewhat frightened young man with a sombrero in one hand and a roll of manuscript in the other. Katherine Kinsella, as she examined the sun-browned face with the clean-cut profile and the back-brushed tawny hair, took him for a cowboy from one of the outlying ranches. But he proved to be a teacher in a near-by prairie-school who had written a drama of Alaska in the days of the gold-rush and wanted a try-out. Or if not a try-out, at least a reading and a little advice from an actress of experience and reputation.

Katherine Kinsella read the dreamy-eyed youth's Alaska drama. She read it at considerable personal sacrifice of time and energy. And when he came back the next day she was quite open and motherly with him. She explained to him that it was an extremely clever play, but that it wasn't practical. It had a great deal of promise, but what he most needed, if he was going on at that sort of thing, was actual stage experience. Then he'd know better how to get his people on and off, and he'd see that it didn't pay to be too poetical.

It was then that young Walton Craswell surprised her by asking to be taken into her company. She studied him with a narrowed eye, at that unexpected request, for she had many things to consider. More than once, of late, the world-weary hop-head who pretended to handle her male juveniles had "ducked the buggy" and further dislocated an already sadly disjointed performance. This Apolloesque and blushing newcomer, on the other hand, was a mere boy. But she found him good to look at, with his clear-cut young face and his impersonal studious eyes. He had, as well, a voice with timbre to it. He could be taught something, and he had acknowledged his willingness to work for fifteen dollars a week, the precise amount which his teaching had been bringing in.

So Katherine Kinsella broke a lifelong rule of her career and took on an amateur. She took him on with an odd stirring of her one-sided maternal instinct, and was unexpectedly patient and gentle with him during his first blundering weeks in that amazing new world of make-believe. She took him in hand and taught him a few of the primary tricks of her trade. The time that she could give him was limited, but he was both eager to learn and grateful for her patience. Twice she turned him over to her daughter Anada for scene-rehearsals. But the younger woman seemed less adroit and less interested. She appeared to go through those delegated tasks with the wearied tolerance with which one teaches an eager but awkward puppy to walk upright and speak for a biscuit.

Wallie Craswell—for by this time they were all calling him Wallie—suffered acutely during his first few weeks with the Kinsella Amusement Company. He was a dignified and reticent youth, and he was shocked both by the habit of promiscuous *dishabille* back-stage and the manner in which Goldie Glendenning, the heavy's wife, made conscienceless and most unwelcome love to him. But his passion for stage experience seemed a fixed one, and in time he caught step with his *confrères* in motley. He settled into his place and went contentedly on with his work. When not busy, his nose was in a book, and a marked disappointment showed on his face at Katherine Kinsella's reluctance to discuss with him the

influence of the curtainless stage on the structure of the Elizabethan drama. But she was more actively interested in the fact that he "sized up" well with Anada Kinsella, that their conjunction had already given a touch of freshness to some of the jaded old scenes, and that they seemed to go placidly on with their work without any of that nonsense which one might expect from the young. Day by day Wallie Craswell learned a new trick or two, and it was not long, in that hard and hectic school, before he achieved a convincing enough pretense at composure. It was not long, either, before he worked surprisingly well with Anada Kinsella. And in doing so, her ever-watchful mother perceived, he was unconsciously helping the girl. She was playing up to him, without knowing it. So, besides throwing an air of youth into the dust-laden old dramas through which they wandered with a preoccupied detachment all their own, they brought into it an occasional breath of power. And Katherine Kinsella began to congratulate herself on getting at so modest a figure a juvenile who could do a little more than merely pass muster.

For even then she was utterly without any comprehension of the situation. She became conscious of Anada's more rigorous moods of preoccupation, of her silences and her reservations. There were times, too, when she was troubled by something electric in the air, something elusive and stirring and unfathomable. But her eye fell on nothing definitely suspicious. And there was very little that escaped that eye.

She did not understand, indeed, until the irrefutable evidence of it came from the sheet of paper which she found folded together and pinned on the left side of the girl's chemise. It was the sheet of paper which Wallie, as the Robin Hood in chaps, besieged by the Sheriff's posse, thrusts into the girl's hand in the third act of *The Road Agent's Revenge*. It was supposed to be a message calling for help, written under great tension. It was customarily a mere stage-scrawl, a dash or two of a pen across the paper. But it did not escape Katherine Kinsella's attention that the young outlaw in chaps, as he wrote that message, slowed down the tempo of the action by inditing actual words on his sheet of paper. It annoyed her, at first, and then it puzzled her. And then it began to worry her. For after the act she had caught sight of Anada tucking the scrap of paper tenderly into her bodice.

She knew better than to ask about it. Her daughter, she remembered, had her privacies of life which she insisted on being respected. But the older woman bided her time. Long after midnight, when the girl was asleep beside her, she got up out of bed and quietly pursued her search. She found the paper pinned where it would rest over her daughter's heart. And it was a love message. "Even now," were the words written there, "I can't help saying just these three words: *I love you.*"

Katherine Kinsella studied it with a sort of terror surging through her own tired heart. This was followed by a sense of betrayal, and this in turn, by a sense of futility. Her first impulse was to act, and to act with decision.

But the more she brooded over the situation the more she realized her helplessness. She knew her daughter well enough to understand that if she summarily dismissed young Craswell the girl would go with him. They were already united in a campaign of deception against her. To talk to them singly was equally out of the question. She had nothing to say to them that would be understandable, from the view-point of reason. They knew nothing of life as she had come to know it. And an emotional appeal was out of the question. It was beyond her. It would never reach the self-contained girl who had built up about her young life its laborious walls of reserve. And there was the added danger of precipitating what was not yet final.

So Katherine Kinsella became discreet, silently and reptiliously discreet. She waited and watched. She studied the situation. She held the key, now, which opened the doorway to a hundred earlier enigmas. She began to understand the meaning of the girl's lassitude, the warmer and quicker flow of colour to the smooth cheek which the rawest of make-up could scarcely disfigure, the new vibrata in her deepening voice as she declaimed the once tawdry lines of her tawdry love-scenes with the Apollonian youth who moved about, after making his exit, like a man in a dream.

For they were in a dream, the two of them, the immuring and golden-misted dream of first love. They had taken wing, in spirit, from that shoddy road-company with its shoddy plays and its shoddier dressing-rooms. They had escaped to a garden of enchantment, where the light was mellower than that which came from a calcium spot-light, where the roses were not of stained cotton soiled by over-use, where the

music of a four-piece orchestra melted into the music of nightingales singing in Avalonian valleys. They had their being in a world of their own, a world which seemed infinitely remote from the older woman who watched them with troubled and tragic eyes. It was a world which she herself had been cheated out of, which she had protectively taught herself to deride. But in spite of her iron will she found the thwarted ghosts of her youth stirring in their graves. And her sense of frustration was a double-edged one. For the very boundlessness of this love which she was compelled to watch from the side-lines of life touched her with envy. It was something she had never encountered and explored, and it was something, not knowing it, of which she was indeterminately afraid.

She was wounded, too, by the sheer knowledge of her helplessness. She suffered under a sense of exile, of banishment from the world where the one warm interest of her life had rested. If the man had any promise, any actual genius for the stage, there might have been a ray of hope in the situation. They might still climb together, the girl and he. But he had nothing more than a trim figure and a fresh young face. And he had no slightest wish to become an actor. She found that out when she so discreetly and guardedly sounded him on the matter. His ambition was to have a sheep ranch in the foothills, a three-roomed wickiup to rest in at night and a bronco to ride by day, a roomful of books for the winter, a month of trout-fishing for the summer, and a bit of shooting up in the mountains for the autumn. That was his future. And that, she knew, was the placid and ox-like existence he had been whispering into the ear of her daughter. That was the sheeny bait he was dangling before the girl whose entire life had been made up of early trains and untidy day-coaches, of cheap hotel life and rehearsals on musty-smelling stages, of hurry and glare and vulgarity in a little tinsel world of tinsel excitements.

Already she had escaped from that world in spirit, if not in body. And the thing that impressed the tragic-eyed watcher was the incommunicable happiness of the girl, the happiness which she had neither the courage nor the wish to share with her mother. They were so happy, the two of them, that they betrayed it a dozen times a day. They thought they were hugging their secret, but it was as plain as light now to the keen-eyed older woman so covertly watching them from the dark corners of her misery. Her days were too busy for brooding. But she went through her daily and nightly round of work with the feeling of silent and sinister forces undermining her house of life. She knew that her daughter was still an innocent girl. She knew it by the uncontrolled exaltation which she sometimes caught from the brooding and barricaded face. It was the exaltation of purity stirred by emotions which it had not yet been able to fathom. And once, indeed, even in the teeth of the tenacity with which she knew the girl would protect her secret, the troubled watcher decided to give the two of them their final chance. She had practically decided to call them into her dressing-room and have it out with them. But in the half-light at the end of a stack of dusty paint-frames, that afternoon, she happened to catch sight of them in each other's arms. It was the first time she had seen any such thing on their part. The sight of it went through her like a spear. It warned her of more things than one. She knew, then, that it was already too late for words. But she knew, remembering the headstrong blindness of youth, that the temporary armistice about her could not go on for long. Some night, she knew, the girl would no longer be there.

And the harried watcher waited, helpless to avert the inevitable. She waited until that night of lucid sleeplessness, with the light of the street-lamp on the broken ceiling and the ribald sounds of merriment assailing her through the thin partition of her cheap temperance hotel when, through the strangling fog of her hopelessness struck the flash of her final chance, the chance that would come to her when she had killed Wallie Craswell.

And she went about, once that night of troubled thought was over, hugging her own secret to her breast.

There was no need for undue haste, she kept reminding herself. Haste, indeed, was the one thing she would have to guard against. For she must see to it that her tracks were covered, at every step of the way.

She knew, by this time, exactly how it was to be done. It would happen in the last act of *The Range Wolf*, where the innocent flower of the *rancho*, impersonated by Anada, was about to be despoiled by the scheming young Mexican, already played some half-dozen times by Wallie Craswell himself. Katherine Kinsella invariably

took the part of the girl's mother, for it was the "fat" part of the production and one of the few rôles where the actress who had grown old in the manipulation of second-hand emotions could get a genuine thrill of power. The mother was represented as the bad woman of the settlement, the bad woman who was compelled to remain silent as to her true relationship to the girl. For two acts of tangled crime and intrigue she must watch over her daughter from a distance. For two acts she must keep bottled up in her tainted bosom the mother-love which she dare not disclose. But in the last act, when life has come to mean nothing to her, she lets loose the pent-up flood. She has her moment then, and at the end of that moment she shoots the intriguing young grandee, shoots him pointblank, through the heart, to save her daughter from a fate worse than death itself.

It was antique and tawdry enough, she knew, but it held its big moments of rough passion, and worked up to a climax which never failed to grip the house, grotesque and crude as the units making up that house may have been. And in its accidental parallelism of actual life as it then confronted her, it took on an added poignancy, a clumsy symbolism which more and more appealed to her. And now she could prolong the parallel. She could make the coincidence complete. The chance to do that would come when she stood before young Craswell, in his tin spurs and his Mexican sash and his burnt-umber make-up, with her six-shooter in her hand. Into that six-shooter, before every performance, Hunkie Hoppe, who acted as props, duly thrust his half-dozen blank cartridges. It would be easy enough, at the last moment, to substitute a ball-cartridge for one of those blanks. And the rest was sufficiently simple, once she was sure of her cartridge being there. For the shot, she remembered, was fired pointblank with her sneering victim falling close to her feet. The actor who had preceded young Craswell, in fact, had inaugurated the custom of wearing a sheet of asbestos fixed by two safety-pins under his short Mexican jacket edged with sequins of brass, for once, through holding the pistol too close to his body, she had set fire to his clothing.

It would, of course, be accepted as an accident. But she would have to pave the way for that consummation. And that campaign of preparation began with a less intolerant attitude toward the youth who had so casually pulled down her house of life about her ears. She could even sense his bewilderment at that open softening toward him, but she was too old an actress to fail in sustaining a rôle once assumed. The task with regard to her own daughter was both easier and at the same time more difficult. It was harder to remain undisturbed under the coldly appraising glance of the girl who had grown away from her. But it was not hard to fall forlornly back into a pretense at the more intimate note of their earlier years. For this girl with the barricaded eyes was, after all, her own daughter, flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone. And much as life had robbed her of the equipment to express her love, this self-contained young woman with the timorously audacious will of youth was the only thing she had ever loved.

It was no easy thing to break the habit of silence which had grown up between them. But she could afford to be patient; she was even compelled to be patient. There were days during that quiet courtship for lost confidences, when the older woman would find the younger staring at her with a frown of perplexity on her troubled young face. Once, too, Katherine Kinsella found herself changing colour before that cool and level stare of curiosity. The girl, for some reason, made her think of a marble-cold figure of Justice with invisible scales balanced in her hand.

But her greater difficulties were not those of the spirit. There were other and more definite problems to be faced. She felt the need, from the first, of foreshadowing the use of her solid shot. Judgment demanded some reasonable excuse for that mixing up of balls with blanks. For a week she brooded over this problem without arriving at any situation which seemed to carry the stamp of the authentic. But her chance came with sudden unexpectedness when, in making a long jump through a country of rolling plain and jack-pine, they were held up with a hot-box. They emerged from their dusty day-coach, wandered about the rocky slopes, and watched two campers empty brand-new six-shooters at a ginger-ale bottle which had been tied to the branch of a jack-pine. Hunki Hoppe, having disinterred a couple of his shooting-irons from the company's arsenal-case, bought a box of cartridges from the campers, and one by one they joined in the contest and took pot-shots at the bottle. They were still peppering ineffectually at their swaying target when a repeated blast from the engine-whistle warned them that their train

was about to move on. So they went scrambling back to the day-coach.

Katherine Kinsella was the last to go. She pretended to be stooping down to tie a shoe-lace. But while in that position she was actually picking up from the ground a precious ball-cartridge which one of the campers had tossed carelessly aside. She pushed it hurriedly down in her shoe, where it bruised her instep as she walked back to the coach-platform from which they were now calling for her to hurry. But she knew that no one had seen that movement and she knew that she had come into possession of the one thing essential to the carrying out of her plan. She was armed to strike now, and the sooner she struck the better. She realized that when they opened at Carbona Junction their first performance would have to be *The Range Wolf*. For destiny had thrust into her hands too precious a chance to be overlooked. . . .

Budanski, with his Coast train limping into Carbona five hours behind schedule, missed his connection for the East and found that it would be midnight before the Transcontinental Express could stop to take him aboard. So he and young Loeser, tired of reading scripts and arguing over the infinitely ramified details of his coming production of *Monte Carlo*, dined moodily at a Chinese restaurant, and listlessly explored the illuminated main street of Carbona Junction.

Budanski stopped before the narrow foyer of the Dibbley Theatre, ran a haggard eye over the frame of faded photographs visualizing the caste for *The Range Wolf*, and promptly succumbed to the one fixed obsession of his life.

His secretary, who also happened to be his son-in-law, apprehended that surrender and tried to forestall it.

"Say, Chief, you're not going to try to sit through two hours of barn-storming like *that?*" he demanded, trying to elbow the great manager back from the steady stream ebbing in through the narrow foyer.

"They're getting the thing over," announced the older and wiser man, "and it's always worth while seeing how they do their trick. We're here till midnight. And I'm going to see this show."

"Well, you'd better get your ear-muffs on!" warned the morose-eyed young man as he followed in through the wicket after the chief who, in some way, seemed able to make everything grist for his mill.

"For you'll think you're in a shooting-gallery before they get their first curtain down!"

"My boy, there's lots to learn about gun-play, in this business," was the other's solemn rejoinder. "And I've got to get fixed about that shooting-scene of ours in *Monte Carlo*."

"Darn little help you'll get from *this* outfit," observed young Loeser as the first crash from the three-piece jazz-band sounded from the obsolete old orchestra-pit.

It was Hunkie Hoppe, counting up the house through the curtain peep-hole, who first spotted Budanski. For one incredulous moment he studied the silvery-haired man with the incongruously granitic jaw, made sure it was Budanski, and turned back to electrify his company with the news.

He encountered Anada Kinsella, made up and waiting. She was seated on a rickety flight of property steps, quietly darning a silk stocking.

"Girlie," cried Hunkie, galvanized into mysterious excitement, "you gotta play up to-night! You gotta send it over strong!"

"Why?" asked the girl, weaving her needle in and out through the mesh of thin silk.

"Because Budanski's out front!"

She looked up at him for an abstracted moment.

"Who's Budanski?" she inquired, turning the stocking on her arm.

Hunkie, who came from the banks of the Hudson, groaned aloud.

"Who's Budanski? And you advertisin' yourself as an actress! You might as well say who's George Cohan or who's Shakespeare! Who's Budanski? Say, just pipe them words to your mother, girlie, and see if they get to her or not!"

But he found it impossible to infect her with any echo of his own excitement.

"Why should I have to play up because he happens to be out front?" asked the quiet-eyed girl as she folded up her stocking.

"Because Budanski's the biggest producing manager in America," averred Hunkie, with the emphasis of retarded enunciation.

"That doesn't necessarily interest me in him," was the other's cool retort.

"Then how about *him* bein' interested in *you?*" demanded the patiently impatient Hunkie. "If he's here to spot new material, it ain't me, and it ain't fat old Hornick over there, and it ain't Goldie, and it ain't the missus. Can't you see it, girl? You're the

only comer in this bunch o' has-beens. It's *you* who's goin' to be sized up!"

The girl sat back with a sudden arresting of all movement. Her questioning eyes sought Hunkie's broad face. Then her own face hardened even under her make-up.

"Supposing it's Wallie Craswell?" she said in little more than a whisper.

Hunkie Hoppe's laugh was a raucous one.

"Wallie ain't no actor," was his prompt declaration. "He's a sheep-herder stalling along on his shape!"

He heard the overture end and veered off to his duties, fortified with the thought of how the older woman would respond to his news. *She* understood. Her response to that knowledge would be as automatic and instinctive as the response of an old fire-horse to the sudden clangour of an alarm-gong.

But when he told her, in the wings, just before she went on for her first-act scene with her daughter, Katherine Kinsella did not seem to hear him. She moved with the abstraction of a sleep-walker, the bloodlessness of her face accentuating the lines of her make-up and imposing on her an exceptional look of age. Even her voice rang back husky and hollow from the open maw of light into which she had stepped, for a great fire had burned that day in her body, and now a great weariness had taken its place. But there was to be no turning back. Whatever it might cost her that night, she was going to save what remained of her house of life.

Budanski, sitting low in his seat with his ruminative eyes half-closed, watched the act end and the curtain come down.

"I remember that old bird," he said as mother and daughter perfunctorily took an entirely perfunctory curtain-call. "Her name's Kinsella, Katherine Kinsella. She cried all over the office furniture to get into my first Salvini cast. That must have been well over fifteen years ago."

Young Loeser verified his chief's spectacular memory for names of the past. Then he looked back at the woman being shut off from his view by the lowering curtain.

"She's got a great face," he ventured.

"Great for what?"

"It strikes me as a pretty good face for that Countess of ours when *Monte Carlo* goes on."

The man beside him moved impatiently.

"I want an actress, not a face," was his sharp retort.

Yet during the second act he sat with a troubled look on his own face. He was unwilling to withdraw an opinion, once expressed, and averse even to its secret revision. But there was something about the Kinsella woman that disturbed him. He had contempt enough for the base coin in which she was bartering. But that woman, even against his will, was getting under his skin.

Katherine Kinsella was oblivious to this, just as she was oblivious to his presence there. She knew little, indeed, of what was taking place about her. An immense preoccupation possessed her. All consciousness was centered on that darker drama which lay at the core of those dead lines and movements as a red coal lies in its bed of gray ashes. They seemed infinitely trivial, those lines and movements with which she was so familiar. She was able to go through with them automatically, so that her mind was left open to pace its own forlorn corridors of desolation. She worked so quietly that the rest of her company accepted it as fatigue. It was Anada Kinsella alone who was disturbed by the change in her mother. For it was seldom the older woman permitted mood or worry or weariness to show its head between her and her audience.

"What's the matter with mother?" asked the girl in the middle of a high-voltage scene with Wallie. The girl had grown adept at such word juggling between her lines, and this question was, as she faced up-stage, without one perceptible halt in the rapid-fire movement of the play.

"Why?" asked the young Mexican, when his chance came.

"She frightens me with that look on her face," explained the girl, in a slightly delayed aside.

"She *always* frightens me," was Wallie's final retort. But being less adroit in such things, he suddenly went dry, and had to cross and glower and cross again before his stage-mate remembered to throw him his line and permit the heated scene to gallop on to its end.

But Katherine Kinsella, that night, refused to gallop. She seemed always parrying for time, as though intent on withholding some culmination which she dreaded to face. She seemed afraid to move forward. She was deathly quiet by the time the final act was under way, for she knew the fatal cartridge had been slipped unobserved into the waiting revolver, and she knew the part that cartridge was destined to play. She no longer needed to compel herself to calmness, for by this time the fires of her

spirit seemed burned out. It was not alone that she went through her part with an air of pathos and repose that seemed new to her. But life had hammered and shaped and chilled her to a cutting edge, and the knife went deep. Yet she yearned over her daughter with a tenderness which no longer remained in her control, for she could see happiness in the girl's face, and that happiness, she knew, was so soon to end. The girl would not understand the final kindness in all the seeming cruelty. But she would learn in time. It would shock her out of her childish dreams. It would mature her, send her back to her life's work with a riper mind, for it was only those who knew grief who could ever hope to betray it. That was the price they all had to pay. And it was too late now to turn back.

She remembered that as she confronted the young Mexican grandee who was her fictitious enemy of the moment. Yet he was a mere boy, she also remembered as she gestured and cried with the automatism of habit so fixed that her thoughts were left free to range as they would, and her quickened emotions came and went without hindrance. But he had taken out of her life the only thing she had loved. He was leaving her, in his blindness, nothing with which to face the bald and empty future. She had planned and schemed and toiled for that future, and if a price was being demanded to hold it, it was she herself who was paying that price. And she was ready.

Yet as the act went on she had her sickening moments of hesitation. And to fight back that threatening weakness she had to visualize the youth in the tawdry exotic make-up as the impersonation of all evil. She had to force herself to hate him. She was compelled to drug herself with the venom of a tortured and twisted imagination. She had to lash herself into a fury at the thing which it was essential she should abhor. She had to fashion make-believe into the mould of actuality until stage-illusion and life itself merged and blended, until her dizzy brain stood convinced that in saving the mimic daughter of that tawdry melodrama she was saving the breathing and living daughter who could and should not be taken away from her. And in doing this, for the first time in many a year of over-facile ranting, she lost herself in her part.

Budanski, slouching low in his seat, made a movement which the man sitting beside him accepted as one of annoyance. But the younger man, the next moment, realized his mistake. For he could hear Budanski's whisper in the darkness.

"My God," breathed the Napoleon of the stage, "*that woman can act!*"

"She's sure tearing it off," acknowledged young Loeser, with his eyes still on the tragic figure so cunningly concealing the revolver from her intended victim.

"Watch her gun-play," whispered Budanski, leaning forward, by this time, with his hands on his knees.

"D'you notice her knees, Chief?" came from the other, in an answering whisper. "See 'em shake under that skirt!"

"*Watch her gun-play!*" retorted Budanski, intent on the stage.

He did not fully understand what was taking place there. But this did not greatly disturb him. He was less interested, at the moment, in the movements themselves than in the manner in which those movements were carried out. What held him was the precious air of genuineness about it all, the stark convincingness of the world-weary mother so grimly intent on delivering her daughter from evil. He nursed the suspicion that this final flower of stage characterization was lost on the audience about him. That audience asked only for the easier thrill and the more obvious effect. But this overlooked flowering of artistry was the lonely blossom he had once searched the world for, and had but rarely found. He seldom searched for it among what Loeser called the bush-leaguers, for he had long clung to a pet theory that five continuous years in stock or on the road spelled ruin to any player's art. Yet here was a woman who must have spent the best of her life under the corrupting influences and in the coarsening air of cheap melodrama. Here was a tank-towner stumbling into a bit of work which impressed him as startlingly close to his final word in stage-craft. It was a rôle with rigidly imposed restrictions, just as it was a performance with equally established limitations. But, as far as it went, it was perfect. The woman had lost herself in her part.

"There's greatness in that;" he said aloud.

She was getting it over He could see that by the love which softened her face as she turned to her daughter. And he could see it again in the steel-cold lines of hate which hardened her flaccid mouth as she turned deliberately back to the youth who stood so perilously between that daughter and herself. She was stretching the

wire dangerously thin, he felt, yet what he liked most about it was her pretense at hesitation. It impressed him as the deliberateness of the well-trained hand grown sure of its tool, grown contemptuous of its cutting-edge. She was even giving depth to a situation primarily shallow, for what confronted him was no mere demi-rep sodden with crime, cheaply shooting where shooting was called for, but a woman of emotion darkly stirred, only too tragically aware of what awaited her, yet driven against her will to the final resort of force where force spelled her only avenue of escape from the intolerable.

He could see this even by the way she handled her firearm, by her furtive movements of concealment until the impending last moment. For she gave the impression of being afraid of the weapon, as though intent on concealing it as much from her own eyes as from her victim's. It was the instrument of murder, and murder, after all, was murder. She must have hated the thought of it, behind all her iron will. And that human dread of a dreadful act tended to humanize her to the spectator. Even when the tension was at its highest, for all the retarded tempo of those over-deliberate movements of hers, it seemed like a crowning touch when her face, under its plastering make-up, became cadaverously colourless. It seemed a miracle of will, to the narrowed-eyed Budanski, that her face and lips could go colourless, as the barrel of her weapon was brought slowly about until it was pointed directly at the heart of her victim.

She waited, and a breathless house waited with her, as she took one shuddering breath, her finger hesitating on the trigger. Her face, with its horror-widened eyes, was now averted from the debonair youth into whose body her bullet was supposed to crash. That face stared, as bloodless as a skull, toward the audience it did not see, and even Budanski himself felt the scampering mouse-feet of emotional reaction up and down his spine at that sustained moment of suspense held by the sepulchral blank face of the woman so terribly afraid of Death.

"There's greatness in that," whispered the master of stage-craft, for the second time.

Then he leaned forward, with a frown of disappointment on his face, for the thread of the thing seemed to snap. The forward-thrust body of the woman with the revolver suddenly stiffened. She fell back a few steps, with the wading motion of a bather half-immersed in water, flung the revolver away from her, and as she stood facing the audience sobbed out brokenly: "*I can't do it! I can't do it!*"

She raised her hands, as though to cover her face. But before that moment could be completed she went down on the dusty boards of the stage-front. She did not fall, for it was not the faint that most of the audience inferred it to be. It was more a slow crumbling down of the inert body, a subsidence without sound or shock. The only perceptible sound, indeed, in the momentary hush of that motionless and slightly mystified house was the small noise of sobs from the woman lying with her head toward the stage-apron, inhaling floor-dust and clawing foolishly at the board-cracks.

It was the company behind that stage-apron, more than the audience in front of it, which stood startled by this unlooked-for ending to the familiar old story. Wallie Craswell sharply called out to Anada Kinsella, whose muffled scream of "Mother!" was lost in the tumult of a dozen supers, made up as *peons*, crowding noisily out on the stage for the *finale*, as they had been duly schooled to do.

"The old woman's gone blooey!" gasped Hunkie Hoppe, trying to herd them back.

"Get your curtain down!" called Grimshaw, signaling to the one-eyed orchestra-leader to start his recessional music. Half the audience was on its feet by this time, and the strained laughter of a woman in a gallery-seat was sharpening into the uncontrolled screams of hysteria.

"Help me here," Wallie Craswell cried out to Hoppe, as he stooped to lift the passive woman from the floor-boards. "Are you all right?" he gasped as he backed away with his burden. "Look out for your curtain there! This side, Anada, and we'll get her to a dressing-room!"

Hunkie Hoppe, once his curtain was down, gasped after the white-faced woman being supported by the girl and the young man on either side of her.

"And she gummed her best scene—with Budanski out front!" he muttered as he picked up the fallen revolver. Then he turned irritably to the staring supers. "Get off the stage, you muckers! Can't you see this show's over!"

"Mother, are you all right?" the girl was still demanding of the older woman beside her. For that older woman had suddenly stopped and stared at her with the abstraction of a somnambulist. Then she had

turned and stared with prolonged absorption into the face of the youth in the ridiculous Mexican jacket braided with brass sequins. Slowly she took the brown-stained hand which had been clasping her arm and lifted it toward the white-powdered hand of the girl on her other side. She thrust the two hands toward each other until they met and clasped. She did so with a solemnity which tended to translate the movement into a rite. She was even able to smile wintrily at those hesitatingly-clasped fingers which tightened at her surrendering nod of approval.

"Yes, I'm all right," she said as she walked unsteadily toward her dressing-room. . . .

Loeser, sitting beside Budanski as the theater noisily emptied, drew a deep breath.

"I'll be darned if that old she-trouper didn't give me a shiver up the backbone," he said with an achieved air of flippancy.

"She'll give you quite a few before I'm through with her," retorted the older man.

Loeser, who knew his chief, did not let the significance of that declaration escape him.

"But can she do it again?" he asked, with his eyes on the curtain stippled with its competitive trade-announcements.

"She did it once, didn't she?"

"We've just seen it," admitted the younger man.

"Then it's up to me to make her do it again," was Budanski's untroubled retort. . . .

"Mother," called Anada at Katherine Kinsella's door ten minutes later, "there's a Mr. Budanski here to see you."

There was a ponderable lapse of time before any answer came from the woman behind the closed door.

"Will you ask him what for?" the muffled voice finally said. But Budanski, at this juncture, pushed the girl aside. There was impatience in his gesture.

"To get you back to Broadway before the end of the month," announced the old manager, swinging back the door. "To sign you up for three years, lady, before I leave this room!"

"Wait—wait till I finish dressing," faltered the lady in question, with one hand on the greasy back of a chair with a broken leg and the other holding a clustered soiled kimono against her shoulders.

"Fiddlesticks," retorted the great man of Broadway, with his Napoleonic prerogatives. "I've only forty minutes to get this business settled. And I've only five weeks to get you back into real stage-work. So let's get down to brass tacks. Does five hundred a week seem a fair figure for the first year?"

Slowly the woman turned over the crumpled kimono and slowly she thrust her arms through the faded voluminous sleeves. All the while her eyes were on Budanski's face. They were opaque and expressionless, but the machinery of thought behind them was racing with its ramifying cogs of conjecture. She knew what it meant, in a way, from the moment she first heard it. But it took time to digest that discovery.

"My daughter"—she began, with the look of pathos intensified on her tired face.

"Which is her?" demanded Budanski, misunderstanding the woman's hesitation as he turned in the open door. He suspected the maneuver of seeing a family encumbrance attaching itself to a working necessity.

The woman, with her meditative wide stare still on her face, stepped to the door. Close under the switch-board, in the half-light, she could see a tall youth in a Mexican jacket braided with sequins standing with his arms folded about a slender girl whose head rested on his shoulder. They drew apart the next moment, and stood speaking in earnest whispers. Then the girl placed a hand on the shoulder of the braided jacket and the youth's arms once more enfolded her.

"That's my daughter," murmured the woman with the abstracted eyes. And Budanski smiled, in spite of himself, in spite of the tragic light of relinquishment in the older woman's eyes.

"You mean she used to be your daughter, don't you?" he curtly inquired.

Instead of answering him in words, she moved her head slowly up and down. She was still repeating that abstracted head-movement of acquiescence when he glanced down at his watch and swung the door shut. "So let's get back to business," he announced as he cleared one end of the littered dressing-table and reached for his fountain-pen.

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Europa's kiss is sweet though it reach only to the lips, though it but lightly touch the mouth. For she touches not with the edge of the lips; with her mouth cleaving close she drains the soul from the finger-tips. RUFINUS.

# Paddy MacCarthy

By MICHAEL HOGAN

*ARRAH!* Bridgid MacSheehy, your eyes are the death o' me,
And your laugh, like a fairy stroke, knocks out the breath o' me!
The devil a cobweb of slumber, till dawned the day,
Has come to my lids, while the long night I yawned away!
Och, you heart-killing imp, 'twas your witchery puzzled me;
Like a bird by a night-wisp, your beauty has dazzled me!
I'd rather be forty miles running away with you,
Than live, to be parted ten minutes, one day with you!

'Pon my soul, I was dreaming last night that you came to me,
With your own pretty smile, like a sweet drink of cream to me,
Says you, "Paddy Carthy, I'm coming to marry you!"
"Och, my jewel," says I, "to his rev'rence I'll carry you!"
So I thought my poor heart gave a thump like a prizefighter,
As off to the chapel I jumped like a lamplighter;
But scarce had the priest time to see how his robe was on,
When, och, blood-an'-turf!—I woke ere the job was done!

Now, troth, it's a heartache, between you and I, Biddy,
To let that sly rogue of a dream tell a lie, Biddy!
If your sweet mouth just says, "My dear boy, here's my hand to you!"
By the lord of Kilsmack! Paddy Carthy will stand to you!
In the meadow I'll mow, in the haggard I'll work for you;
Say the word, and I'll walk on my head to New York for you;
My heart in the heat of devotion so beats to you,
'Tis just like a little child crying for sweets to you!

Did you hear what a great name my ancestors had of it?
From Blarney to Munster they owned every sod of it;
The MacCarthy Mores they were christened by reason, sure,
Of their fighting and feasting bein' always in season, sure!
*Arrah*, them were the boys that kep' up the old cause for us,
Ere a red robbing stranger come here with mock laws for us!
Real jewels they were for love, spendin' and sportin' too,
An' sure I'm a boy of their clan that's now courtin' you!

There's Judy Malony, with ten on the watch for her—
Her uncle come to me to make up a match for her;
There's Thady Mulready, by Loch Quinlan's water clear,
Faith, he'd give me six cows if I'd marry his daughter dear!
But no, by the powers! I would rather go beg with you,
Hopping from village to town on one leg with you,
Than be walking on two, with a rich heiress stuck to me—
If I'm not speaking true to you, darling, bad luck to me!

You're the queen of the lilies that grow up so tenderly,
And your leg is as fair as white wax, moulded slenderly,
The berries are so like your lips that the pick of them
I plucked from the bush, till I ate myself sick of them!
Where the haw-tree its flowers to the sunbeams is handing up,
I saw, like your white neck, a blossom-branch standing up,
I climbed to get at it—you'd pity the trim o' me—
For, bad luck to the thorns, they carved every limb o' me!

I'll purchase the best wedding ring in the town for you!
Or by thunder, to make one I'll pull the moon down for you!
If I could lay my hand on the sun for a crown for you,
Sure, I'd be the boy that would win light and renown for you!
Now, Biddy, my jewel! what have you to say to me?
Just give up your heart without further delay to me;
And I will bless this as a glorious fine day to me—
If a queen got such courting, by Jove, she'd give way to me!

A Twelfth-Century Picture of Salome Dancing Before Herod
*(which gives more idea of the art in the medieval West than in the Orient)*
*(From a Ms. in the Bodleian Library)*

# Some Dancers

## *PART II: THE WEST*

ARIEL—*Come unto these yellow sands,*
*And then take hands:*
*Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,—*
*The wild waves whist,—*
*Foot it featly here and there;*
*And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*
*Hark, hark!*
(Burden: *Bow, wow,* dispersedly.
*The watch-dogs bark:*
(Burden: *Bow, wow,* dispersedly.
*Hark, hark! I hear*
*The strain of strutting Chanticleer*
(Cry, *Cock-a-diddle-dow.*
*The Tempest.* SHAKESPEARE.

### The Tumbler Who Offered His Art to Our Lady

When he heard the bells ring for Mass he sprang to his feet all dismayed. "Ha!" said he; "now am I betrayed. Each adds his mite to the great offering, save only me. . . . I will do that which I can, and honour with my craft the Mother of God in her monastery. Since others honour her with chant, then I will serve with tumbling."

He takes off his cowl, and removes his garments, placing them near the altar, but so that his body be not naked he dons a tunic, very thin and fine, of scarce more substance than a shirt. So, light and comely of body, with gown girt closely about his loins, he comes before the Image right humbly. . . .

Then commenced he his merry play, leaping low and small, tall and high, over and under. Then once more he knelt upon his knees before the statue, and meekly bowed his head. "Ha!" said he, "most gracious Queen, of your pity and your charity scorn not this my service." Again he leaped and played, and for holiday and festival, made the somersault of Metz. Again he bowed before the Image, did reverence, and paid it all the honour

that he might. Afterwards he did the French vault, then the vault of Champagne, then the Spanish vault, then the vaults they love in Brittany, then the vault of Lorraine, and all these feats he did as best he was able. Afterwards he did the Roman vault, and then, with hands before his brow, danced daintily before the altar, gazing with a humble heart at the statue of God's Mother. . . . Then he walked on his two hands, with his feet in the air, and his head near the ground. He twirled with his feet, and wept with his eyes. . . . Then he smote upon his breast, he sighed and wept most tenderly, since he knew no better prayer than tears. Then he turned him about, and leaped once again. "Lady," said he, "as God is my Saviour, never have I turned this somersault before. Never has tumbler done such a feat, and, certes, it is not bad. Lady, what delight is his who may harbour with you in your glorious manor. For God's love, Lady, grant me such fair hostelry, since I am yours, and am nothing of my own." Once again he did the vault of Metz; again he danced and tumbled. Then when the chants rose louder from the choir, he, too, forced the note, and put forward all his skill. So long as the priest was about that Mass, so long his flesh endured to dance, and leap and spring, till at the last, nigh fainting, he could stand no longer upon his feet, but fell for weariness upon the ground. From head to heel sweat stood upon him, drop by drop, as blood falls from meat turning upon the hearth. "Lady," said he, "I can no more, but truly will I seek you again." Fire consumed him utterly. He took his habit once more, and when he was wrapped close therein, he rose to his feet, and, bending low before the statue, went his way. "Farewell," said he, "gentlest Friend. For God's love take it not to heart, for so I may I will soon return. Not one Hour shall pass but that I will serve you with right good will, so I may come, and so my service is pleasing in your sight." Thus he went from the crypt, yet gazing on his Lady. "Lady," said he, "my heart is sore that I cannot read your Hours. How would I love them for love of you, most gentle Lady! Into your care I commend my soul and my body."

*Our Lady's Tumbler.* (*Medieval French Romance*). Translated by Eugene Keen.

*I myself believe that the first dance was performed by a domestic hen who found an ostrich's egg and bounded before Providence in gratitude for something worthy of being sat upon.*

JAMES STEPHENS.

## THE DANCING DISEASE

[*This extraordinary, contagious emotional hysteria, which lasted for a couple of centuries, is known as Tarantism,—apparently because it was supposed to be due to the bite of a tarantula, and was especially prevalent at Tarento, in Apulia, Italy. The airs of the tarantella dances are said to have been composed because of their curative effect on the sufferers,—the patient dancing to them until he fell exhausted.*]

So early as the year 1374, assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public both in the streets and in the churches the following strange spectacle. They formed circles hand in hand, and appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in cloths bound tightly round their waists, upon which they again recovered, and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practise of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings, but the bystanders frequently relieved patients in a less artificial manner by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected. . . .

A few months after this dancing malady had made its appearance at Aix-la-Chapelle, it broke out at Cologne, where the number of those possessed amounted to more than five hundred, and about the same time at Metz, the streets of which place are said to have been filled with eleven hundred dancers. Peasants left their ploughs, mechanics their workshops, housewives their domestic duties, to join the wild revels, and this rich commercial city became the scene of the most ruinous disorder. Secret desires were excited, and but too often found opportunities for wild enjoyment; and numerous beggars, stimulated by vice and misery, availed themselves of this new complaint to gain a temporary livelihood. Girls and boys quitted their parents, and servants their masters, to amuse themselves at the dances of those possessed, and greedily imbibed the poison of mental infection. Above

A Fifteenth Century Ball

*Held in the gallery which occupied the whole length of the roof in most fifteenth century houses; a century or so later the musicians would have been in a gallery, not on the floor with the dancers.*
*(From the Ms. of "Le Compte d'Artois")*

a hundred unmarried women were seen raving about in consecrated and unconsecrated places, and the consequences were soon perceived. Gangs of idle vagabonds, who understood how to imitate to the life the gestures and convulsions of those really affected, roved from place to place seeking maintenance and adventures, and thus, wherever they went, spreading this disgusting spasmodic disease like a plague; for in maladies of this kind the susceptible are infected as easily by the appearance as by the reality. At last it was found necessary to drive away these mischievous guests, who were equally inaccessible to the exorcisms of the priests and the remedies of the physicians. It was not, however, until after four months that the Rhenish cities were able to suppress these impostures, which had so alarmingly increased the original evil. In the meantime, when once called into existence, the plague crept on, and found abundant food in the tone of thought which prevailed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and even, though in a minor degree, throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth, causing a permanent disorder of the mind, and exhibiting, in those cities to whose inhabitants it was a novelty, scenes as strange as they were detestable. *The Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages.* B. G. Babington.

*As Tammie glow'rd, amaz'd, and curious,*
*The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;*
*The piper loud and louder blew,*
*The dancers quick and quicker flew,*
*They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,*
*Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,*
*And coost her duddies to the wark,*
*And linket at it in her sark!* Burns.

## The Dancing Chancellor

[*It has been suggested that it was Sir Christopher—who, like M. de Lauzun, favourite of Louis XIV, owed his court favour to his graceful dancing—that gave W. S. Gilbert the idea of his famous agile Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe."*]

Sir Christopher Hatton was then (1561) in the twenty-first year of his age, handsome, tall, and graceful in his person, of elegant manners, and an accomplished dancer—qualities that never failed to please the eye and gratify the taste of Queen Elizabeth. Neither the exact time nor the occasion upon which he first appeared before his Sovereign is known,

but it is said to have been in one of those masques which the Templars often presented to the Queen. "He came to Court," says Sir Robert Naunton, on the authority of Sir John Perrot, "by the galliard, for he came thither as a private gentleman of the Inns of Court in a masque, and for his activity and person, which was tall and proportionable, was taken into the Queen's favour." This statement, which has been generally adopted, though probable in itself, may have originated in envy; or Naunton may have been misinformed, as his account of Hatton is very erroneous. It is, however, to some extent supported by Camden, whose candour was no less great than his learning; who says, that, "being young and of a comely tallness of body and countenance, he got into such favour with the Queen that she took him into her band of fifty Gentlemen-pensioners." (*See also Gray's poem below.*)

SIR HARRIS NICOLAS.

*Full oft within the spatious walls,*
*When he had fifty winters o'er him,*
*My grave Lord-Keeper led the Brawls;*
*The Seal, and Maces, danced before him.*
*His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,*
*His high-crown'd hat, and sattin-doublet,*
*Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,*
*Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.*

*A Long Story.* THOMAS GRAY.

## ONE OF MANY THINGS MR. STUBBES DISLIKED

They strike up the Devil's Daunce withall, then martch this heathen company towards the church and churchyarde, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundering, their stumpes dauncing, their belles jingling, their handkerchiefes fluttering about their heades like madde men, their hobbie-horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng; and in this sorte they go to the church (though the minister be at prayer or preaching), dauncing and swinging their handkerchiefes over their heades in the church, like Devils incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his own voyce.

*Anatomie of Abuses* (1585). PHILIP STUBBES.

*Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee*
*Jest and youthful jollity,*
*Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,*
*Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,*
*Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,*
*And love to live in dimple sleek;*
*Sport that wrinkled care derides,*
*And laughter holding both its sides.*
*Come, and trip it as you go*
*On the light fantastic toe,*
*And in thy right hand lead with thee*
*The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.*

MILTON.

## THE "BLACK BOTTOM" OF 1588

Thoinot Arbeau, who wrote the first history of dancing, was a monk who had to hide his name under the pen name of Tabourot, so great was the animosity toward social dancing in 1588. After witnessing a ball where the Volta, a new dance, was introduced for the first time, he writes:

"The damosel, her skirt fluttering in the air, has displayed her legs, and you shall return her to her seat, when, put what face on it she may, she will find her shaken-up brain full of swimming and whirling, and you will not perhaps be much better. I leave it to you to consider if it be decorous for a young lady thus to straddle and stride, and whether in this Volta honour and health be not hazarded." VERNON CASTLE.

*Her feet beneath her petticoat*
*Like little mice stole in and out,*
*As if they feared the light;*
*But O, she dances such a way!*
*No sun upon an Easter-day*
*Is half so fine a sight.*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

## Dancing from London to Norwich

*(The "Nine Days' Wonder" consisted in William Kemp's dancing the whole way from London to Norwich in that space of time. He left the Lord Mayor of London on Feb. 11, 1600, accompanied by Thomas Slye, his Tabourer: William Bee, his servant: and George Sprat, appointed for his Overseer to see that he should take no other ease but his prescribed order. The following is Kemp's description of the Fifth Day's Journey.)*

. . . This Wednesday morning I tripped it to Sudbury; whither came to see me, a very kind Gentleman, Master Foskew, that had, before, travelled afoot from London to Berwick: who, giving me good counsel to observe temperate diet for my health, and other advice to be careful of my company, besides his liberal entertainment, departed; leaving me much indebted to his love.

In this town of Sudbury, there came a lusty tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would, in a Morrice, keep me company to Bury. I being glad of his friendly offer, gave him thanks: and forward we did set! But ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field: protesting that "if he might get a hundred pounds, he would not hold out with me!" For, indeed, my pace in dancing is not ordinary.

As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass being among the people, called him "Faint-hearted lout!" saying, "If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile, though it had cost my life!"

At which words, many laughed.

"Nay," saith she, "if the Dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I'll venture to tread one mile with him, myself!"

I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat. I fitted her with bells, which she, merrily taking, garnished her thick short legs: and with a smooth brow, bade the Tabourer begin.

The drum struck, forward march I, with my merry Maid Marian: who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford; being a long mile.

There parting with her, I gave her, besides her skin full of drink, an English crown to buy more drink: for, good wench! she was in a piteous heat!

My kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short courtsies, and bidding "God bless the Dancer!"

I bade her "Adieu!" and to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly: and we parted friendly.

But ere I part with her, a good fellow, my friend, having writ an odd rhyme of her, I will set it down.

A country lass (brown as a berry,
Blithe of blee, in heart as merry;
Cheeks well fed, and sides well larded;
Every bone, with fat flesh guarded)
Meeting merry Kemp by chance,
Was Marian in his Morrice dance.
Her stump legs, with bells were garnished;
Her brown brows, with sweating varnished;
Her brown hips, when she was lag,
To win her ground, went swig-a-swag:
Which to see, all that came after
Were replete with mirthful laughter.
Yet she thumped it on her way
With a sportly hey de gay!
At a mile, her dance she ended;
Kindly paid, and well commended.

*Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder.*

*O to have life henceforth a poem of new joys!*
*To dance, clap hands, exult, shout, skip, leap, roll on, float on!*

Walt Whitman.

## The Lobster Quadrille

"You may not have lived much under the sea"—("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster"—(Alice began to say "I once tasted—" but checked herself hastily, and said, "No, never")—"so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of dance is it?" . . .

"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock-Turtle.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Let's try the first figure!" said the Mock-Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, *you* sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their fore-paws to mark the time, while the Mock-Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

Lewis Carroll.

*On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!*
*No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,*
*To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.* Byron.

## "This Was the Carmagnole"

There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular evolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as hazard had brought them together. At first, they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woolen rags; but, as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance figure gone raving mad arose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another's hands, clutched at one another's heads, spun round alone, caught one another and spun round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While these were down, the rest linked hand in hand, and all spun round together: then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched, and tore, and then reversed the spin, and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again, paused, struck out afresh, formed into lines the width of the public way, and, with their heads low down and their hands high up, swooped screaming off. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fallen sport—a something, once innocent, delivered over to all deviltry—a healthy pastime changed into a means of angering the blood, bewildering the senses, and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it, made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maidenly bosom bared to this, the pretty almost-child's head, thus distracted, the delicate foot mincing in this slough of blood and dirt, were types of the disjointed times.

This was the Carmagnole. Dickens

Dora—*Oh, but we can't dance to-night. There isn't time; and we want to hear about virtue.*

Lecturer—*Let me see a little of it first. Dancing is the first of girl's virtues.* Ruskin.

## A Tarantelle in Honour of Nelson

A few weeks after her recovery, in the full bloom of renewed health and youth, Lady Hamilton started her receptions once more. . . . News of Nelson's victory at Copenhagen and of the destruction of the Danish fleet had just reached England. . . . For-

getting that she was no longer twenty, and always eager to put herself forward despite the fact that it would have been wiser not to show off her somewhat imposing figure, she rose, exclaiming: "Come, a tarantelle in honour of Lord Nelson!" In spite of his age, he was then seventy-two, Sir William began it with her, and maintained the conflict, for such it might well be esteemed, during some minutes, when, unable longer to continue it, the Duke de Noia took his place; but he, too, though near forty years younger than Sir William, soon gave in. Lady Hamilton sent for her own maid-servant, who being presently exhausted, was relieved by another female attendant, a Copt, perfectly black, whom Lord Nelson had presented to her on his return from Egypt. HILDA GAMLIN.

## LADY HAMILTON'S PERFORMANCE

It would be difficult to convey any idea of this dance; but the *Fandango* and *Seguedilla* of the Spaniards present an image of it. We must recollect that the two performers are supposed to be a Satyr and a Nymph; or, rather, a Fawn and a Bacchant. It was certainly not of a nature to be performed, except before a select company; as the screams, attitudes, starts, and embraces, with which it was intermingled, gave it a peculiar character. G. STREET.

*When you do dance I wish you*
*A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do*
*Nothing but that.* SHAKESPEARE.

## THAT "HARROWING OLD MAN," GRANDFER CANTLE

"Ah, now, you'd hardly believe it, but I don't care for gay weddings," said Timothy Fairway, his eyes again traveling round. "I hardly blame Thomasin Yeobright and neighbour Wildeve for doing it quiet, if I must own it. A wedding at home means five- and six-handed reels by the hour; and they do a man's legs no good when he's over forty."

"True. Once at a woman's house you can hardly say nay to being one in a jig, knowing all the time that you be expected to make yourself worth your victuals."

"You be bound to dance at Christmas because 'tis the time o' year; you must dance at weddings because 'tis the time o' life. At christenings folk will even smuggle in a reel or two, if 'tis no further on than the first or second chiel. And this is not naming the songs you've got to sing. . . . For my part I like a good hearty funeral as well as anything. You've as splendid victuals and drink as at other parties, and even better. And it don't wear your legs to stumps in talking over a poor fellow's ways as it do to stand up in hornpipes."

"Nine folks out of ten would own 'twas going too far to dance then, I suppose?" said Grandfer Cantle inquiringly.

"'Tis the only sort of party a staid man can feel safe at after the mug have been round a few times. . . ."

"I don't think Fifth-of-Novembers ought to be kept up by night except in towns. It should be by day in outstep, ill-accounted places like this!"

"Nonsense, Christian. Lift up your spirits like a man! Susy, dear, you and I will have a jig—hey, my honey?—before 'tis quite too dark to see how well-favoured you be still, though so many summers have passed since your husband, a son of a witch, snapped you up from me."

This was addressed to Susan Nunsuch; and the next circumstance of which the beholders were conscious was a vision of the matron's broad form whisking off toward the space whereon the fire had been kindled. She was lifted bodily by Mr. Fairway's arm, which had been flung round her waist before she had become aware of his intention. The site of the fire was now merely a circle of ashes flecked with red embers and sparks, the furze having burnt completely away. Once within the circle he whirled her round and round in a dance. She was a woman noisily constructed; in addition to her enclosing framework of whalebone and lath, she wore pattens summer and winter, in wet weather and in dry, to preserve her boots from wear; and when Fairway began to jump about with her, the clicking of the pattens, the creaking of the stays, and her screams of surprise, formed a very audible concert.

"I'll crack thy numskull for thee, you mandy chap," said Mrs. Nunsuch, as she helplessly danced round with him, her feet playing like drumsticks among the sparks. "My

ankles were all in a fever afore, from walking through that prickly furze, and now you must make 'em worse with these vlankers!"

The vagary of Timothy Fairway was infectious. The turf-cutter seized old Olly Dowden, and, somewhat more gently, poussetted with her likewise. The young men were not slow to imitate the example of their elders, and seized the maids; Grandfer Cantle and his stick jigged in the form of a three-legged object among the rest; and in half a minute all that could be seen on Rainbarrow was a whirling of dark shapes amid a boiling confusion of sparks, which leapt around the dancers as high as their waists. The chief noises were women's shrill cries, men's laughter, Susan's stays and pattens, Olly Dowden's "heu-heu-heu!" and the strumming of the wind upon the furze bushes, which formed a kind of tune to the demoniac measure they trod. Christian alone stood aloof, uneasily rocking himself as he murmured, "They ought not to do it—how the vlankers do fly! 'tis tempting the Wicked One, 'tis." . . .

"You don't take after your father," said Mrs. Yeobright, looking toward the fire, where Grandfer Cantle, with some want of originality, was dancing by himself among the sparks, as the others had done before.

"Now, Grandfer," said Timothy Fairway, "we are ashamed of ye. A reverent old patriarch man as you be—seventy if a day—to go hornpiping like that by yourself!"

"A harrowing old man, Mis'ess Yeobright," said Christian despondingly. "I wouldn't live with him a week, so playward as he is, if I could get away." THOMAS HARDY.

## A PIPER

*A piper in the streets to-day*
*Set up, and tuned, and started to play,*
*And away, away, away on the tide*
*Of his music we started; on every side*
*Doors and windows were opened wide,*
*And men left down their work and came,*
*And women with petticoats coloured like flame.*
*And little bare feet that were blue with cold,*
*Went dancing back to the age of gold,*
*And all the world went gay, went gay,*
*For half an hour in the street to-day.* SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

## MORRIS-DANCERS AROUND THE MAY-POLE

I saw the May-pole towering above the cottages, with its garlands and streamers, and heard the sound of music.—A band of morris-dancers were capering on the green in their fantastic dresses, jingling with hawks' bells, with a boy dressed up as Maid Marian, and the attendant fool rattling his box to collect contributions from the bystanders.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(*To be concluded*)

# Rus In Urbe

By O. HENRY

O. Henry

CONSIDERING men in relation to money, there are three kinds whom I dislike: men who have more money than they can spend; men who have more money than they do spend; and men who spend more money than they have. Of the three varieties, I believe I have the least liking for the first. But, as a man, I liked Spencer Grenville North pretty well, although he had something like two or ten or thirty millions—I've forgotten exactly how many.

I did not leave town that summer. I usually went down to a village on the south shore of Long Island. The place was surrounded by duck-farms, and the ducks and dogs and whip-poor-wills and rusty windmills made so much noise that I could sleep as peacefully as if I were in my own flat six doors from the elevated railroad in New York. But that summer I did not go. Remember that. One of my friends asked me why I did not. I replied: "Because, old man, New York is the finest summer resort in the world." You have heard that phrase before. But that is what I told him.

I was press-agent that year for Binkley & Bing, the theatrical managers and producers. Of course you know what a press-agent is. Well, he is not. That is the secret of being one.

Binkley was touring France in his new C. & N. Williamson car, and Bing had gone to Scotland to learn curling, which he seemed to associate in his mind with hot tongs rather than with ice. Before they left they gave me June and July, on salary, for my vacation, which act was in accord with their large spirit of liberality. But I remained in New York, which I had decided was the finest summer resort in.——

But I said that before.

On July the 10th, North came to town from his camp in the Adirondacks. Try to imagine a camp with sixteen rooms, plumbing, eiderdown quilts, a butler, a garage, solid silver plate, and a long-distance telephone. Of course it was in the woods—if Mr. Pinchot wants to preserve the forests let him give every citizen two or ten or thirty million dollars, and the trees will all gather around the summer camps, as the Birnam woods came to Dunsinane, and be preserved.

North came to see me in my three rooms and bath, extra charge for light when used extravagantly or all night. He slapped me on the back (I would rather have my shins kicked any day), and greeted me with outdoor obstreperousness and revolting good spirits. He was insolently brown and healthy-looking, and offensively well dressed.

"Just ran down for a few days," said he, "to sign some papers and stuff like that. My lawyer wired me to come. Well, you indolent cockney, what are you doing in town? I took a chance and telephoned, and they said you are here. What's the matter with that Utopia on Long Island where you used to take your typewriter and your villainous temper every summer? Anything wrong with the—er—swans, weren't they, that used to sing on the farms at night?"

"Ducks," said I. "The songs of swans are for luckier ears. They swim and curve their necks in artificial lakes on the estates of the wealthy to delight the eyes of the favourites of Fortune."

"Also in Central Park," said North, "to delight the eyes of immigrants and bummers. I've seen 'em there lots of times. But why are you in the city so late in the summer?"

"New York City," I began to recite, "is the finest sum——"

"No, you don't," said North, emphatically. "You don't spring that old one on me. I know you know better. Man, you ought to have gone up with us this summer. The Prestons are there, and Tom Volney and the Monroes and Lulu Stanford and the Miss Kennedy and her aunt that you liked so well."

"I never liked Miss Kennedy's aunt," I said.

"I didn't say you did," said North. "We

are having the greatest time we've ever had. The pickerel and trout are so ravenous that I believe they would swallow your hook with a Montana copper-mine prospectus fastened on it. And we've a couple of electric launches; and I'll tell you what we do every night or two—we tow a row-boat behind each one with a big phonograph and a boy to change the discs in 'em. On the water, and twenty yards behind you, they are not so bad. And there are passably good roads through the woods where we go motoring. I shipped two cars up there. And the Pinecliff Inn is only three miles away. You know the Pinecliff. Some good people are there this season, and we run over to the dances twice a week. Can't you go back with me for a week, old man?"

I laughed. "Northy," said I—"if I may be so familiar with a millionaire, because I hate both the names Spencer and Grenville—your invitation is meant kindly, but—the city in the summer-time for me. Here, while the *bourgeoisie* is away, I can live as Nero lived—barring, thank Heaven, the fiddling—while the city burns at ninety in the shade. The tropics and the zones wait upon me like handmaidens. I sit under Florida palms and eat pomegranates while Boreas himself, electrically conjured up, blows upon me his Arctic breath. As for trout, you know, yourself, that Jean, at Maurice's, cooks them better than any one else in the world."

"Be advised," said North. "My chef has pinched the blue ribbon from the lot. He lays some slices of bacon inside the trout, wraps it all in corn-husks—the husks of green corn, you know—buries them in hot ashes and covers them with live coals. We build fires on the bank of the lake and have fish suppers."

"I know," said I. "And the servants bring down tables and chairs and damask cloths, and you eat with silver forks. I know the kind of camps that you millionaires have. And there are champagne pails set about, disgracing the wild flowers, and, no doubt, Madame Tetrazzini to sing in the boat pavilion after the trout."

"Oh, no," said North, concernedly, "we were never as bad as that. We did have a variety troupe up from the city three or four nights, but they weren't stars by as far as light can travel in the same length of time. I always like a few home comforts even when I'm roughing it. But don't tell me you prefer to stay in the city during summer. I don't believe it. If you do, why did you spend your summers out at that secret place for the last four years, even sneaking away from town on a night train, and refusing to tell your friends where this Arcadian village was?"

"Because," said I, "they might have followed me and discovered it. But since then I have learned that Amaryllis has come to town. The coolest things, the freshest, the brightest, the choicest, are to be found in the city. If you've nothing on hand this evening I will show you."

"I'm free," said North, "and I have my light car outside. I suppose, since you've been converted to the town, that your idea of rural sport is to have a little whirl between bicycle cops in Central Park and then a mug of sticky ale in some stuffy rathskeller under a fan that can't stir up as many revolutions in a week as Nicaragua can in a day."

"We'll begin with the spin through the Park, anyhow," I said. I was choking with the hot, stale air of my little apartment, and I wanted that breath of the cool to brace me for the task of proving to my friend that New York was the greatest—and so forth.

"Where can you find air any fresher or purer than this?" I asked, as we sped into Central's boskiest dell.

"Air!" said North, contemptuously. "Do you call this air?—this muggy vapour, smelling of garbage and gasoline smoke. Man, I wish you could get one sniff of the real Adirondack article in the pine woods at daylight."

"I have heard of it," said I. "But for fragrance and tang and a joy in the nostrils I would not give one puff of sea breeze across the bay, down on my little boat dock on Long Island, for ten of your turpentine-scented tornadoes."

"Then why," asked North, a little curiously, "don't you go there instead of staying cooped up in this Greater Bakery?"

"Because," said I, doggedly, "I have discovered that New York is the greatest summer——"

"Don't say that again," interrupted North, "unless you've actually got a job as General Passenger Agent of the Subway. You can't really believe it."

I went to some trouble to try to prove my theory to my friend. The Weather Bureau and the season had conspired to make the argument worthy of an able advocate.

The city seemed stretched on a broiler directly above the furnaces of Avernus. There was a kind of tepid gayety afoot

and awheel in the boulevards, mainly evinced by languid men strolling about in straw hats and evening clothes, and rows of idle taxicabs with their flags up, looking like a blockaded Fourth of July procession. The hotels kept up a specious brilliancy and hospitable outlook, but inside one saw vast empty caverns, and the footrails at the bars gleamed brightly from long disacquaintance with the sole-leather of customers. In the cross-town streets the steps of the old brownstone houses were swarming with "stoopers," that motley race hailing from skylight room and basement, bringing out their straw door-step mats to sit and fill the air with strange noises and opinions.

North and I dined on the top of a hotel; and here, for a few minutes, I thought I had made a score. An east wind, almost cool, blew across the roofless roof. A capable orchestra, concealed in a bower of wistaria, played with sufficient judgment to make the art of music probable and the art of conversation possible.

Some ladies in reproachless summer gowns at other tables gave animation and colour to the scene. And an excellent dinner, mainly from the refrigerator, seemed to successfully back my judgment as to summer resorts. But North grumbled all during the meal, and cursed his lawyers and prated so of his confounded camp in the woods that I began to wish he would go back there and leave me in my peaceful city retreat.

After dining, we went to a roof-garden vaudeville that was being much praised. There we found a good bill, an artificially cooled atmosphere, cold drinks, prompt service, and a gay, well-dressed audience. North was bored.

"If this isn't comfortable enough for you on the hottest August night for five years," I said, a little sarcastically, "you might think about the kids down in Delancey and Hester streets lying out on the fire-escapes with their tongues hanging out, trying to get a breath of air that hasn't been fried on both sides. The contrast might increase your enjoyment."

"Don't talk Socialism," said North. "I gave five hundred dollars to the free ice fund on the first of May. I'm contrasting these stale, artificial, hollow, wearisome 'amusements' with the enjoyment a man can get in the woods. You should see the firs and pines do skirt-dances during a storm; and lie down flat and drink out of a mountain branch at the end of a day's tramp after the deer. That's the only way to spend a summer. Get out and live with Nature."

"I agree with you absolutely," said I, with emphasis.

For one moment I had relaxed my vigilance, and had spoken my true sentiments. North looked at me long and curiously.

"Then why, in the name of Pan and Apollo," he asked, "have you been singing this deceitful pæan to summer in town?"

I suppose I looked my guilt.

"Ha," said North, "I see. May I ask her name?"

"Annie Ashton," said I, simply. "She played Nannette in Binkley & Bing's production of 'The Silver Cord.' She is to have a better part next season."

"Take me to see her," said North.

Miss Ashton lived with her mother in a small hotel. They were out of the West, and had a little money that bridged the seasons. As press-agent of Binkley & Bing, I had tried to keep her before the public. As Robert James Vandiver, I had hoped to withdraw her; for if ever one was made to keep company with said Vandiver and smell the salt breeze on the south shore of Long Island and listen to the ducks quack in the watches of the night, it was the Ashton set forth above.

But she had a soul above ducks—above nightingales; aye, even above the birds of paradise. She was very beautiful, with quiet ways, and seemed genuine. She had both taste and talent for the stage, and she liked to stay at home and read and make caps for her mother. She was unvaryingly kind and friendly with Binkley & Bing's press-agent. Since the theatre had closed she had allowed Mr. Vandiver to call in an unofficial rôle. I had often spoken to her of my friend, Spencer Grenville North; and so, as it was early, the first turn of the vaudeville being not yet over, we left to find a telephone.

Miss Ashton would be very glad to see Mr. Vandiver and Mr. North.

We found her fitting a new cap on her mother. I never saw her look more charming.

North made himself disagreeably entertaining. He was a good talker, and had a way with him. Besides, he had two, ten, or thirty millions, I've forgotten which. I incautiously admired the mother's cap, whereupon she brought out her store of a dozen or two, and I took a course in edgings and frills. Even though Annie's fingers had pinked, or ruched, or hemmed, or whatever you do to 'em, they palled upon me. And I could hear North drivelling

to Annie about his odious Adirondack camp.

Two days after that I saw North in his motor-car with Miss Ashton and her mother. On the next afternoon he dropped in on me.

"Bobby," said he, "this old burg isn't such a bad proposition in the summer-time, after all. Since I've been knocking around it looks better to me. There are some first-rate musical comedies and light operas on the roofs and in the outdoor gardens. And if you hunt up the right places and stick to soft drinks, you can keep about as cool here as you can in the country. Hang it! when you come to think of it, there's nothing much to the country, anyhow. You get tired and sunburned and lonesome, and you have to eat any old thing that the cook dishes up to you."

"It makes a difference, doesn't it?" said I.

"It certainly does. Now, I found some whitebait yesterday, at Maurice's, with a new sauce that beats anything in the trout line I ever tasted."

"It makes a difference, doesn't it?" I said.

"Immense. The sauce is the main thing with whitebait."

"It makes a difference, doesn't it?" I asked, looking him straight in the eye. He understood.

"Look here, Bob," he said, "I was going to tell you. I couldn't help it. I'll play fair with you, but I'm going in to win. She is the 'one particular' for me."

"All right," said I. "It's a fair field. There are no rights for you to encroach upon."

On Thursday afternoon Miss Ashton invited North and myself to have tea in her apartment. He was devoted, and she was more charming than usual. By avoiding the subject of caps I managed to get a word or two into and out of the talk. Miss Ashton asked me in a make-conversational tone something about the next season's tour.

"Oh," said I, "I don't know about that. I'm not going to be with Binkley & Bing next season."

"Why, I thought," said she, "that they were going to put the Number One road company under your charge. I thought you told me so."

"They were," said I, "but they won't. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to the south shore of Long Island and buy a small cottage I know there on the edge of the bay. And I'll buy a catboat and a rowboat and a shotgun and a yellow dog. I've got money enough to do it. And I'll smell the salt wind all day when it blows from the sea and the pine odour when it blows from the land. And, of course, I'll write plays until I have a trunk full of 'em on hand.

"And the next thing and the biggest thing I'll do will be to buy that duck-farm next door. Few people understand ducks. I can watch 'em for hours. They can march better than any company in the National Guard, and they can play 'follow my leader' better than the entire Democratic party. Their voices don't amount to much, but I like to hear 'em. They wake you up a dozen times a night, but there's a homely sound about their quacking that is more musical to me than the cry of 'Fresh strawber-rees!' under your window in the morning when you want to sleep.

"And," I went on, enthusiastically, "do you know the value of ducks besides their beauty and intelligence and order and sweetness of voice? Picking their feathers gives an unfailing and never-ceasing income. On a farm that I know the feathers were sold for $400 in one year. Think of that! And the ones shipped to the market will bring in more money than that. Yes, I am for the ducks and the salt breeze coming over the bay. I think I shall get a Chinaman cook, and with him and the dog and the sunsets for company I shall do well. No more of this dull, baking, senseless, roaring city for me."

Miss Ashton looked surprised. North laughed.

"I am going to begin one of my plays to-night," I said, "so I must be going." And with that I took my departure.

A few days later Miss Ashton telephoned to me, asking me to call at four in the afternoon. I did.

"You have been very good to me," she said, hesitatingly, "and I thought I would tell you. I am going to leave the stage."

"Yes," said I, "I suppose you will. They usually do when there's so much money."

"There is no money," she said, "or very little. Our money is almost gone."

"But I am told," said I, "that he has something like two or ten or thirty millions —I have forgotten which."

"I know what you mean," she said. "I will not pretend that I do not. I am not going to marry Mr. North."

"Then why are you leaving the stage?" I asked, severely. "What else can you do to earn a living?"

She came closer to me, and I can see the look in her eyes yet as she spoke.

"I can pick ducks," she said.

We sold the first year's feathers for $350.

# City Life

*As Chronicled in the Daily Press*

## BLAST PICKS MAN'S POCKET OF $50.

THREE manhole covers at Seventh Avenue and Twenty-second Street blew off about seven o'clock last night. One took with it Mrs. Mildred Connelly . . . Twenty-second Street, who was seriously hurt, and another blew half the trousers off Robert Craig . . . expelling $50 from his pocket.

Mrs. Connelly was stepping across one of the covers when it rose. Her own estimate, when she descended ten feet away, was that she had ascended to an altitude of at least twenty feet. Persons who kept their feet on the ground while she was going up guessed ten feet.

At the apex of their flight she and the manhole cover separated, the latter crashing back upon the sidewalk, where it was shattered into several pieces, demolishing the flagstone where it landed.

Mr. Craig was not on a manhole cover and could not recollect subsequently just how close to one he had been when it blew off. The blast, however, ripped his right trousers leg from hem to waistband and turned the pocket on that side wrong side out. When Mr. Craig, clasping the skirts of his overcoat tightly about him, looked for the $50 that had been in his pocket, it was not to be found, nor did it descend while he waited.

The three explosions, coming within a minute, caused a good deal of frightened running about and, in the calm which succeeded, the gathering of a crowd which taxed the resources of the police. Ambulances, fire engines, the police emergency truck, and the emergency wagons of the gas company, the electric light company, and the telephone company were soon on the spot.

Mrs. Connelly, who had a broken leg, a scalp wound and possible internal injuries, was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Mr. Craig was treated for amazement and went to a tailor for repairs. *New York Herald Tribune.*

## OGO'S 'PHONE HAS A PADLOCK NOW

From now on, when strangers want to use the telephone, the padlock is on the talk box in Waldo Ogonowsky's store . . . Bayonne, for this day Ogo was ordered by the law of New Jersey to pay $28.55 for a telephone call which a man, who called himself John Smith, made on July 23 last to Port Arthur.

At that time the game of questions and answers had not reached the masses, so Ogo didn't know where Port Arthur was. But he knows now—it's $28.55 worth away from New York—and he who got stung by that dam' liar of a Yawn Schmitt is glad the telephone company has no transpacific service.

Waldo Ogo—that's short for Waldo Ogonowsky, you know—told his trouble to Judge Myron Ernst in the First District Court in Hoboken this morning. On July 23 John Smith came to Ogo's store, and, receiving permission to use the phone, called a number in Port Arthur.

The caller waited three hours before he got the number, but that meant nothing to Waldo Ogo—he has used the telephone himself. Ogo told the Court that when John Smith finally got the number he said: "Hello, mamma, I'll be home in eighteen days. Now that papa is dead I'll stay home with you." Then the stranger proceeded to talk for ten minutes about his clothes, the hot weather and what he wanted to eat for dinner when he arrived home.

Ogo testified that after the conversation had ended he called up central to find out the cost of the call, but the operator had said they would put it on his bill. Smith then

handed over $1.25, saying, "That's what it will be," and left for evermore. When Ogo got the bill with its charge of $28.55 for the call, he refused to pay it. To justify the charge the company said the Port Arthur called is in Texas, but for all Waldo Ogo knew last July it was next door to Perth Amboy and the telephone service from Bayonne to Port Arthur was simply rotten.

After Judge Ernst had ordered Ogonowsky to pay up, sympathy was expressed for the storekeeper by those who told him he ought to be glad that John Smith hadn't called Port Arthur in Asia via London, but Ogo was busy trying to figure up if it was really true that 2,855 minus 125 people would have to put through 2,855 minus 125 five-cent calls to make up his loss of $28.55 minus $1.25. *New York Sun.*

## BANDITS KILL MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW "HANDS UP!"

Carl Raydl, forty-eight-years old, 2 Hall place, was shot and killed by bandits yesterday because he didn't understand English. Raydl was drinking cider in a stube at 301 East Eighty-second Street early yesterday when three men entered, and, covering the waiter and four customers, gave the command "hands up!"

Raydl didn't know what it meant. The bandit leader thought he was deaf, and became enraged when he learned Raydl was not. He fired almost point blank, the bullet entering Raydl's abdomen and causing his death soon after in Reception Hospital.

## POLICE CAT'S SPRING ROMANCE MIXED UP IN A REVOLVING DOOR

Spring, romance and a revolving door got Oswald into as tight a jam yesterday afternoon as ever a black cat got into at Police Headquarters. Oswald is a reserved cat, as dignified as the late Max Schmittberger when he led the police parade in Fifth Avenue. Police Headquarters, with its generally silent and deserted corridors and plenty of steam heat, suits Oswald exactly.

With the advance of spring, however, Oswald liked to perch on a Center Street window sill in the afternoon sun, from which observation post the grace and airs of a coquettish Maltese which frequented a machine shop across the way caught his eye. Oswald managed the affair with surpassing deftness. Not even the elevator man or the patrolman in the main corridor saw him go out.

Everybody knew when Oswald returned, however. The only way to enter Headquarters is through a revolving door, and Oswald never had troubled to learn the ins and outs of revolving doors. Oswald is a conservative cat and lets somebody else start his revolutions. On his rare excursions, he was accustomed to wait until some one started through the door and then dart inside with him.

On his return yesterday the door revolved somewhat too swiftly for Oswald's dignity, and Oswald was caught amidships. In order to get out of the door himself, the policeman who was entering had to draw the unfortunate Oswald so far into its maw that the cat could have been used for an hour-glass, if anybody had needed an hour-glass.

The spontaneous and undignified yowl which Oswald emitted was a revelation to his friends at Headquarters. Oswald, the reticent, the slightly superior cat, voiced his inner anguish with the frankness of a vulgar cat from Broome Street.

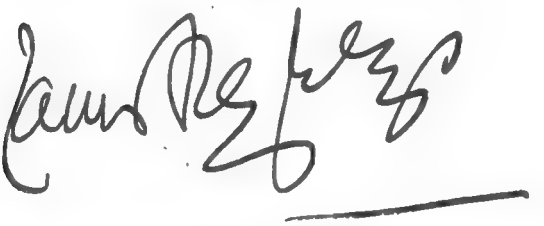
Policemen came running from all over the building, and, after marvelling that a cat could be so constricted and still remain in complete contact with itself, began to figure on getting Oswald out. Every time the door was moved in either direction, Oswald emitted a shrill protest. An attempt to remove the door also aroused his keen resentment.

Finally, they greased both Oswald and the door generously and gave a mighty thrust. There was a terrific squalling and out popped Oswald, paler than any black cat ever was before. Oswald, somewhat attenuated and wasp-waisted, sank down on the floor in a swoon. A policeman threw a bucket of water on him and revived him. Then Oswald was carried into the cellar, where they massaged him with sand for hours to get the grease out of the black fur which no longer resembled the velvet cuffs of an inspector.

*New York Herald Tribune.*

# There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS



BETWEEN impartial sips at his own and my liquor the old gentleman perused the small volume which he had taken from my pocket. After he had ead it he buttoned the book in his own ouch and addressed me with great kind-ess—

"In some respects," said he, "poets differ aterially from other animals. For in-tance, they seldom marry, and when they o it is only under extreme compulsion.— his is the more singular when we remember hat poets are almost continually singing bout love. When they do marry they in-tantly cease to make poetry and turn to abour like the rest of the community.

"It has been finely said that the poet is orn and not made, but I fancy that this ight be postulated of the rest of creation.

"Many people believe that all poets arise om their beds in the middle of the night, nd that they walk ten miles until they come o a hillside, where they remain until the awn whistling to the little birds; but this, hile it is true in some instances, is not in-ariably true. A proper poet would not walk n miles for any one except a publisher.

"The art of writing poetry is very dif-cult at first, but it becomes easy by prac-ce. The best way for a beginner is to take line from another poem; then he should onstruct a line to fit it; then, having won s start, he should strike out the first line vhich, of course, does not belong to him) nd go ahead. When the poet has written hree verses of four lines each he should run out and find a girl somewhere and read it to her. Girls are always delighted when this is done. They usually clasp their hands together as though in pain, roll their eyes in an ecstasy, and shout, 'How perfectly perfect!' Then the poet will grip both her hands very tightly and say he loves her but will not marry her, and, in an agony of inspiration, he will tear himself away and stand drinks to himself until he is put out. This is, of course, only one way of being a poet. If he perseveres he will ultimately write lyrics for the music halls and make a fortune. He will then wear a fur coat that died of the mange, he will support a carnation in his buttonhole, wear eighteen rings on his right hand and one hundred and twenty-seven on his left. He will also be entitled to wear two breast-pins at once and yellow boots. He will live in England when he is at home, and be very friendly with duchesses.

"Poetry is the oldest of the arts. Indeed, it may be called the parent of the arts. Poetry, music, and dancing are the only relics which have come down to us from those ancient times which are termed impartially the Golden or the Arboreal Ages. In ancient Ireland the part played by the poet was very important. Not alone was he the singer of songs, he was also the bestower of fame and the keeper of genealogies, and, therefore, he was treated with a dignity which he has since refused to forget. When a poet made a song in public, it was customary that the king and the nobility should divest themselves of their jewels, gold chains, and rings, and give this light plunder

to him. They also bestowed on him goblets of gold and silver, herds of cattle, farms, and maidservants. The poets are not at all happy in these constricted times, and will proclaim their astonishment and repugnance in the roundest language.

"A few days ago I was speaking in Grafton Street to a poet of great eminence, and, with tears in his voice, he told me that he had never been offered as much as a bracelet by any lady. Times have changed; but for the person who still wishes to enter this decayed profession there is still every opportunity, for poetry is only the art of cutting sentences into equal lengths, and then getting these sentences printed by a publisher. It is in the latter part of this formula that the real art consists.

"There are a great many poets in Ireland, particularly in Dublin. In an evening's walk one may meet at least a dozen of this peculiar people. They may be known by the fact that they wear large, soft hats, and that the breast-pockets of their coats have a more than noticeable bulge, due to their habit of carrying therein the twenty-seven masterpieces which they have just written. They are very ethereal creatures, composed largely of soul and thirst. Soul is a far-away, eerie thing, generally produced by eating fish."

The old gentleman borrowed the price of a tram home; but as he instantly stood himself a drink with it, I was forced to re-lend him the money when we got outside.

# Ben Karshook's Wisdom

By ROBERT BROWNING

I

"WOULD a man 'scape the rod?"
Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,
"See that he turn to God
The day before his death."

"Ay, could a man inquire
When it shall come!" I say.
The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—
"Then let him turn to-day!"

II

Quoth a young Sadducee:
"Reader of many rolls,
Is it so certain we
Have, as they tell us, souls?"

"Son, there is no reply!"
The Rabbi bit his beard:
"Certain, a soul h ve *I*—
*We* may have none," he sneered.

Thus Karshook, the Hiram's-Hammer,
The Right-hand Temple-column,
Taught babes in grace their grammar,
And struck the simple, solemn.

# Remembered from the Play

## "Marco Millions"

Maffeo—Remember, any climate is healthy where the trade is brisk.

Kublai Kaan—Sing while you can. When the voice fails, listen to song. When the heart fails, be sung asleep.

Chu-Yin—Love is to wisdom what wisdom seems to love—a folly.

Marco Polo—I had a law passed that anyone caught interfering with culture would be subject to a fine! It was Section One of a blanket statute that every citizen must be happy or go to jail. I found it was the unhappy ones who were always making trouble and getting discontented. You see, here's the way I figure it: if a man's good, he's happy—and if he isn't happy, it's a sure sign he's no good to himself or anyone else, and he better be put where he can't do harm.

Kublai—What good are wise writings to fight stupidity? One must have stupid writings that men can understand. In order to live, even wisdom must be stupid!

*By Eugene O'Neill; planned for production, New York, 1927.*

## "Medea"

Attendant—Old love burneth low when new love wakes, men say.

Medea—Oh, in all things but this,
I know how full of fears a woman is,
And faint at need, and shrinking from the light
Of battle: but once spoil her of her right
In man's love, and there moves, I warn thee well,
No bloodier spirit between heaven and hell.

*By Euripides (translated by Gilbert Murray), Olympia, 431 B.C.; revived, London, 1927.*

## "The Second Man"

Kendall—You see, Storey, you aren't in the least bit in love with me.

Storey—I feel a much rarer and stabler emotion: friendliness and all sorts of affection, and I was hoping we—you and I—might demonstrate the triumph of loveless marriage . . . I'm fed up with love. It's a mirage, an illusion, a sort of pathology; feeds on being unsatisfied, rejected. Attain love and it vanishes—vanishes into thin air or solidifies into

such things as comfort and affection—things which you and I would have from the start, my dear.

STOREY—What this country needs is a dilettante class, interested in art with no desire to make money out of it. Why shouldn't there be an amateur class in art, as there is in sport?

MONICA—I don't love you. But there's no reason why we can't be friends.

AUSTIN—That's like telling a starving man—there's no reason he can't look at the food in a baker's window.

MONICA—You manage to have a pleasant time.

STOREY—I manage to behave as if I were having a pleasant time. One owes that to one's friends, I believe—just as one owes it them to be decently shaved and to wear clean linen.

STOREY—Life is sad. I know it's sad. But I think it's gallant—to pretend that it isn't. *By S. N. Behrman, New York, 1927.*

## "ELECTRA"

CLYTEMNESTRA—How strange is motherhood!
A mother's love can never turn to hate,
Whatever wrong she suffers.
*By Sophocles. Olympia, about 440 B.C. Revived New York, 1927.*

## "INHERITORS"

GRANDMOTHER—You can't put out a light just because it may light the wrong person.

MADELINE—Father has been telling me about the corn. It gives itself away all the time—the best corn a gift to other corn. What you are—that doesn't stay with you. Then—be the most you can be, so life will be more because you were.
*By Susan Glaspell, New York, 1921; revived 1927.*

## "THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF"

NOBLEMAN—The grand discovery of the Renaissance—if we are to call it a discovery—was the goodness of man. The prime delusion. The new Serpent in Eden. Since that sop was thrown to man's conceit, the creature has strutted in his garden like a peacock on holiday. Whatever may be wrong, he is right. Whatever may be bad, he is good. He has spread a tail of fine feathers that he calls his humanity, and grows insufferable. Order went out of the world when the thought of human goodness came into it.
*By Ashley Dukes, London and New York, 1926.*

## "THE CRADLE SONG"

SISTER JOANNA OF THE CROSS—What do you think it is that makes you dream the same dream so many times?

SISTER MARCELLA—I don't know, unless it is because it is the things you want to do, and you can't, and so you do them in dreams.

SISTER JOANNA OF THE CROSS—Love . . . it seems to me it is like a flower that we find by the side of the road—a little brightness that God grants us to help us pass through life, for we are weak and frail; a drop of honey spread upon our bread each day, which we should receive gladly, but with trembling, and keeping our hearts whole—for surely it will pass away. *By Gregorio Martínez Sierra, Madrid, 1911; New York, 1927.*

# A Ride to the Theatre

## By A. AVERCHENKO

Translated by J. A. Bimstone

WITH an adroit, graceful gesture Kolya Kinjalov helped Lizochka Milovidova to mount the steps of the tramcar, and jumped in himself just as gracefully immediately after her.

That evening Kolya Kinjalov felt in especial high spirits. He wore a brand new dinner jacket, had a pair of patent-leather shoes on—a lucky bargain he had just picked up—and now he was going with Lizochka to the theatre, which promised many wonderful and thrillingly interesting sensations.

"Beg pardon, beg pardon," he kept on saying politely but firmly, "please permit the lady to pass!"

He was already thinking out a clever witticism which he would let drop when receiving the tickets from the tram conductor. It was bound to make Lizochka laugh, and when she had cheered up she would snuggle up more closely to his shoulder and look still more softly at him, the strong and witty Kolya Kinjalov. . . .

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen! Allow the lady to pass, and for God's sake don't push."

The car stopped suddenly. With a dismayed countenance Kolya Kinjalov staggered, opened his arms wide apart, gave a jump and sat down on the lap of a sleeping gentleman in a fur jacket, stepping heavily on his foot.

The gentleman gave a start, jostled Kolya off his lap, and said sternly:

"*Ouch!* may the devil take you, you bear!"

Kolya Kinjalov's heart gave a bound, and sank down somewhere far, far. . . .

Suddenly, with a terrifying clearness, he realized that now after this affront something terrible, irresistible and irreparable was about to happen, after which their ride, the theatre, the new dinner jacket, the bargain patent-leather shoes and even Lizochka Milovidova herself, his first fragrant love, would disappear and be wiped out. He let go of Lizochka's hand, turned his flaming face to the gentleman in the fur jacket, and, in a thin, faltering voice, feeling Lizochka behind his back, exclaimed:

"Who's a bear?"

"You're a bear, may the devil tear you to pieces! You've flattened my foot into a pancake with your hulking paw."

"Now I must hit him," Kolya was reflecting with feverish speed. "With my fist or with the palm, though? Better with the palm, a mere slap. . . . More honourable and insulting. . . ."

Kolya took his right hand out of his pocket, and in a faltering voice said:

"If you choose to be insulting, I shall choose to fight! I'll show you now."

Kolya regretted not hitting his adversary straightway: in cases like that people don't usually talk preliminaries.

"I'll teach you to be insulting."

"Indeed?"

The gentleman jumped up, made a move towards Kolya, and Kolya saw at once that his adversary was taller than he by a whole head. . . .

"One strikes for insults like those. . . ." Kolya pronounced in a sickly whisper.

"Really?" the gentleman drawled out ironically buttoning his fur jacket. "Really? But suppose I now pull your little red ears and shove you under the seat like a jugged hare? Eh?"

One of the passengers, awaiting with delight the beginning of the fight, burst into derisive laughter.

A workman in a ragged cap clapped himself enthusiastically on his stomach and gave a shrill yell:

"Fight, friends!"

A true artist—his interest lay not in the result but in the mere technique of the business. . . .

Like two resounding slaps, words never to be forgotten in a lifetime tingled in Kolya's ears:

Little red ears . . . jugged hare. . . . Falling into the abyss, Kolya clutched the gentleman by his arm and blurted out:

"No. . . . I can't leave it like that. . . ."

But the other had already strangely and wearily sunk down, yawned with outrageous indifference in Kolya's very face, and carelessly addressed the conductor:

"Konushennaya much farther?"

"Next stop," replied that official.

The gentleman shook off Kolya's arm, and whistling, made his way to the exit. . . .

Kolya followed the departing man, clutching at his fur jacket, and dolefully clamoured on:

"No, you can't get away with it like that. . . . You have insulted me. . . ."

"Well!" The other turned round threateningly. "What's your business?"

"You have abused me, insulted me; well. . . ."

With one hand Kolya held the gentleman by his sleeve, with the other he clumsily fumbled in his dinner jacket with stiffened fingers for his wallet.

"Aha, there! Now, if you are a gentleman. . . ."

Kolya took his card out and held it out to the gentleman in the fur jacket. The sensation of something intolerably ignominious and nasty began to disappear, giving place to a realization that now at last he was thinking and acting like a resolute man, and a gentleman with firm principles.

"What's this farce?"

"No farce. . . . It's my card, with the aid of which I challenge you to a duel."

"To a du-el?"

Not troubling to look at it, the gentleman tapped on the card with his fingers of his left hand, crumpled it, threw it on the floor, and said loudly, and distinctly:

"You blockhead!"

And went out, adroitly jumping off the platform before the car came to a standstill.

Kolya moved after him, and bending over the rail, exclaimed:

"Eh, well, you're afraid, you scoundrel! That's it! I might have smashed your crooked legs for you, you coward! Coward, blackguard!"

Very strange, but though seemingly Kolya had acted as any self-respecting man would under the circumstances, he went back to Lizochka with the queer and unpleasant feeling of one whipped. . . .

And she received him rather strangely; drew away her hand, and said nervously:

"Well, sit down! . . . There is a vacant seat."

They went on in silence. Kolya bit his lips, swallowed copiously, and began, with an air of ease:

"He's lucky to have packed off. . . . Otherwise I might. . . ."

Then he smiled carelessly:

"I once had a similar experience in Yalta . . . ha-ha! With more grievous results for the other fellow, though. . . . I was boarding a car in a similar manner, and just fancy. . . ."

Kolya was talking loudly on purpose, so that the rest of the people might hear him too.

"I was boarding a car, and just fancy. . . ."

Liza's neighbour, a retired official, smiled and said, chiefly for Liza's ear:

"What a pity there are no tramcars in Yalta!"

The enthusiastic workman giggled audibly. The others grinned too.

Kolya bent his head and commenced to button up his coat.

"Not a tramcar . . . but . . . what do you call it?"

"A dirigible?" someone prompted from the corner.

Lizochka laughed resonantly. Kolya forced a smile and jested:

"Why, of course. . . . You'll say next a balloon! Yes. . . . I was boarding a diligence, and that man gives me su-uch a push! 'Apologize!'—'I won't!'—'Apologize!'—'I won't!'—'Aha! you won't?'—I seized him, and through the shut window—bang!—Chucked him right out. Afterwards they exacted twelve roubles from me for the smashed glass! Ha-ha-ha!"

Everyone maintained an embarrassing silence.

A fat tradesman on the other side of Liza began to cough, and, stooping, spat. The spittle described a semi-circle, and came to rest on Kolya's patent shoe.

Lizochka noticed it, and saw that Kolya saw it too. Kolya himself saw that she saw, but instead of demanding an apology from the tradesman he silently moved his foot under the seat and surlily, bitterly said:

"Then I had another amusing experience—"

"All right, we're already there." Lizochka nervously jumped to her feet, "we'd better get off."

Wilting under the drizzle, Kolya Kinjalov and Lizochka walked in silence to the theatre, Kolya hating both the theatre and his shoe, and Lizochka and himself—mainly himself.

Suddenly from behind they heard somebody catching up with them.

The workman suddenly leaped out of the darkness, stopped near the electric light pole, and, approaching Kolya sideways, contemptuously put his finger against the latter's cheek.

"Eh, you chicken-hearted milksop! There . . . Why didn't you give him one on the nose? Blooming intellectual! . . ."

The disappointed workman gave a sigh, and disappeared into the darkness.

But Kolya leaned with his shoulder against the lamp-post, and, no longer minding Lizochka's presence, wept noiselessly.

# Mavericks

*Sheridan's "Mrs. Malaprop" gave her name to the word that strays from where it belongs; and while there are few other characters, in fiction or real life, who can achieve such prodigal and entertaining misapplications, one who looks for them may find "Malapropisms" in daily conversations, in the newspaper, in many a volume before and after "The Rivals." Shakespeare used the idea for humorous effects many times; and contemporary Cervantes has his fling at it:*

> "Why truly, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you don't understand me, no wonder if my sentences be thought nonsense. But let that pass, I understand myself; and I am sure I have not talked so much like a ninny. But you, forsooth, are so sharp a cricket."
>
> "A critic, blockhead," said Don Quixote, "you mean."
>
> "What makes you so angry, sir?" quoth Sancho; "I was never brought up at school or varsity, to know when I murder a hard word. I was never at court to learn to spell, sir. Some are born in one town, some in another; one at St. Jago, another at Toledo; and even there all are not so nicely spoke."

ANDREW FREEDMAN:
*former baseball magnate, when one of the periodic "scandals" was exciting the sport writers*

"Gentlemen, I tell you that Organized Baseball is trembling on the brink of an abscess."

AN IRISH MAID:
*recounting the bitter hardships her brother had suffered on his arrival in America*

"An' the good Lord knows, ma'am, Michael was manured to hard work from a bit of a boy."

LEGISLATURE OF NEW JERSEY:
*twice passing the new State Constitution*

"The General Assembly shall be composed of members biannually elected."

[*And for a time there was chaos in State affairs when the lawmakers discovered that this did not mean once in two years, as they had intended.*]

A YOUNG GIRL:
*who had read more than she had lived*

"I don't like that kind of man who throws a glossary over his real self."

"I had to hurry like everything, for I had an assignation at twelve o'clock."

COUNTRY VISITOR:
*making a state call on the city neighbour whose house was in a lonely section*

"Yes, you have been very much ostracized up here this summer."

IRISH CHAUFFEUR-GARDENER:
*struggling with a large order of new planting*

"I put the callous lily out there by the Rose of Shannon, sir,—beyond the saliva bed."

NEGRO SCRUBWOMAN:
*when asked if she'd clean out a neglected cellar*

"Yas'm. I does it foh yuh. But dat don' seem lak woman's wuhk, ma'am: dat *many*uhl wuhk."

ENGLISH SCHOOLBOYS:
*(not of the Macaulay variety) in recent examinations*

"An oculist is a fish with long legs."
"The sublime is a hairy deposit in a cold receptacle."
"Barbarians are things put in bicycle wheels to make them run smoothly."
"Pope wrote principally in heroic cutlets."
"Ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't mean to."
"An oxygen is an eight sided figure."
"A quorum is a place to keep fish."

"MRS. WINIFRED JENKINS":
*in Smollett's "Expedition of Humphrey Clinker," writes to her friend, "Mary Jones"*

"O Mary! the whole family have been in such a constipation!—Mr. Clinker has been in trouble, but the gates of hell have not been able to prevail against him. . . .
"He was tuck up for a rubbery, and had before gustass Busshard, who made his mittamouse; and the pore youth was sent to prison upon the false oaf of a willian, that wanted to sware his life away for the looker of cain. The 'squire did all in his power, but could not prevent his being put in chains, and confined among common manufactors."

"MISTRESS QUICKLY":
*in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor"*

"But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page."

"MRS. MALAPROP":
*in Sheridan's "The Rivals"*

"Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it."

"MRS. PARTINGTON":
*heroine of B. P. Shillaber's "Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington"*

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," said Mrs. Partington, "it is a tale-bearer and slanderer, going about, like a vile boa-constructor, circulating his calomel about honest folks. I always know one by his phismahogany. It seems as if Belzebub had stamped him with his private signal, and everything he looks at appears to turn yaller."

# The Virginian

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

## VI

### EM'LY

MY PERSONAGE was a hen, and she lived at the Sunk Creek Ranch.

Judge Henry's ranch was notable for several luxuries. He had milk, for example. In those days his brother ranchmen had thousands of cattle very often, but not a drop of milk, save the condensed variety. Therefore they had no butter. The Judge had plenty. Next rarest to butter and milk in the cattle country were eggs. But my host had chickens. Whether this was because he had followed cock-fighting in his early days, or whether it was due to Mrs. Henry, I cannot say. I only know that when I took a meal elsewhere, I was likely to find nothing but the eternal "sowbelly," beans, and coffee; while at Sunk Creek the omelet and the custard were frequent. The passing traveler was glad to tie his horse to the fence here, and sit down to the Judge's table. For its fame was as wide as Wyoming. It was an oasis in the Territory's desolate bill-of-fare.

The long fences of Judge Henry's home ranch began upon Sunk Creek soon after that stream emerged from its cañon through the Bow Leg. It was a place always well cared for by the owner, even in the days of his bachelorhood. The placid regiments of cattle lay in the cool of the cottonwoods by the water, or slowly moved among the sagebrush, feeding upon the grass that in those forever departed years was plentiful and tall. The steers came fat off his unenclosed range and fattened still more in his large pasture; while his small pasture, a field some eight miles square, was for several seasons given to the Judge's horses, and over this ample space there played and prospered the good colts which he raised from Paladin, his imported stallion. After he married, I have been assured that his wife's influence became visible in and about the house at once. Shade trees were planted, flowers attempted, and to the chickens was added the much more troublesome turkey. I, the visitor, was pressed into service when I arrived, green from the East. I took hold of the farmyard and began building a better chicken house, while the Judge was off creating meadow land in his gray and yellow wilderness. When any cow-boy was unoccupied, he would lounge over to my neighbourhood, and silently regard my carpentering.

Those cow-punchers bore names of various denominations. There was Honey Wiggin; there was Nebrasky, and Dollar Bill, and Chalkeye. And they came from farms and cities, from Maine and from California. But the romance of American adventure had drawn them all alike to this great playground of young men, and in their courage, their generosity, and their amusement at me they bore a close resemblance to each other. Each one would silently observe my achievements with the hammer and the chisel. Then he would retire to the bunkhouse, and presently I would overhear laughter. But this was only in the morning. In the afternoon on many days of the summer which I spent at the Sunk Creek Ranch I would go shooting, or ride up toward the entrance of the cañon and watch the men working on the irrigation ditches. Pleasant systems of water running in channels were being led through the soil, and there was a sound of rippling here and there among the yellow grain; the green thick alfalfa grass waved almost, it seemed, of its own accord, for the wind never blew; and when at evening the sun lay against the plain, the rift of the cañon was filled with a violet light, and the Bow Leg Mountains became transfigured with hues of floating and unimaginable colour. The sun shone in a sky where never a cloud came, and noon was not

too warm nor the dark too cool. And so for two months I went through these pleasant uneventful days, improving the chickens, an object of mirth, living in the open air, and basking in the perfection of content.

I was justly styled a tenderfoot. Mrs. Henry had in the beginning endeavoured to shield me from this humiliation; but when she found that I was inveterate in laying my inexperience of Western matters bare to all the world, begging to be enlightened upon rattlesnakes, prairie-dogs, owls, blue and willow grouse, sage-hens, how to rope a horse or tighten the front cinch of my saddle, and that my spirit soared into enthusiasm at the mere sight of so ordinary an animal as a white-tailed deer, she let me rush about with my firearms, and made no further effort to stave off the ridicule that my blunders perpetually earned from the ranch hands, her own humourous husband, and any chance visitor who stopped for a meal or stayed the night.

I was not called by my name after the first feeble etiquette due to a stranger in his first few hours had died away. I was known simply as "the tenderfoot." I was introduced to the neighbourhood (a circle of eighty miles) as "the tenderfoot." It was thus that Balaam, the maltreater of horses, learned to address me when he came a two days' journey to pay a visit. And it was this name and my notorious helplessness that bid fair to end what relations I had with the Virginian. For when Judge Henry ascertained that nothing could prevent me from losing myself, that it was not uncommon for me to saunter out after breakfast with a gun and in thirty minutes cease to know north from south, he arranged for my protection. He detailed an escort for me; and the escort was once more the trustworthy man! The poor Virginian was taken from his work and his comrades and set to playing nurse for me. And for a while this humiliation ate into his untamed soul. It was his lugubrious lot to accompany me in my rambles, preside over my blunders, and save me from calamitously passing into the next world. He bore it in courteous silence, except when speaking was necessary. He would show me the lower ford, which I could never find for myself, generally mistaking a quicksand for it. He would tie my horse properly. He would recommend me not to shoot my rifle at a white-tailed deer in the particular moment that the outfit wagon was passing behind the animal on the further side of the brush. There was seldom a day that he was not obliged to hasten and save me from sudden death or from ridicule, which is worse. Yet never once did he lose his patience; and his gentle, slow voice, and apparently lazy manner remained the same, whether we were sitting at lunch together, or up in the mountains during a hunt, or whether he was bringing me back my horse, which had run away because I had again forgotten to throw the reins over his head and let them trail.

"He'll always stand if yu' do that," the Virginian would say. "See how my hawss stays right quiet yondeh."

After such admonition he would say no more to me. But this tame nursery business was assuredly gall to him. For though utterly a man in countenance and in his self-possession and incapacity to be put at a loss, he was still boyishly proud of his wild calling, and wore his leathern chaps and jingled his spurs with obvious pleasure. His tiger limberness and his beauty were rich with unabated youth; and that force which lurked beneath his surface must often have curbed his intolerance of me. In spite of what I knew must be his opinion of me, the tenderfoot, my liking for him grew, and I found his silent company more and more agreeable. That he had spells of talking, I had already learned at Medicine Bow. But his present taciturnity might almost have effaced this impression, had I not happened to pass by the bunk-house one evening after dark, when Honey Wiggin and the rest of the cow-boys were gathered inside it.

That afternoon the Virginian and I had gone duck shooting. We had found several in a beaver dam, and I had killed two as they sat close together; but they floated against the breastwork of sticks out in the water some four feet deep, where the escaping current might carry them down the stream. The Judge's red setter had not accompanied us, because she was expecting a family.

"We don't want her along anyways," the cow-puncher had explained to me. "She runs around mighty irresponsible, and she'll stand a prairie-dog 'bout as often as she'll stand a bird. She's a triflin' animal."

My anxiety to own the ducks caused me to pitch into the water with all my clothes on, and subsequently to crawl out a slippery, triumphant, weltering heap. The Virginian's serious eyes had rested upon this spectacle of mud; but he expressed nothing, as usual.

"They ain't overly good eatin'," he observed, tying the birds to his saddle. "They're divers."

"Divers!" I exclaimed. "Why didn't they dive?"

"I reckon they was young ones and hadn't experience."

"Well," I said, crestfallen, but attempting to be humourous, "I did the diving myself."

But the Virginian made no comment. He handed me my double-barreled English gun, which I was about to leave deserted on the ground behind me, and we rode home in our usual silence, the mean little white-breasted, sharp-billed divers dangling from his saddle.

It was in the bunk-house that he took his revenge. As I passed I heard his gentle voice silently achieving some narrative to an attentive audience, and just as I came by the open window where he sat on his bed in shirt and drawers, his back to me, I heard his concluding words, "And the hat on his haid was the one mark showed yu' he weren't a snappin'-turtle."

The anecdote met with instantaneous success, and I hurried away into the dark.

The next morning I was occupied with the chickens. Two hens were fighting to sit on some eggs that a third was daily laying, and which I did not want hatched, and for the third time I had kicked Em'ly off seven potatoes she had rolled together and was determined to raise I know not what sort of family from. She was shrieking about the hen-house as the Virginian came in to observe (I suspect) what I might be doing now that could be useful for him to mention in the bunk-house.

He stood awhile, and at length said, "We lost our best rooster when Mrs. Henry came to live hyeh."

I paid no attention.

"He was a right elegant Dominicker," he continued.

I felt a little ruffled about the snapping-turtle, and showed no interest in what he was saying, but continued my functions among the hens. This unusual silence of mine seemed to elicit unusual speech from him.

"Yu' see, that rooster he'd always lived round hyeh when the Judge was a bachelor, and he never seen no ladies or any persons wearing female gyarments. You ain't got rheumatism, seh?"

"Me? No."

"I reckoned maybe them little old divers yu' got damp goin' afteh—" He paused.

"Oh, no, not in the least, thank you."

"Yu' seemed sort o' grave this mawnin', and I'm cert'nly glad it ain't them divers."

"Well, the rooster?" I inquired finally.

"Oh, him! He weren't raised where he could see petticoats. Mrs. Henry she come hyeh from the railroad with the Judge afteh dark. Next mawnin' early she walked out to view her new home, and the rooster was a-feedin' by the door, and he seen her. Well, seh, he screeched that awful I run out of the bunk-house; and he jus' went over the fence and took down Sunk Creek shoutin' fire, right along. He has never come back."

"There's a hen over there now that has no judgment," I said, indicating Em'ly. She had got herself outside the house, and was on the bars of a corral, her vociferations reduced to an occasional squawk. I told him about the potatoes.

"I never knowed her name before," said he. "That runaway rooster, he hated her. And she hated him same as she hates 'em all."

"I named her myself," said I, "after I came to notice her particularly. There's an old maid at home who's charitable, and belongs to the Cruelty to Animals, and she never knows whether she had better cross in front of a street car or wait. I named the hen after her. Does she ever lay eggs?"

The Virginian had not "troubled his haid" over the poultry.

"Well, I don't believe she knows how. I think she came near being a rooster."

"She's sure manly-lookin'," said the Virginian. We had walked toward the corral, and he was now scrutinizing Em'ly with interest.

She was an egregious fowl. She was huge and gaunt, with great yellow beak, and she stood straight and alert in the manner of responsible people. There was something wrong with her tail. It slanted far to one side, one feather in it twice as long as the rest. Feathers on her breast there were none. These had been worn entirely off by her habit of sitting upon potatoes and other rough abnormal objects. And this lent to her appearance an air of being décolleté, singularly at variance with her otherwise prudish ensemble. Her eye was remarkably bright, but somehow it had an outraged expression. It was as if she went about the world perpetually scandalized over the doings that fell beneath her notice. Her legs were blue, long, and remarkably stout.

"She'd ought to wear knickerbockers," murmured the Virginian. "She'd look a heap better'n some o' them college students. And she'll set on potatoes, yu' say?"

"She thinks she can hatch out anything.

I've found her with onions, and last Tuesday I caught her on two balls of soap."

In the afternoon the tall cow-puncher and I rode out to get an antelope.

After an hour, during which he was completely taciturn, he said: "I reckon maybe this hyeh lonesome country ain't been healthy for Em'ly to live in. It ain't for some humans. Them old trappers in the mountains gets skewed in the haid mighty often, an' talks out loud when nobody's nigher'n a hundred miles."

"Em'ly has not been solitary," I replied. "There are forty chickens here."

"That's so," said he. "It don't explain her."

He fell silent again, riding beside me, easy and indolent in the saddle. His long figure looked so loose and inert that the swift, light spring he made to the ground seemed an impossible feat. He had seen an antelope where I saw none.

"Take a shot yourself," I urged him, as he motioned me to be quick. "You never shoot when I'm with you."

"I ain't hyeh for that," he answered. "Now you've let him get away on yu'!"

The antelope had in truth departed.

"Why," he said to my protest, "I can hit them things any day. What's your notion as to Em'ly?"

"I can't account for her," I replied.

"Well," he said musingly, and then his mind took one of those particular turns that made me love him, "Taylor ought to see her. She'd be just the schoolmarm for Bear Creek!"

"She's not much like the eating-house lady at Medicine Bow," I said.

He gave a hilarious chuckle. "No, Em'ly knows nothing o' them joys. So yu' have no notion about her? Well, I've got one. I reckon maybe she was hatched after a big thunderstorm."

"A big thunderstorm!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Don't yu' know about them, and what they'll do to aiggs? A big case o' lightnin' and thunder will addle aiggs and keep 'em from hatchin'. And I expect one came along, and all the other aiggs of Em'ly's set didn't hatch out, but got plumb addled, and she happened not to get addled that far, and so she just managed to make it through. But she cert'nly ain't got a strong haid."

"I fear she has not," said I.

"Mighty hon'ble intentions," he observed. "If she can't make out to lay anything, she wants to hatch somethin', and be a mother anyways."

"I wonder what relation the law considers that a hen is to the chicken she hatched but did not lay?" I inquired.

The Virginian made no reply to this frivolous suggestion. He was gazing over the wide landscape gravely and with apparent inattention. He invariably saw game before I did, and was off his horse and crouched among the sage while I was still getting my left foot clear of the stirrup. I succeeded in killing an antelope, and we rode home with the head and hind quarters.

"No," said he. "It's sure the thunder, and not the lonesomeness. How do yu' like the lonesomeness yourself?"

I told him that I liked it.

"I could not live without it now," he said. "This has got into my system." He swept his hand out at the vast space of world. "I went back home to see my folks onced. Mother was dyin' slow, and she wanted me. I stayed a year. But them Virginia mountains could please me no more. Afteh she was gone, I told my brothers and sisters good-by. We like each other well enough, but I reckon I'll not go back."

We found Em'ly seated upon a collection of green California peaches, which the Judge had brought from the railroad.

"I don't mind her any more," I said; "I'm sorry for her."

"I've been sorry for her right along," said the Virginian. "She does hate the roosters so." And he said that he was making a collection of every class of object which he found her treating as eggs.

But Em'ly's egg-industry was terminated abruptly one morning, and her unquestioned energies diverted to a new channel. A turkey which had been sitting in the root-house appeared with twelve children, and a family of bantams occurred almost simultaneously. Em'ly was importantly scratching the soil inside Paladin's corral when the bantam tribe of newly born came by down the lane, and she caught sight of them through the bars. She crossed the corral at a run, and intercepted two of the chicks that were trailing somewhat behind their real mamma. These she undertook to appropriate, and assumed a high tone with the bantam, who was the smaller, and hence obliged to retreat with her still numerous family. I interfered, and put matters straight; but the adjustment was only temporary. In an hour I saw Em'ly immensely busy with two more bantams, leading them about and taking a care of them

which I must admit seemed perfectly efficient.

And now came the first incident that made me suspect her to be demented.

She had proceeded with her changelings behind the kitchen, where one of the irrigation ditches ran under the fence from the hay-field to supply the house with water. Some distance along this ditch inside the field were the twelve turkeys in the short, recently cut stubble. Again Em'ly set off instantly like a deer. She left the dismayed bantams behind her. She crossed the ditch with one jump of her stout blue legs, flew over the grass, and was at once among the turkeys, where, with an instinct of maternity as undiscriminating as it was reckless, she attempted to huddle some of them away. But this other mamma was not a bantam, and in a few moments Em'ly was entirely routed in her attempt to acquire a new variety of family.

This spectacle was witnessed by the Virginian and myself, and it overcame him. He went speechless across to the bunk-house, by himself, and sat on his bed, while I took the abandoned bantams back to their own circle.

I have often wondered what the other fowls thought of all this. Some impression it certainly did make upon them. The notion may seem out of reason to those who have never closely attended to other animals than man; but I am convinced that any community which shares some of our instincts will share some of the resulting feelings, and that birds and beasts have conventions, the breach of which startles them. If there be anything in evolution, this would seem inevitable. At all events, the chicken-house was upset during the following several days. Em'ly disturbed now the bantams and now the turkeys, and several of these latter had died, though I will not go so far as to say that this was the result of her misplaced attentions. Nevertheless, I was seriously thinking of locking her up till the broods should be a little older, when another event happened, and all was suddenly at peace.

The Judge's setter came in one morning, wagging her tail. She had had her puppies, and she now took us to where they were housed, in between the floor of a building and the hollow ground. Em'ly was seated on the whole litter.

"No," I said to the Judge, "I am not surprised. She is capable of anything."

In her new choice of offspring, this hen had at length encountered an unworthy parent. The setter was bored by her own puppies. She found the hole under the house an obscure and monotonous residence compared with the dining-room, and our company more stimulating and sympathetic than that of her children. A much-petted contact with our superior race had developed her dog intelligence above its natural level, and turned her into an unnatural, neglectful mother, who was constantly forgetting her nursery for worldly pleasures.

At certain periods of the day she repaired to the puppies and fed them, but came away when this perfunctory ceremony was accomplished; and she was glad enough to have a governess bring them up. She made no quarrel with Em'ly, and the two understood each other perfectly. I have never seen among animals any arrangement so civilized and so perverted. It made Em'ly perfectly happy. To see her sitting all day jealously spreading her wings over some blind puppies was sufficiently curious; but when they became large enough to come out from under the house and toddle about in the proud hen's wake, I longed for some distinguished naturalist. I felt that our ignorance made us inappropriate spectators of such a phenomenon. Em'ly scratched and clucked, and the puppies ran to her, pawed her with their fat limp little legs, and retreated beneath her feathers in their games of hide and seek. Conceive, if you can, what confusion must have reigned in their infant minds as to who the setter was!

"I reckon they think she's the wet-nurse," said the Virginian.

When the puppies grew to be boisterous, I perceived that Em'ly's mission was approaching its end. They were too heavy for her, and their increasing scope of playfulness was not in her line. Once or twice they knocked her over, upon which she arose and pecked them severely, and they retired to a safe distance, and, sitting in a circle, yapped at her. I think they began to suspect that she was only a hen after all. So Em'ly resigned with an indifference which surprised me, until I remembered that if it had been chickens, she would have ceased to look after them by this time.

But here she was again "out of a job," as the Virginian said.

"She's raised them puppies for that triflin' setter, and now she'll be huntin' around for something else useful to do that ain't in her business."

Now there were other broods of chickens to arrive in the hen-house, and I did not desire any more bantam and turkey performances. So, to avoid confusion, I played

a trick upon Em'ly. I went down to Sunk Creek and fetched some smooth, oval stones. She was quite satisfied with these, and passed a quiet day with them in a box. This was not fair, the Virginian asserted.

"You ain't going to jus' leave her fooled that a-way?"

I did not see why not.

"Why, she raised them puppies all right. Ain't she showed she knows how to be a mother anyways? Em'ly ain't going to get her time took up for nothing while I'm round hyeh," said the cowpuncher.

He laid a gentle hold of Em'ly and tossed her to the ground. She, of course, rushed out among the corrals in a great state of nerves.

"I don't see what good you do meddling," I protested.

To this he deigned no reply, but removed the unresponsive stones from the straw.

"Why, if they ain't right warm!" he exclaimed plaintively. "The poor, deluded son-of-a-gun!" And with this unusual description of a lady, he sent the stones sailing like a line of birds. "I'm regular getting stuck on Em'ly," continued the Virginian. "Yu' needn't to laugh. Don't yu' see she's got sort o' human feelin's and desires? I always knowed hawsses was like people, and my collie, of course. It is kind of foolish, I expect, but that hen's goin' to have a real aigg di-rectly, right now, to set on." With this he removed one from beneath another hen. "We'll have Em'ly raise this hyeh," said he, "so she can put in her time profitable."

It was not accomplished at once; for Em'ly, singularly enough, would not consent to stay in the box whence she had been routed. At length we found another retreat for her, and in these new surroundings, with a new piece of work for her to do, Em'ly sat on the one egg which the Virginian had so carefully provided for her.

Thus, as in all genuine tragedies, was the stroke of Fate wrought by chance and the best intentions.

Em'ly began sitting on Friday afternoon near sundown. Early next morning my sleep was gradually dispersed by a sound unearthly and continuous. Now it dwindled, receding to a distance; again it came near, took a turn, drifted to the other side of the house; then, evidently, whatever it was, passed my door close, and I jumped upright in my bed. The high, tense strain of vibration, nearly, but not quite, a musical note, was like the threatening scream of machinery, though weaker, and I bounded out of the house in my pajamas.

There was Em'ly, dishevelled, walking wildly about, her one egg miraculously hatched within ten hours. The little lonely yellow ball of down went cheeping along behind, following its mother as best it could. What, then, had happened to the established period of incubation? For an instant the thing was like a portent, and I was near joining Em'ly in her horrid surprise, when I saw how it all was. The Virginian had taken an egg from a hen which had already been sitting for three weeks.

I dressed in haste, hearing Em'ly's distracted outcry. It steadily sounded, without perceptible pause for breath, and marked her erratic journey back and forth through stables, lanes, and corrals. The shrill disturbance brought all of us out to see her, and in the hen-house I discovered the new brood making its appearance punctually.

But this natural explanation could not be made to the crazed hen. She continued to scour the premises, her slant tail and its one preposterous feather waving as she aimlessly went, her stout legs stepping high with an unnatural motion, her head lifted nearly off her neck, and in her brilliant yellow eye an expression of more than outrage at this overturning of a natural law. Behind her, entirely ignored and neglected, trailed the little progeny. She never looked at it. We went about our various affairs, and all through the clear, sunny day that unending metallic scream pervaded the premises. The Virginian put out food and water for her, but she tasted nothing. I am glad to say that the little chicken did. I do not think that the hen's eyes could see, except in the way that sleep-walkers' do.

The heat went out of the air, and in the cañon the violet light began to show. Many hours had gone, but Em'ly never ceased. Now she suddenly flew up in a tree and sat there with her noise still going; but it had risen lately several notes into a slim, acute level of terror, and was not like machinery any more, nor like any sound I ever heard before or since. Below the tree stood the bewildered little chicken, cheeping, and making tiny jumps to reach its mother.

"Yes," said the Virginian, "it's comical. Even her aigg acted different from anybody else's." He paused, and looked across the wide, mellowing plain with the expression of easy-going gravity so common with him. Then he looked at Em'ly in the tree and the yellow chicken. "It ain't so damned funny," said he.

We went in to supper, and I came out to find the hen lying on the ground, dead. I took the chicken to the family in the hen-house.

No, it was not altogether funny any more. And I did not think less of the Virginian when I came upon him surreptitiously digging a little hole in the field for her.

"I have buried some citizens here and there," said he, "that I have respected less."

And when the time came for me to leave Sunk Creek, my last word to the Virginian was, "Don't forget Em'ly."

"I ain't likely to," responded the cow-puncher. "She is just one o' them parables."

Save when he fell into his native idioms (which, they told me, his wanderings had well-nigh obliterated until that year's visit to his home again revived them in his speech), he had now for a long while dropped the "seh," and all other barriers between us. We were thorough friends, and had exchanged many confidences both of the flesh and of the spirit. He even went the length of saying that he would write me the Sunk Creek news if I would send him a line now and then. I have many letters from him now. Their spelling came to be faultless, and in the beginning was little worse than George Washington's.

The Judge himself drove me to the railroad by another way—across the Bow Leg Mountains, and south through Balaam's Ranch and Drybone to Rock Creek.

"I'll be very homesick," I told him.

"Come and pull the latch-string whenever you please," he bade me.

I wished that I might! No lotus land ever cast its spell upon man's heart more than Wyoming had enchanted mine.

## VII

### THROUGH TWO SNOWS

"DEAR FRIEND [thus in the spring the Virginian wrote me], Yours received. It must be a poor thing to be sick. That time I was shot at Cañada de Oro would have made me sick if it had been a little lower or if I was much of a drinking man. You will be well if you give over city life and take a hunt with me about August or say September for then the elk will be out of the velvett.

"Things do not pleaze me here just now and I am going to settel it by vamosing. But I would be glad to see you. It would be pleasure not business for me to show you plenty elk and get you strong. I am not crybabying to the Judge or making any kick about things. He will want me back after he has swallowed a littel tincture of time. It is the best dose I know.

"Now to answer your questions. Yes the Emmily hen might have ate loco weed if hens do. I never saw anything but stock and horses get poisoned with loco weed. No the school is not built yet. They are always big talkers on Bear Creek. No I have not seen Steve. He is around but I am sorry for him. Yes I have been to Medicine Bow. I had the welcom I wanted. Do you remember a man I played poker and he did not like it? He is working on the upper ranch near Ten Sleep. He does not amount to a thing except with weaklings. Uncle Hewie has twins. The boys got him vexed some about it, but I think they are his. Now that is all I know to-day and I would like to see you poco presently as they say at Los Cruces. There's no sense in you being sick."

The rest of this letter discussed the best meeting point for us should I decide to join him for a hunt.

That hunt was made, and during the weeks of its duration something was said to explain a little more fully the Virginian's difficulty at the Sunk Creek Ranch, and his reason for leaving his excellent employer, the Judge. Not much was said, to be sure; the Virginian seldom spent many words upon his own troubles. But it appeared that owing to some jealousy of him on the part of the foreman, or the assistant foreman, he found himself continually doing another man's work, but under circumstances so skilfully arranged that he got neither credit nor pay for it. He would not stoop to telling tales out of school. Therefore his ready and prophetic mind devised the simple expedient of going away altogether. He calculated that Judge Henry would gradually perceive there was a connection between his departure and the cessation of the satisfactory work. After a judicious interval it was his plan to appear again in the neighbourhood of Sunk Creek and await results.

Concerning Steve he would say no more than he had written. But it was plain that for some cause this friendship had ceased.

Money for his services during the hunt he positively declined to accept, asserting that he had not worked enough to earn his board. And the expedition ended in an untraveled corner of the Yellowstone Park, near Pitchstone Cañon, where he and young Lin McLean and others were witnesses

of a sad and terrible drama that has been elsewhere chronicled.

His prophetic mind had foreseen correctly the shape of events at Sunk Creek. The only thing that it had not foreseen was the impression to be made upon the Judge's mind by his conduct.

Toward the close of that winter, Judge and Mrs. Henry visited the East. Through them a number of things became revealed. The Virginian was back at Sunk Creek.

"And," said Mrs. Henry, "he would never have left you if I had had my way, Judge H.!"

"No, Madam Judge," retorted her husband; "I am aware of that. For you have always appreciated a fine appearance in a man."

"I certainly have," confessed the lady, mirthfully. "And the way he used to come bringing my horse, with the ridges of his black hair so carefully brushed and that blue spotted handkerchief tied so effectively round his throat, was something that I missed a great deal after he went away."

"Thank you, my dear, for this warning. I have plans that will keep him absent quite constantly for the future."

And then they spoke less flightily. "I always knew," said the lady, "that you had found a treasure when that man came."

The Judge laughed. "When it dawned on me," he said, "how cleverly he caused me to learn the value of his services by depriving me of them, I doubted whether it was safe to take him back."

"Safe!" cried Mrs. Henry.

"Safe, my dear. Because I'm afraid he is pretty nearly as shrewd as I am. And that's rather dangerous in a subordinate." The Judge laughed again. "But his action regarding the man they call Steve has made me feel easy."

And then it came out that the Virginian was supposed to have discovered in some way that Steve had fallen from the grace of that particular honesty which respects another man's cattle. It was not known for certain. But calves had begun to disappear in Cattle Land, and cows had been found killed. And calves with one brand upon them had been found with mothers that bore the brand of another owner. This industry was taking root in Cattle Land, and of those who practised it, some were beginning to be suspected. Steve was not quite fully suspected yet. But that the Virginian had parted company with him was definitely known. And neither man would talk about it.

There was the further news that the Bear Creek schoolhouse at length stood complete, floor, walls, and roof; and that a lady from Bennington, Vermont, a friend of Mrs. Balaam's, had quite suddenly decided that she would try her hand at instructing the new generation.

The Judge and Mrs. Henry knew this because Mrs. Balaam had told them of her disappointment that she would be absent from the ranch on Butte Creek when her friend arrived, and therefore unable to entertain her. The friend's decision had been quite suddenly made, and must form the subject of the next chapter.

## VIII

### THE SINCERE SPINSTER

I DO not know with which of the two estimates—Mr. Taylor's or the Virginian's—you agreed. Did you think that Miss Mary Stark Wood of Bennington, Vermont, was forty years of age? That would have been an error. At the time she wrote the letter to Mrs. Balaam, of which letter certain portions have been quoted in these pages, she was in her twenty-first year; or, to be more precise, she had been twenty some eight months previous.

Now, it is not usual for young ladies of twenty to contemplate a journey of nearly two thousand miles to a country where Indians and wild animals live unchained, unless they are to make such journey in company with a protector, or are going to a protector's arms at the other end. Nor is school teaching on Bear Creek a usual ambition for such young ladies.

But Miss Mary Stark Wood was not a usual young lady for two reasons.

First, there was her descent. Had she so wished, she could have belonged to any number of those patriotic societies of which our American ears have grown accustomed to hear so much. She could have been enrolled in the Boston Tea Party, the Ethan Allen Ticonderogas, the Green Mountain Daughters, the Saratoga Sacred Circle, and the Confederated Colonial Chatelaines. She traced direct descent from the historic lady whose name she bore, that Molly Stark who was not a widow after the battle where her lord, her Captain John, battled so bravely as to send his name thrilling down through the blood of generations of schoolboys. This ancestress was her chief claim to be a member of those shining societies which I have enumerated.

But she had been willing to join none of them, although invitations to do so were by no means lacking. I cannot tell you her reason. Still, I can tell you this. When these societies were much spoken of in her presence, her very sprightly countenance became more sprightly, and she added her words of praise or respect to the general chorus. But when she received an invitation to join one of these bodies, her countenance, as she read the missive, would assume an expression which was known to her friends as "sticking her nose in the air." I do not think that Molly's reason for refusing to join could have been a truly good one. I should add that her most precious possession—a treasure which accompanied her even if she went away for only one night's absence—was an heirloom, a little miniature portrait of the old Molly Stark, painted when that far-off dame must have been scarce more than twenty. And when each summer the young Molly went to Dunbarton, New Hampshire, to pay her established family visit to the last survivors of her connection who bore the name of Stark, no word that she heard in the Dunbarton houses pleased her so much as when a certain great-aunt would take her by the hand, and, after looking with fond intentness at her, pronounce:—

"My dear, you're getting more like the General's wife every year you live."

"I suppose you mean my nose," Molly would then reply.

"Nonsense, child. You have the family length of nose, and I've never heard that it has disgraced us."

"But I don't think I'm tall enough for it."

"There now, run to your room, and dress for tea. The Starks have always been punctual."

And after this annual conversation, Molly would run to her room, and there in its privacy, even at the risk of falling below the punctuality of the Starks, she would consult two objects for quite a minute before she began to dress. These objects, as you have already correctly guessed, were the miniature of the General's wife and the looking-glass.

So much for Miss Molly Stark Wood's descent.

The second reason why she was not a usual girl was her character. This character was the result of pride and family pluck battling with family hardship.

Just one year before she was to be presented to the world—not the great metropolitan world, but a world that would have made her welcome and done her homage at its little dances and little dinners in Troy and Rutland and Burlington—fortune had turned her back upon the Woods. Their possessions had never been great ones; but they had sufficed. From generation to generation the family had gone to school like gentlefolk, dressed like gentlefolk, used the speech and ways of gentlefolk, and as gentlefolk lived and died. And now the mills failed.

Instead of thinking about her first evening dress, Molly found pupils to whom she could give music lessons. She found handkerchiefs that she could embroider with initials. And she found fruit that she could make into preserves. That machine called the typewriter was then in existence, but the day of women typewriters had as yet scarcely begun to dawn, else I think Molly would have preferred this occupation to the handkerchiefs and the preserves.

There were people in Bennington who "wondered how Miss Wood could go about from house to house teaching the piano, and she a lady." There always have been such people, I suppose, because the world must always have a rubbish heap. But we need not dwell upon them further than to mention one other remark of theirs regarding Molly. They all with one voice declared that Sam Bannett was good enough for anybody who did fancy embroidery at five cents a letter.

"I dare say he had a great-grandmother quite as good as hers," remarked Mrs. Flynt, the wife of the Baptist minister.

"That's entirely possible," returned the Episcopal rector of Hoosic, "only we don't happen to know who she was." The rector was a friend of Molly's. After this little observation, Mrs. Flynt said no more, but continued her purchases in the store where she and the rector had happened to find themselves together. Later she stated to a friend that she had always thought the Episcopal Church a snobbish one, and now she knew it.

So public opinion went on being indignant over Molly's conduct. She could stoop to work for money, and yet she pretended to hold herself above the most rising young man in Hoosic Falls, and all just because there was a difference in their grandmothers!

Was this the reason at the bottom of it? The very bottom? I cannot be certain,

because I have never been a girl myself. Perhaps she thought that work is not a stooping, and that marriage may be. Perhaps— But all I really know is that Molly Wood continued cheerfully to embroider the handkerchiefs, make the preserves, teach the pupils—and firmly to reject Sam Bannett.

Thus it went on until she was twenty. Then certain members of her family began to tell her how rich Sam was going to be—was, indeed, already. It was at this time that she wrote Mrs. Balaam her doubts and her desires as to migrating to Bear Creek. It was at this time also that her face grew a little paler, and her friends thought that she was overworked, and Mrs. Flynt feared she was losing her looks. It was at this time, too, that she grew very intimate with that great-aunt over at Dunbarton, and from her received much comfort and strengthening.

"Never!" said the old lady, "especially if you can't love him."

"I do like him," said Molly; "and he is very kind."

"Never!" said the old lady again. "When I die, you'll have something—and that will not be long now."

Molly flung her arms around her aunt, and stopped her words with a kiss.

And then one winter afternoon, two years later, came the last straw.

The front door of the old house had shut. Out of it had stepped the persistent suitor. Mrs. Flynt watched him drive away in his smart sleigh.

"That girl is a fool!" she said furiously; and she came away from her bedroom window where she had posted herself for observation.

Inside the old house a door had also shut. This was the door of Molly's own room. And there she sat, in floods of tears. For she could not bear to hurt a man who loved her with all the power of love that was in him.

It was about twilight when her door opened, and an elderly lady came softly in.

"My dear," she ventured, "and you were not able——"

"Oh, mother!" cried the girl, "have you come to say that too?"

The next day Miss Wood had become very hard. In three weeks she had accepted the position on Bear Creek. In two months she started, heart-heavy, but with a spirit craving the unknown.

## IX

### THE SPINSTER MEETS THE UNKNOWN

On a Monday noon a small company of horsemen strung out along the trail from Sunk Creek to gather cattle over their allotted sweep of range. Spring was backward, and they, as they rode galloping and gathering upon the cold week's work, cursed cheerily and occasionally sang. The Virginian was grave in bearing and of infrequent speech; but he kept a song going—a matter of some seventy-nine verses. Seventy-eight were quite unprintable, and rejoiced his brother cow-punchers monstrously. They, knowing him to a singular man, forebore ever to press him, and awaited his own humour, lest he should weary of the lyric; and when after a day of silence apparently saturnine, he would lift his gentle voice and begin:—

> "If you go to monkey with my Looloo girl,
> I'll tell you what I'll do:
> I'll cyarve your heart with my razor, and
> I'll shoot you with my pistol, too—"

then they would stridently take up each last line, and keep it going three, four, ten times, and kick holes in the ground to the swing of it.

By the levels of Bear Creek that reach like inlets among the promontories of the lonely hills, they came upon the schoolhouse, roofed and ready for the first native Wyoming crop. It symbolized the dawn of a neighbourhood, and it brought a change into the wilderness air. The feel of it struck cold upon the free spirits of the cow-punchers, and they told each other that, what with women and children and wire fences, this country would not long be a country for men. They stopped for a meal at an old comrade's. They looked over his gate, and there he was pottering among garden furrows.

"Pickin' nosegays?" inquired the Virginian; and the old comrade asked if they could not recognize potatoes except in the dish. But he grinned sheepishly at them, too, because they knew that he had not always lived in a garden. Then he took them into his house, where they saw an object crawling on the floor with a handful of sulphur matches. He began to remove the matches, but stopped in alarm at the vociferous result; and his wife looked in from the kitchen to caution him about humouring little Christopher.

When she beheld the matches she was

aghast; but when she saw her baby grow quiet in the arms of the Virginian, she smiled at that cow-puncher and returned to her kitchen.

Then the Virginian slowly spoke again: "How many little strangers have yu' got, James?"

"Only two."

"My! Ain't it most three years since yu' maried? Yu' mustn't let time creep ahaid o' yu', James."

The father once more grinned at his guests, who themselves turned sheepish and polite; for Mrs. Westfall came in, brisk and hearty, and set the meat upon the table. After that, it was she who talked. The guests ate scrupulously, muttering, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," in their plates, while their hostess told them of increasing families upon Bear Creek, and the expected school-teacher, and little Alfred's early teething, and how it was time for all of them to become husbands like James. The bachelors of the saddle listened, always diffident, but eating heartily to the end; and soon after they rode away in a thoughtful clump. The wives of Bear Creek were few as yet, and the homes scattered; the schoolhouse was only a sprig on the vast face of a world of elk and bear and uncertain Indians; but that night, when the earth near the fire was littered with the cow-punchers' beds, the Virginian was heard drawling to himself: "Alfred and Christopher. Oh, sugar!"

They found pleasure in the delicately chosen shade of this oath. He also recited to them a new verse about how he took his Looloo girl to the schoolhouse for to learn her A B C; and as it was quite original and unprintable, the camp laughed and swore joyfully, and rolled in its blankets to sleep under the stars.

Upon a Monday noon likewise (for things will happen so) some tearful people in petticoats waved handkerchiefs at a train that was just leaving Bennington, Vermont. A girl's face smiled back at them once, and withdrew quickly, for they must not see the smile die away.

She had with her a little money, a few clothes, and in her mind a rigid determination neither to be a burden to her mother nor to give in to that mother's desires. Absence alone would enable her to carry out this determination. Beyond these things, she possessed not much except spelling-books, a colonial miniature, and that craving for the unknown which has been mentioned. If the ancestors that we carry shut up inside us take turns in dictating to us our actions and our state of mind, undoubtedly Grandmother Stark was empress of Molly's spirit upon this Monday.

At Hoosic Junction, which came soon, she passed the up-train bound back to her home, and seeing the engineer and the conductor—faces that she knew well—her courage nearly failed her, and she shut her eyes against this glimpse of the familiar things that she was leaving. To keep herself steady she gripped tightly a little bunch of flowers in her hand.

But something caused her eyes to open; and there before her stood Sam Bannett, asking if he might accompany her so far as Rotterdam Junction.

"No!" she sold him with a severity born from the struggle she was making with her grief. "Not a mile with me. Not to Eagle Bridge. Good-by."

And Sam—what did he do? He obeyed her. I should like to be sorry for him. But obedience was not a lover's part here. He hesitated, the golden moment hung hovering, the conductor cried "All aboard!" the train went, and there on the platform stood obedient Sam, with his golden moment gone like a butterfly.

After Rotterdam Junction, which was some forty minutes farther, Molly Wood sat bravely up in the through car, dwelling upon the unknown. She thought that she had attained it in Ohio, on Tuesday morning, and wrote a letter about it to Bennington. On Wednesday afternoon she felt sure, and wrote a letter much more picturesque. But on the following day, after breakfast at North Platte, Nebraska, she wrote a very long letter indeed, and told them that she had seen a black pig on a white pile of buffalo bones, catching drops of water in the air as they fell from the railroad tank. She also wrote that trees were extraordinarily scarce. Each hour westward from the pig confirmed this opinion, and when she left the train at Rock Creek, late upon that fourth night—in those days the trains were slower—she knew that she had really attained the unknown, and sent an expensive telegram to say that she was quite well.

At six in the morning the stage drove away into the sage-brush, with her as its only passenger; and by sundown she had passed through some of the primitive perils of the world. The second team, virgin to harness, and displeased with this novelty, tried to take it off, and went down to the

bottom of a gully on its eight hind legs, while Miss Wood sat mute and unflinching beside the driver. Therefore he, when it was over, and they on the proper road again, invited her earnestly to be his wife during many of the next fifteen miles, and told her of his snug cabin and his horses and his mine. Then she got down and rode inside, Independence and Grandmother Stark shining in her eye. At Point of Rocks, where they had supper and his drive ended, her face distracted his heart, and he told her once more about his cabin, and lamentably hoped she would remember him. She answered sweetly that she would try, and gave him her hand. After all, he was a frank-looking boy, who had paid her the highest compliment that a boy (or a man, for that matter) knows; and it is said that Molly Stark, in her day, was not a New Woman.

The new driver banished the first one from the maiden's mind. He was not a frank-looking boy, and he had been taking whiskey. All night long he took it, while his passenger, helpless and sleepless inside the lurching stage, sat as upright as she possibly could; nor did the voices that she heard at Drybone reassure her. Sunrise found the white stage lurching eternally on across the alkali, with a driver and a bottle on the box, and a pale girl staring out at the plain, and knotting in her handkerchief some utterly dead flowers. They came to a river where the man bungled over the ford. Two wheels sank down over an edge, and the canvas toppled like a descending kite. The ripple came sucking through the upper spokes, and as she felt the seat careen, she put out her head and tremulously asked if anything was wrong. But the driver was addressing his team with much language, and also with the lash.

Then a tall rider appeared close against the buried axles, and took her out of the stage on his horse so suddenly that she screamed. She felt splashes, saw a swimming flood, and found herself lifted down upon the shore. The rider said something to her about cheering up, and its being all right, but her wits were stock-still, so she did not speak and thank him. After four days of train and thirty hours of stage, she was having a little too much of the unknown at once. Then the tall man gently withdrew, leaving her to become herself again. She limply regarded the river pouring round the slanted stage, and a number of horsemen with ropes, who righted the vehicle, and got it quickly to dry land, and disappeared at once with a herd of cattle, uttering lusty yells.

She saw the tall one delaying beside the driver, and speaking. He spoke so quietly that not a word reached her, until of a sudden the driver protested loudly. The man had thrown something, which turned out to be a bottle. This twisted loftily and dived into the stream. He said something more to the driver, then put his hand on the saddle-horn, looked half-lingeringly at the passenger on the bank, dropped his grave eyes from hers, and swinging upon his horse, was gone just as the passenger opened her mouth and with inefficient voice murmured, "Oh, thank you!" at his departing back.

The driver drove up now, a chastened creature. He helped Miss Wood in, and inquired after her welfare with a hanging head; then meek as his own drenched horses, he climbed back to his reins, and nursed the stage on toward the Bow Leg Mountains much as if it had been a perambulator.

As for Miss Wood, she sat recovering, and she wondered what the man on the horse must think of her. She knew that she was not ungrateful, and that if he had given her an opportunity she would have explained to him. If he supposed that she did not appreciate his act— Here into the midst of these meditations came an abrupt memory that she had screamed—she could not be sure when. She rehearsed the adventure from the beginning, and found one or two further uncertainties—how it had all been while she was on the horse, for instance. It was confusing to determine precisely what she had done with her arms. She knew where one of his arms had been. And the handkerchief with the flowers was gone. She made a few rapid dives in search of it. Had she, or had she not, seen him putting something in his pocket? And why had she behaved so unlike herself? In a few miles Miss Wood entertained sentiments of maidenly resentment toward her rescuer, and of maidenly hope to see him again.

To that river crossing he came again, alone, when the days were growing short. The ford was dry sand, and the stream a winding lane of shingle. He found a pool,—pools always survive the year round in this stream,—and having watered his pony, he lunched near the spot to which he had borne the frightened passenger that day. Where the flowing current had been he sat, regarding the now extremely safe channel.

"She cert'nly wouldn't need to grip me

so close this mawnin'," he said, as he pondered over his meal. "I reckon it will mightily astonish her when I tell her how harmless the torrent is lookin'." He held out to his pony a slice of bread matted with sardines, which the pony expertly accepted. "You're a plumb pie-biter, you Monte," he continued. Monte rubbed his nose on his master's shoulder. "I wouldn't trust you with berries and cream. No, seh; not though yu' did rescue a drownin' lady."

Presently he tightened the forward cinch, got in the saddle, and the pony fell into his wise mechanical jog; for he had come a long way, and was going a long way, and he knew this as well as the man did.

To use the language of Cattle Land, steers had "jumped to seventy-five." This was a great and prosperous leap in their value. To have flourished in that golden time you need not be dead now, nor even middle-aged; but it is Wyoming mythology already—quite as fabulous as the high-jumping cow. Indeed, people gathered together and behaved themselves much in the same pleasant and improbable way. Johnson County, and Natrona, and Converse, and others, to say nothing of the Cheyenne Club, had been jumping over the moon for some weeks, all on account of steers; and on the strength of this vigorous price of seventy-five, the Swinton Brothers were giving a barbecue at the Goose Egg outfit, their ranch on Bear Creek. Of course the whole neighbourhood was bidden, and would come forty miles to a man; some would come further—the Virginian was coming a hundred and eighteen. It had struck him—rather suddenly, as shall be made plain—that he should like to see how they were getting along up there on Bear Creek. "They," was how he put it to his acquaintances. His acquaintances did not know that he had bought himself a pair of trousers and a scarf, unnecessarily excellent for such a general visit. They did not know that in the spring, two days after the adventure with the stage, he had learned accidentally who the lady in the stage was. This he had kept to himself; nor did the camp ever notice that he had ceased to sing that eightieth stanza he had made about the A B C—the stanza which was not printable. He effaced it imperceptibly, giving the boys the other seventy-nine at judicious intervals. They dreamed of no guile, but merely saw in him, whether frequenting camp or town, the same not overangelic comrade whom they valued and could not wholly understand.

All spring he had ridden trail, worked at ditches during summer, and now he had just finished with the beef round-up. Yesterday, while he was spending a little comfortable money at the Drybone hog-ranch, a casual traveler from the north gossiped of Bear Creek, and the fences up there, and the farm crops, the Westfalls, and the young schoolmarm from Vermont, for whom the Taylors had built a cabin next door to theirs. The traveler had not seen her, but Mrs. Taylor and all the ladies thought the world of her, and Lin McLean had told him she was "away up in G." She would have plenty of partners at this Swinton barbecue. Great boom for the country, wasn't it, steers jumping that way?

The Virginian heard, asking no questions; and left town in an hour, with the scarf and trousers tied in his slicker behind his saddle. After looking upon the ford again, even though it was dry and not at all the same place, he journeyed inattentively. When you have been hard at work for months with no time to think, of course you think a great deal during your first empty days. "Step along, you Monte hawss!" he said, rousing after some while. He disciplined Monte, who flattened his ears affectedly and snorted. "Why, you surely ain' thinkin' of you'-self as a hero? She wasn't really a-drowndin', you pie-biter." He rested his serious glance upon the alkali. "She's not likely to have forgot that mix-up, though. I guess I'll not remind her about grippin' me, and all that. She wasn't the kind a man ought to josh about such things. She had a right clear eye." Thus, tall and loose in the saddle, did he jog along the sixty miles which still lay between him and the dance.

## X

### WHERE FANCY WAS BRED

Two camps in the open, and the Virginian's Monte horse, untired, brought him to the Swintons' in good time for the barbecue. The horse received good food at length, while his rider was welcomed with good whiskey. *Good* whiskey—for had not steers jumped to seventy-five?

Inside the Goose Egg kitchen many small delicacies were preparing, and a steer was roasting whole outside. The bed of flame under it showed steadily brighter against the dusk that was beginning to veil the low-lands. The busy hosts went and came,

while men stood and men lay near the fire-glow. Chalkeye was there, and Nebrasky, and Trampas, and Honey Wiggin, with others, enjoying the occasion; but Honey Wiggin was enjoying himself: he had an audience; he was sitting up discoursing to it.

"Hello!" he said, perceiving the Virginian. "So you've dropped in for your turn! Number—six, ain't he, boys?"

"Depends who's a-runnin' the countin'," said the Virginian, and stretched himself down among the audience.

"I've saw him number one when nobody else was around," said Trampas.

"How far away was you standin' when you beheld that?" inquired the lounging Southerner.

"Well, boys," said Wiggin, "I expect it will be Miss Schoolmarm says who's number one to-night."

"So she's arrived in this hyeh country?" observed the Virginian, very casually.

"Arrived!" said Trampas again. "Where have you been grazing lately?"

"A right smart way from the mules."

"Nebrasky and the boys was tellin' me they'd missed yu' off the range," again interposed Wiggin. "Say, Nebrasky, who have yu' offered your canary to, the schoolmarm said you mustn't give her?"

Nebrasky grinned wretchedly.

"Well, she's a lady, and she's square, not takin' a man's gift when she don't take the man. But you'd ought to get back all them letters yu' wrote her. Yu' sure ought to ask her for them tell-tales."

"Ah, pshaw, Honey!" protested the youth. It was well known that he could not write his name.

"Why, if here ain't Bokay Baldy!" cried the agile Wiggin, stooping to fresh prey. "Found them slippers yet, Baldy? Tell yu' boys, that was turruble sad luck Baldy had. Did yu' hear about that? Baldy, yu' know, he can stay on a tame horse most as well as the schoolmarm. But just you give him a pair of young knittin'-needles and see him make 'em sweat! He worked an elegant pair of slippers with pink cabbages on 'em for Miss Wood."

"I bought 'em at Medicine Bow," blundered Baldy.

"So yu' did!" assented the skilful comedian. "Baldy he bought 'em. And on the road to her cabin there at the Taylors' he got thinkin' they might be too big, and he got studyin' what to do. And he fixed up to tell her about his not bein' sure of the size, and how she was to let him know if they dropped off her, and he'd exchange 'em, and when he got right near her door, why, he couldn't find his courage. And so he slips the parcel under the fence and starts serenadin' her. But she ain't inside her cabin at all. She's at supper next door with the Taylors, and Baldy singin' 'Love has conqwered pride and angwer' to a lone house. Lin McLean was comin' up by Taylor's corral, where Taylor's Texas bull was. Well, it was turruble sad. Baldy's pants got tore, but he fell inside the fence, and Lin druv the bull back and somebody stole them Medicine Bow goloshes. Are you goin' to knit her some more, Bokay?"

"About half that ain't straight," Baldy commented, with mildness.

"The half that was tore off yer pants? Well, never mind, Baldy; Lin will get left too, same as all of yu'."

"Is there many?" inquired the Virginian. He was still stretched on his back, looking up at the sky.

"I don't know how many she's been used to where she was raised," Wiggin answered. "A kid stage-driver come from Point of Rocks one day and went back the next. Then the foreman of the 76 outfit, and the horse-wrangler from the Bar-Circle-L, and two deputy marshals, with punchers, stringin' right along,—all got their tumble. Old Judge Burrage from Cheyenne come up in August for a hunt and stayed round here and never hunted at all. There was that horse thief—awful good-lookin'. Taylor wanted to warn her about him, but Mrs. Taylor said she'd look after her if it was needed. Mr. Horse-thief gave it up quicker than most; but the schoolmarm couldn't have knowed he had a Mrs. Horse-thief camped on Poison Spider till afterwards. She wouldn't go ridin' with him. She'll go with some, takin' a kid along."

"Bah!" said Trampas.

The Virginian stopped looking at the sky, and watched Trampas from where he lay.

"I think she encourages a man some," said poor Nebrasky.

"Encourages? Because she lets yu' teach her how to shoot?" said Wiggin. "Well—I don't guess I'm a judge. I've always kind o' kep' away from them good women. Don't seem to think of anything to chat about to 'em. The only folks I'd say she encourages is the school kids. She kisses them."

"Riding and shooting and kissing the kids," sneered Trampas. "That's a heap too pussy-kitten for me."

They laughed. The sage-brush audience is readily cynical.

"Look for the man, I say," Trampas pursued. "And ain't he there? She leaves Baldy sit on the fence while she and Lin McLean——"

They laughed loudly at the blackguard picture which he drew; and the laugh stopped short, for the Virginian stood over Trampas.

"You can rise up now, and tell them you lie," he said.

The man was still for a moment in the dead silence. "I thought you claimed you and her wasn't acquainted," said he then.

"Stand on your laigs, you polecat, and say you're a liar!"

Trampas's hand moved behind him.

"Quit that," said the Southerner, "or I'll break your neck!"

The eye of a man is the prince of deadly weapons. Trampas looked in the Virginian's, and slowly rose. "I didn't mean—" he began, and paused, his face poisonously bloated.

"Well, I'll call that sufficient. Keep a-standin' still. I ain' going to trouble yu' long. In admittin' yourself to be a liar you have spoke God's truth for onced. Honey Wiggin, you and me and the boys have hit town too frequent for any of us to play Sunday on the balance of the gang." He stopped and surveyed Public Opinion, seated around in carefully inexpressive attention. "We ain't a Christian outfit a little bit, and maybe we have most forgotten what decency feels like. But I reckon we haven't *plumb* forgot what it means. You can sit down now, if you want."

The liar stood and sneered experimentally, looking at Public Opinion. But this changeful deity was no longer with him, and he heard it variously assenting, "That's so," and "She's a lady," and otherwise excellently moralizing. So he held his peace. When, however, the Virginian had departed to the roasting steer, and Public Opinion relaxed into that comfort which we all experience when the sermon ends, Trampas sat down amid the reviving cheerfulness, and ventured again to be facetious.

"Shut your rank mouth," said Wiggin to him, amiably. "I don't care whether he knows her, or if he done it on principle. I'll accept the roundin' up he gave us—and say! you'll swallo' your dose, too! Us boys'll stand in with him in this."

So Trampas swallowed. And what of the Virginian?

He had championed the feeble, and spoken honourably in meeting, and according to all the constitutions and by-laws of morality, he should have been walking in virtue's especial calm. But there it was! he had spoken; he had given them a peep through the key-hole at his inner man; and as he prowled away from the assemblage before whom he stood convicted of decency, it was vicious rather than virtuous that he felt. Other matters also disquieted him—so Lin McLean was hanging round that schoolmarm! Yet he joined Ben Swinton in a seemingly Christian spirit. He took some whiskey and praised the size of the barrel, speaking with his host like this:—

"There cert'nly ain' goin' to be trouble about a second helpin'."

"Hope not. We'd ought to have more trimmings, though. We're shy on ducks."

"Yu' have the barrel. Has Lin McLean seen that?"

"No. We tried for ducks away down as far as the Laparel outfit. A real barbecue——"

"There's large thirsts on Bear Creek. Lin McLean will pass on ducks."

"Lin's not thirsty this month."

"Signed for one month, has he?"

"Signed! He's spooning our schoolmarm!"

"They claim she's a right sweet-faced girl."

"Yes; yes; awful agreeable. And next thing you're fooled clean through."

"Yu' don't say!"

"She keeps a-teaching the darned kids, and it seems like a good growed-up man can't interest her."

"*Yu' don't say!*"

"There used to be all the ducks you wanted at the Laparel, but their fool cook's dead stuck on raising turkeys this year."

"That must have been mighty close to a drowndin' the schoolmarm got at South Fork."

"Why, I guess not. When? She's never spoken of any such thing—that I've heard."

"Mos' likely the stage-driver got it wrong, then."

"Yes. Must have drownded somebody else. Here they come! That's her ridin' the horse. There's the Westfalls. Where are you running to?"

"To fix up. Got any soap around hyeh?"

"Yes," shouted Swinton, for the Virginian was now some distance away; "towels and everything in the dugout." And he went to welcome his first formal guests.

The Virginian reached his saddle under a

shed. "So she's never mentioned it," said he, untying his slicker for the trousers and scarf. "I didn't notice Lin anywheres around her." He was over in the dugout now, whipping off his overalls; and soon he was excellently clean and ready, except for the tie in his scarf and the part in his hair. "I'd have knowed her in Greenland," he remarked. He held the candle up and down at the looking-glass, and the looking-glass up and down at his head. "It's mighty strange why she ain't mentioned that." He worried the scarf a fold or two further, and at length, a trifle more than satisfied with his appearance, he proceeded most serenely toward the sound of the tuning fiddles. He passed through the store-room behind the kitchen, stepping lightly lest he should rouse the ten or twelve babies that lay on the table or beneath it. On Bear Creek babies and children always went with their parents to a dance, because nurses were unknown. So little Alfred and Christopher lay there among the wraps, parallel and crosswise with little Taylors, and little Carmodys, and Lees, and all the Bear Creek offspring that was not yet able to skip at large and hamper its indulgent elders in the ballroom.

"Why, Lin ain't hyeh yet!" said the Virginian, looking in upon the people. There was Miss Wood, standing up for the quadrille. "I didn't remember her hair was that pretty," said he. "But ain't she a little, little girl!"

Now she was in truth five feet three; but then he could look away down on the top of her head.

"Salute your honey!" called the first fiddler. All partners bowed to each other, and as she turned, Miss Wood saw the man in the doorway. Again, as it had been at South Fork that day, his eyes dropped from hers, and she, divining instantly why he had come after half a year, thought of the handkerchief and of that scream of hers in the river, and became filled with tyranny and anticipation; for indeed he was fine to look upon. So she danced away, carefully unaware of his existence.

"First lady, center!" said her partner, reminding her of her turn. "Have you forgotten how it goes since last time?"

Molly Wood did not forget again, but quadrilled with the most sprightly devotion.

"I see some new faces to-night," said she, presently.

"Yu' always do forget our poor faces," said her partner.

"Oh, no! There's a stranger now. Who is that black man?"

"Well—he's from Virginia, and he ain't allowin' he's black."

"He's a tenderfoot, I suppose?"

"Ha, ha, ha! That's rich, too!" and so the simple partner explained a great deal about the Virginian to Molly Wood. At the end of the set she saw the man by the door take a step in her direction.

"Oh," said she, quickly, to the partner, "how warm it is! I must see how those babies are doing." And she passed the Virginian in a breeze of unconcern.

His eyes gravely lingered where she had gone. "She knowed me right away," said he. He looked for a moment, then leaned against the door. "'How warm it is!' said she. Well, it ain't so screechin' hot hyeh; and as for rushin' after Alfred and Christopher, when their natural motheh is bumpin' around handy—she cert'nly can't be offended?" he broke off, and looked again where she had gone. And then Miss Wood passed him brightly again, and was dancing the schottische almost immediately. "Oh, yes, she knows me," the swarthy cowpuncher mused. "She has to take trouble not to see me. And what she's a-fussin' at is mighty interestin'. Hello!"

"Hello!" returned Lin McLean, sourly. He had just looked into the kitchen.

"Not dancin'?" the Southerner inquired.

"Don't know how."

"Had scyarlet fever and forgot your past life?"

Lin grinned.

"Better persuade the schoolmarm to learn yu'. She's goin' to give me instruction."

"Huh!" went Mr. McLean, and skulked out to the barrel.

"Why, they claimed you weren't drinkin' this month!" said his friend, following.

"Well, I am. Here's luck!" The two pledged in tin cups. "But I'm not waltzin' with her," blurted Mr. McLean grievously. "She called me an exception."

"Waltzin'," repeated the Virginian quickly, and hearing the fiddles he hastened away.

Few in the Bear Creek Country could waltz, and with these few it was mostly an unsteered and ponderous exhibition; therefore was the Southerner bent upon profiting by his skill. He entered the room, and his lady saw him come where she sat alone for the moment, and her thoughts grew a little hurried.

"Will you try a turn, ma'am?"

"I beg your pardon?" It was a remote, well-schooled eye that she lifted now upon him.

"If you like a waltz, ma'am, will you waltz with me?"

"You're from Virginia, I understand?" said Molly Wood, regarding him politely, but not rising. One gains authority immensely by keeping one's seat. All good teachers know this.

"Yes, ma'am, from Virginia."

"I've heard that Southerners have such good manners."

"That's correct." The cow-puncher flushed, but he spoke in his unvaryingly gentle voice.

"For in New England, you know," pursued Miss Molly, noting his scarf and clean-shaven chin, and then again steadily meeting his eye, "gentlemen ask to be presented to ladies before they ask them to waltz."

He stood a moment before her, deeper and deeper scarlet; and the more she saw his handsome face, the keener rose her excitement. She waited for him to speak of the river; for then she was going to be surprised, and gradually to remember, and finally to be very nice to him. But he did not wait. "I ask your pardon, lady," said he, and bowing, walked off, leaving her at once afraid that he might not come back. But she had altogether mistaken her man. Back he came serenely with Mr. Taylor, and was duly presented to her. Thus were the conventions vindicated.

It can never be known what the cow-puncher was going to say next; for Uncle Hughey stepped up with a glass of water which he had left Miss Wood to bring, and asking for a turn, most graciously received it. She danced away from a situation where she began to feel herself getting the worst of it. One moment the Virginian stared at his lady as she lightly circulated, and then he went out to the barrel.

Leave him for Uncle Hughey! Jealousy is a deep and delicate thing, and works its spite in many ways. The Virginian had been ready to look at Lin McLean with a hostile eye; but finding him now beside the barrel, he felt a brotherhood between himself and Lin, and his hostility had taken a new and whimsical direction.

"Here's how!" said he to McLean. And they pledged each other in the tin cups.

"Been gettin' them instructions?" said Mr. McLean, grinning. "I thought I saw yu' learning your steps through the window."

"Here's your good health," said the Southerner. Once more they pledged each other handsomely.

"Did she call you an exception, or anything?" said Lin.

"Well, it would cipher out right close in that neighbourhood."

"Here's how, then!" cried the delighted Lin, over his cup.

"Jest because yu' happen to come from Vermont," continued Mr. McLean, "is no cause for extra pride. Shoo! I was raised in Massachusetts myself, and big men have been raised there, too—Daniel Webster and Israel Putnam, and a lot of them politicians."

"Virginia is a good little old state," observed the Southerner.

"Both of 'em's a sight ahead of Vermont. She told me I was the first exception she'd struck."

"What rule were you provin' at the time, Lin?"

"Well, yu' see, I started to kiss her."

"Yu' didn't!"

"Shucks! I didn't mean nothin'."

"I reckon yu' stopped mighty sudden?"

"Why, I'd been ridin' out with her—ridin' to school, ridin' from school, and a-comin' and a-goin', and she chattin' cheerful and askin' me a heap o' questions all about myself every day, and I not lyin' much neither. And so I figured she wouldn't mind. Lots of 'em like it. But she didn't, you bet!"

"No," said the Virginian, deeply proud of his lady who had slighted him. He had pulled her out of the water once, and he had been her unrewarded knight even to-day, and he felt his grievance; but he spoke not of it to Lin; for he felt also, in memory, her arms clinging round him as he carried her ashore upon his horse. But he muttered, "Plumb ridiculous!" as her injustice struck him afresh, while the outraged McLean told his tale.

"Trample is what she has done on me to-night, and without notice. We was startin' to come here; Taylor and Mrs. were ahead in the buggy, and I was holdin' her horse, and helpin' her up in the saddle, like I done for days and days. Who was there to see us? And I figured she'd not mind, and she calls me an exception! Yu'd ought to've just heard her about Western men respectin' women. So that's the last word we've spoke. We come twenty-five miles then, she scootin' in front, and her horse kickin' the sand in my face. Mrs. Taylor, she guessed something was up, but she didn't tell."

"Miss Wood did not tell?"

"Not she! She'll never open her head. She can take care of herself, you bet!"

The fiddles sounded hilariously in the house, and the feet also. They had warmed up altogether, and their dancing figures crossed the windows back and forth. The two cow-punchers drew near to a window and looked in gloomily.

"There she goes," said Lin.

"With Uncle Hughey again," said the Virginian, sourly. "Yu' might suppose he didn't have a wife and twins, to see the way he goes gambollin' around."

"Westfall is takin' a turn with her now," said McLean.

"James!" exclaimed the Virginian. "He's another with a wife and fam'ly, and he gets the dancin', too."

"There she goes with Taylor," said Lin, presently.

"Another married man!" the Southerner commented. They prowled round to the store-room, and passed through the kitchen to where the dancers were robustly tramping. Miss Wood was still the partner of Mr. Taylor. "Let's have some whiskey," said the Virginian. They had it, and returned, and the Virginian's disgust and sense of injury grew deeper. "Old Carmody had got her now," he drawled. "He polkas like a land-slide. She learns his monkey-faced kid to spell dog and cow all the mawnin'. He'd ought to be tucked up cosey in his bed right now, old Carmody ought."

They were standing in that place set apart for the sleeping children; and just at this moment one of two babies that were stowed beneath a chair uttered a drowsy note. A much louder cry, indeed a chorus of lament, would have been needed to reach the ears of the parents in the room beyond, such was the noisy volume of the dance. But in this quiet place the light sound caught Mr. McLean's attention, and he turned to see if anything were wrong. But both babies were sleeping peacefully.

"Them's Uncle Hughey's twins," he said.

"How do you happen to know that?" inquired the Virginian, suddenly interested.

"Saw his wife put 'em under the chair so she could find 'em right off when she come to go home.

"Oh," said the Virginian, thoughtfully. "Oh, find 'em right off. Yes. Uncle Hughey's twins." He walked to a spot from which he could view the dance. "Well," he continued, returning, "the schoolmarm must have taken quite a notion to Uncle Hughey. He has got her for this quadrille." The Virginian was now speaking without rancour; but his words came with a slightly augmented drawl, and this with him was often a bad omen. He now turned his eyes upon the collected babies wrapped in various coloured shawls and knitted work. "Nine, ten, eleven, beautiful sleepin' strangers," he counted, in a sweet voice. "Any of 'em yourn, Lin?"

"Not that I know of," grinned Mr. McLean.

"Eleven, twelve. This hyeh is little Christopher in the blue-stripe quilt—or maybe that other yello'-head is him. The angels have commenced to drop in on us right smart along Bear Creek, Lin."

"What trash are yu' talkin' anyway?"

"If they look so awful alike in the heavenly gyarden," the gentle Southerner continued, "I'd just hate to be the folks that has the cuttin' of 'em out o' the general herd. And that's a right quaint notion too," he added softly. "Them under the chair are Uncle Hughey's, didn't you tell me?" And stooping, he lifted the torpid babies and placed them beneath a table. "No, that ain't thorough," he murmured. With wonderful dexterity and solicitude for their welfare, he removed the loose wrap which was around them, and this soon led to an intricate process of exchange. For a moment Mr. McLean had been staring at the Virginian, puzzled. Then, with a joyful yelp of enlightenment, he sprang to abet him.

And while both busied themselves with the shawls and quilts, the unconscious parents went dancing vigorously on, and the small, occasional cries of their progeny did not reach them.

## XI

### "YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE ME BEFORE WE GET THROUGH"

THE Swinton barbecue was over. The fiddles were silent, the steer was eaten, the barrel emptied, or largely so, and the tapers extinguished; round the house and sunken fire all movement of guests was quiet, the families were long departed homeward, and after their hospitable turbulence, the Swintons slept.

Mr. and Mrs. Westfall drove through the night, and as they neared their cabin there came from among the bundled wraps a still, small voice.

"Jim," said his wife, "I said Alfred would catch cold."

"Bosh! Lizzie, don't you fret. He's a little more than a yearlin', and of course he'll snuffle." And young James took a kiss from his love.

"Well, how you can speak of Alfred that way, calling him a yearling, as if he was a calf, and he just as much your child as mine, I don't see, James Westfall!"

"Why, what under the sun do you mean?"

"There he goes again! Do hurry up home, Jim. He's got a real strange cough."

So they hurried home. Soon the nine miles were finished, and good James was unhitching by his stable lantern, while his wife in the house hastened to commit their offspring to bed. The traces had dropped, and each horse marched forward for further unbuckling, when James heard himself called. Indeed, there was that in his wife's voice which made him jerk out his pistol as he ran. But it was no bear or Indian—only two strange children on the bed. His wife was glaring at them.

He sighed with relief and laid down the pistol.

"Put that on again, James Westfall. You'll need it. Look here!"

"Well, they won't bite. Whose are they? Where have you stowed ourn?"

"Where have I—" Utterance forsook this mother for a moment. "And you ask me!" she continued. "Ask Lin McLean. Ask him that sets bulls on folks and steals slippers, what he's done with our innocent lambs, mixing them up with other people's coughing, unhealthy brats. That's Charlie Taylor in Alfred's clothes, and I know Alfred didn't cough like that, and I said to you it was strange; and the other one that's been put in Christopher's new quilts is not even a bub—bub—boy!"

As this crime against society loomed clear to James Westfall's understanding, he sat down on the nearest piece of furniture, and heedless of his wife's tears and his exchanged children, broke into unregenerate laughter. Doubtless after his sharp alarm about the bear, he was unstrung. His lady, however, promptly restrung him; and by the time they had repacked the now clamourous changelings, and were rattling on their way to the Taylors', he began to share her outraged feelings properly, as a husband and a father should; but when he reached the Taylors' and learned from Miss Wood that at this house a child had been unwrapped whom nobody could at all identify, and that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were already far on the road to the Swintons', James Westfall whipped up his horses and grew almost as thirsty for revenge as was his wife.

Where the steer had been roasted, the powdered ashes were now cold white, and Mr. McLean, feeling through his dreams the change of dawn cover over the air, sat up cautiously among the outdoor slumberers and waked his neighbour.

"Day will be soon," he whispered, "and we must light out of this. I never suspicioned yu' had that much of the devil in you before."

"I reckon some of the fellows will act haidstrong," the Virginian murmured luxuriously, among the warmth of his blankets.

"I tell yu' we must skip," said Lin, for the second time; and he rubbed the Virginian's black head, which alone was visible.

"Skip, then, you," came muffled from within, "and keep you'self mighty sca'ce till they can appreciate our frolic."

The Southerner withdrew deeper into his bed, and Mr. McLean, informing him that he was a fool, arose and saddled his horse. From the saddle-bag he brought a parcel, and lightly laying this beside Bokay Baldy, he mounted and was gone. When Baldy awoke later, he found the parcel to be a pair of flowery slippers.

In selecting the inert Virginian as the fool, Mr. McLean was scarcely wise; it is the absent who are always guilty.

Before ever Lin could have been a mile in retreat, the rattle of the wheels roused all of them, and here came the Taylors. Before the Taylors' knocking had brought the Swintons to their door, other wheels sounded, and here were Mr. and Mrs. Carmody, and Uncle Hughey with his wife, and close after them Mr. Dow, alone, who told how his wife had gone into one of her fits—she upon whom Dr. Barker at Drybone had enjoined total abstinence from all excitement. Voices of women and children began to be uplifted; the Westfalls arrived in a lather, and the Thomases; and by sunrise, what with fathers and mothers and spectators and loud offspring, there was gathered such a meeting as has seldom been before among the generations of speaking men. To-day you can hear legends of it from Texas to Montana; but I am giving you the full particulars.

Of course they pitched upon poor Lin. Here was the Virginian doing his best, holding horses and helping ladies descend, while the name of McLean began to be muttered with threats. Soon a party led by Mr. Dow set forth in search of him, and

the Southerner debated a moment if he had better not put them on a wrong track. But he concluded that they might safely go on searching.

Mrs. Westfall found Christopher at once in the green shawl of Anna Maria Dow, but all was not achieved thus in the twinkling of an eye. Mr. McLean had, it appeared, as James Westfall lugubriously pointed out, not merely "swapped the duds; he had shuffled the whole doggone deck"; and they cursed this Satanic invention. The fathers were but of moderate assistance; it was the mothers who did the heavy work; and by ten o'clock some unsolved problems grew so delicate that a ladies' caucus was organized in a private room,—no admittance for men,—and what was done there I can only surmise.

During its progress the search party returned. It had not found Mr. McLean. It had found a tree with a notice pegged upon it, reading, "God bless our home!" This was captured.

But success attended the caucus; each mother emerged, satisfied that she had received her own, and each sire, now that his family was itself again, began to look at his neighbour sideways. After a man has been angry enough to kill another man, after the fire of righteous slaughter has raged in his heart as it had certainly raged for several hours in the hearts of these fathers, the flame will usually burn itself out. This will be so in a generous nature, unless the cause of the anger is still unchanged. But the children had been identified; none had taken hurt. All had been humanely given their nourishment. The thing was over. The day was beautiful. A tempting feast remained from the barbecue. These Bear Creek fathers could not keep their ire at red heat. Most of them, being as yet more their wives' lovers than their children's parents, began to see the mirthful side of the adventure; and they ceased to feel very severely toward Lin McLean.

Not so the women. They cried for vengeance; but they cried in vain, and were met with smiles.

Mrs. Westfall argued long that punishment should be dealt the offender. "Anyway," she persisted, "it was real defiant of him putting that up on the tree. I might forgive him but for that."

"Yes," spoke the Virginian in their midst, "that wasn't sort o' right. Especially as I am the man you're huntin'."

They sat dumb at his assurance.

"Come and kill me," he continued, looking round upon the party. "I'll not resist."

But they could not resist the way in which he had looked round upon them. He had chosen the right moment for his confession, as a captain of horse awaits the proper time for a charge. Some rebukes he did receive; the worst came from the mothers. And all that he could say for himself was, "I am getting off too easy."

"But what was your point?" said Westfall.

"Blamed if I know any more. I expect it must have been the whiskey."

"I would mind it less," said Mrs. Westfall, "if you looked a bit sorry or ashamed."

The Virginian shook his head at her penitently. "I'm tryin' to," he said.

And thus he sat disarming his accusers until they began to lunch upon the copious remnants of the barbecue. He did not join them at this meal. In telling you that Mrs. Dow was the only lady absent upon this historic morning, I was guilty of an inadvertence. There was one other.

The Virginian rode away sedately through the autumn sunshine; and as he went he asked his Monte horse a question. "Do yu' reckon she'll have forgotten you too, you pie-biter?" said he. Instead of the new trousers, the cow-puncher's leathern chaps were on his legs. But he had the new scarf knotted at his neck. Most men would gladly have equalled him in appearance. "You, Monte," said he, "will she be at home?"

It was Sunday, and no school day, and he found her in her cabin that stood next the Taylors' house. Her eyes were very bright.

"I'd thought I'd just call," said he.

"Why, that's such a pity! Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are away."

"Yes; they've been right busy. That's why I thought I'd call. Will yu' come for a ride, ma'am?"

"Dear me! I——"

"You can ride my hawss. He's gentle."

"What! And you walk?"

"No, ma'am. Nor the two of us ride him *this* time, either." At this she turned entirely pink, and he, noticing, went on quietly: "I'll catch up one of Taylor's hawsses. Taylor knows me."

"No. I don't really think I could do that. But thank you. Thank you very much. I must go now and see how Mrs. Taylor's fire is."

"I'll look after that, ma'am. I'd like

for yu' to go ridin' mighty well. Yu' have no babies this mawnin' to be anxious after."

At this shaft, Grandmother Stark flashed awake deep within the spirit of her descendant, and she made a haughty declaration of war. "I don't know what you mean, sir," she said.

Now was his danger; for it was easy to fall into mere crude impertinence and ask her why, then, did she speak thus abruptly? There were various easy things of this kind for him to say. And any rudeness would have lost him the battle. But the Virginian was not the man to lose such a battle in such a way. His shaft had hit. She thought he referred to those babies about whom last night she had shown such superfluous solicitude. Her conscience was guilty. This was all that he had wished to make sure of before he began operations.

"Why, I mean," said he, easily, sitting down near the door, "that it's Sunday. School don't hinder yu' from enjoyin' a ride to-day. You'll teach the kids all the better for it to-morro', ma'am. Maybe it's your duty." And he smiled at her.

"My duty! It's quite novel to have strangers——"

"Am I a stranger?" he cut in, firing his first broadside. "I was introduced, ma'am," he continued, noting how she had flushed again. "And I would not be oversteppin' for the world. I'll go away if yu' want." And hereupon he quietly rose, and stood, hat in hand.

Molly was flustered. She did not at all want him to go. No one of her admirers had ever been like this creature. The fringed leathern chaparreros, the cartridge belt, the flannel shirt, the knotted scarf at the neck, these things were now an old story to her. Since her arrival she had seen young men and old in plenty dressed thus. But worn by this man now standing by her door, they seemed to radiate romance. She did not want him to go—and she wished to win her battle. And now in her agitation she became suddenly severe, as she had done at Hoosic Junction. He should have a punishment to remember!

"You call yourself a man, I suppose," she said.

But he did not tremble in the least. Her fierceness filled him with delight, and the tender desire of ownership flooded through him.

"A grown-up, responsible man," she repeated.

"Yes, ma'am. I think so." He now sat down again.

"And you let them think that—that Mr. McLean— You dare not look me in the face and say that Mr. McLean did that last night!"

"I reckon I dassent."

"There! I knew it! I said so from the first!"

"And me a stranger to you!" he murmured.

It was his second broadside. It left her badly crippled. She was silent.

"Who did yu' mention it to, ma'am?"

She hoped she had him. "Why, are you afraid?" And she laughed lightly.

"I told 'em myself. And their astonishment seemed so genu-wine I'd just hate to think they had fooled me that thorough when they knowed it all along from you seeing me."

"I did not see you. I knew it must— Of course I did not tell any one. When I said I said so from the first, I meant—you can understand perfectly what I meant."

"Yes, ma'am."

Poor Molly was near stamping her foot. "And what sort of a trick," she rushed on, "was that to play? Do you call it a manly thing to frighten and distress women because you—for no reason at all? I should never have imagined it could be the act of a person who wears a big pistol and rides a big horse. I should be afraid to go riding with such an immature protector."

"Yes; that was awful childish. Your words do cut a little; for maybe there's been times when I have acted pretty near like a man. But I cert'nly forgot to be introduced before I spoke to yu' last night. Because why? You've found me out dead in one thing. Won't you take a guess at this too?"

"I cannot sit guessing why people do not behave themselves—who seem to know better."

"Well, ma'am, I've played square and owned up to yu'. And that's not what you're doin' by me. I ask your pardon if I say what I have a right to say in language not as good as I'd like to talk to yu' with. But at South Fork Crossin' who did any introducin'? Did yu' complain I was a stranger then?"

"I—no!" she flashed out; then, quite sweetly, "The driver told me it wasn't *really* so dangerous there, you know."

"That's not the point I'm makin'. You are a grown-up woman, a responsible woman. You've come ever so far, and all alone, to a rough country to instruct young children that play games,—tag, and

hide-and-seek, and fooleries they'll have to quit when they get old. Don't you think pretendin' yu' don't know a man,—his name's nothin', but *him*,—a man whom you were glad enough to let assist yu' when somebody was needed,—don't you think that's mighty close to hide-and-seek them children plays? I ain't so sure but what there's a pair of us children in this hyeh room."

Molly Wood was regarding him saucily. "I don't think I like you," said she.

"That's all square enough. You're goin' to love me before we get through. I I wish yu'd come a-ridin', ma'am."

"Dear, dear, dear! So I'm going to love you? How will you do it? I know men think that they only need to sit and look strong and make chests at a girl——"

"Goodness gracious! I ain't makin' any chests at yu'!" Laughter overcame him for a moment, and Miss Wood liked his laugh very much. "Please come a-ridin'," he urged. "It's the prettiest kind of a day."

She looked at him frankly, and there was a pause. "I will take back two things that I said to you," she then answered him. "I believe that I do like you. And I know that if I went riding with you, I should not have an immature protector." And then, with a final gesture of acknowledgment, she held out her hand to him. "And I have always wanted," she said, "to thank you for what you did at the river."

He took her hand, and his heart bounded. "You're a gentleman!" he exclaimed.

It was now her turn to be overcome with merriment. "I've always wanted to be a man," she said.

"I am mighty glad you ain't," said he, looking at her.

But Molly had already received enough broadsides for one day. She could allow no more of them, and she took herself capably in hand. "Where did you learn to make such pretty speeches?" she asked. "Well, never mind that. One sees that you have had plenty of practice for one so young."

"I am twenty-seven," blurted the Virginian, and knew instantly that he had spoken like a fool.

"Who would have dreamed it!" said Molly, with well-measured mockery. She knew that she had scored at last, and that this day was hers. "Don't be too sure you are glad I'm not a man," she now told him. There was something like a challenge in her voice.

"I risk it," he remarked.

"For I am almost twenty-three myself," she concluded. And she gave him a look on her own account.

"And you'll not come a-ridin'?" he persisted.

"No," she answered him; "no." And he knew that he could not make her.

"Then I will tell yu' good-by," said he. "But I am comin' again. And next time I'll have along a gentle hawss for yu'."

"Next time! Next time! Well, perhaps I will go with you. Do you live far?"

"I live on Judge Henry's ranch, over yondeh." He pointed across the mountains. "It's on Sunk Creek. A pretty rough trail; but I can come hyeh to see you in a day, I reckon. Well, I hope you'll cert'nly enjoy good health, ma'am."

"Oh, there's one thing!" said Molly Wood, calling after him rather quickly. "I—I'm not at all afraid of horses. You needn't bring such a gentle one. I—was very tired that day, and—and I don't scream as a rule."

He turned and looked at her so that she could not meet his glance. "Bless your heart!" said he. "Will yu' give me one o' those flowers?"

"Oh, certainly! I'm always so glad when people like them."

"They're pretty near the colour of your eyes."

"Never mind my eyes."

"Can't help it, ma'am. Not since South Fork."

He put the flower in the leather band of his hat, and rode away on his Monte horse. Miss Wood lingered a moment, then made some steps toward her gate, from which he could still be seen; and then, with something like a toss of the head, she went in and shut her door.

Later in the day the Virginian met Mr. McLean, who looked at his hat and innocently quoted, "'My Looloo picked a daisy.'"

"Don't yu', Lin," said the Southerner.

"Then I won't," said Lin.

Thus, for this occasion, did the Virginian part from his lady—and nothing said one way or another about the handkerchief that had disappeared during the South Fork incident.

As we fall asleep at night, our thoughts will often ramble back and forth between the two worlds.

"What colour were his eyes?" wondered Molly on her pillow. "His mustache is not bristly like so many of them. Sam never gave me such a look as . . . Hoosic Junc-

tion. . . . No. . . . You can't come with me. . . . Get off your horse. . . . The passengers are all staring. . . ."

And while Molly was thus dreaming that the Virginian had ridden his horse into the railroad car, and sat down beside her, the fire in the great stone chimney of her cabin flickered quietly, its gleams now and again touching the miniature of Grandmother Stark upon the wall.

Camped on the Sunk Creek trail, the Virginian was telling himself in his blankets:

"I ain't too old for education. Maybe she will lend me books. And I'll watch her ways and learn . . . stand still, Monte. . . . I can learn a lot more than the kids on that. . . . There's Monte . . . you pie-biter, stop. . . . He has ate up your book, ma'am, but I'll get yu' . . ."

And then the Virginian was fast alseep.

(*To be continued*)

# Life is a Dream

(From *La Vida es Sueño*)

## By PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA

**Translated by Arthur Symons**

WE LIVE, while we see the sun,
Where life and dreams are as one;
And living has taught me this,
Man dreams the life that is his,
Until his living is done.
The king dreams he is king, and he lives
In the deceit of a king,
Commanding and governing;
And all the praise he receives
Is written in wind, and leaves
A little dust on the way
When death ends all with a breath.
Where then is the gain of a throne,
That shall perish and not be known
In the other dream that is death?
Dreams the rich man of riches and fears,
The fears that his riches breed;
The poor man dreams of his need,
And all his sorrows and tears;
Dreams he that prospers with years,
Dreams he that feigns and foregoes,
Dreams he that rails on his foes;
And in all the world, I see,
Man dreams whatever he be,
And his own dream no man knows.
And I too dream, and behold,
I dream I am bound with chains,
And I dreamed that these present pains
Were fortunate ways of old.
What is life? a tale that is told;
What is life? a frenzy extreme,
A shadow of things that seem;
And the greatest good is but small,
That all life is a dream to all,
And that dreams themselves are a dream.

# The Dog's Status in Law

## A Decision by Justice J. Kerrigan in the California District Court of Appeals, in the Case of Roos vs. Loeser

THIS is an action for damages alleged to have been sustained by plaintiff by reason of the killing of her dog, of the variety known as Pomeranian, by an Airedale belonging to the defendant. A jury trial was had, and judgment went for the plaintiff in the sum of five hundred dollars. Defendant made a motion for a new trial, which was denied, and he now appeals from the judgment.

From the evidence it appears that on May 16, 1917, the Pomeranian, attended by two maids, was pursuing the even tenor of its way upon the street, "tarrying" now and then and occupied with matters entirely his own, when the Airedale, an arrogant bully, domineering and dogmatic, being beyond the reach of the sound of his master's voice and having evaded the vigilance of his keeper (for the maids and the man were vigilant), dashed upon the scene, and with destruction in his heart and mayhem in his teeth pounced upon the Pomeranian with the result already regretfully recorded; the plaintiff's dog had had its day. It crossed to that shore from which none, not even a good dog, ever returns.

Leaving this painful subject and turning to the considerations elaborately discussed in the briefs of able counsel, we remark that there was a time in the history of the law when, as is said in one of the early cases, "dog law" was as hard to define as "dog Latin." As Blackstone puts it, dogs were . . . regarded as being kept only through the whim or caprice of their owner. They were not the subject of larceny. (2 Blackstone's Commentaries, 393.) But that day has passed, and dogs now have a well-established status before the law. . . . Aside from their pecuniary value their worth is recognized by writers and jurists. Cuvier has asserted that the dog was perhaps necessary for the establishment of civil society, and that a little reflection will convince one that barbarous nations owe much of their subsequently acquired civilization to the dog. From the building of the pyramids to the present day, from the frozen poles to the torrid zone, wherever man has wandered there has been his dog. . . . In his well-known tribute to the dog, United States Senator Vest characterizes him as "the one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, never fails him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous. . . ."

The Pomeranian was small, weighing about four and a half pounds, but history discloses that the small dog, perhaps oftener than his bigger brother, has rendered modest but heroic service and by his fidelity has influenced the course of history.

The plaintiff's dog was the proud possessor of the kennel name of Encliffe-Masterpiece; his pedigree and reputation entitled him to be regarded in dog circles as possessing the bluest of blood; in short, in canine society he belonged to the inner circle of the Four Hundred. In West and East he had won the first prize in every bench show at which he had been exhibited. He was middle-aged and in good health. Experts testifying placed his monetary value at one thousand dollars.

It is urged by the appellant that . . . the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence arising from the fact that her dog was upon the public streets without being licensed—unlike the defendant's Airedale, whose master had ornamented his favorite with a tag entitling him to roam the city's streets secure from interference by the pound-keeper or his myrmidons. The appellant's contention in this respect would be well-grounded if the plaintiff's omission to comply with the ordinance requiring dogs to be licensed had contributed to the incident resulting in the Pomeranian's untimely end. But for aught that appears the absence of a tag from the collar of plaintiff's dog was unnoticed by the Airedale, and was not the matter that aroused his ire or induced him to make the attack. His was the canine point of view, and not that of the license collector. . . .

*Judgment Affirmed.*

WASTE, P. J., and RICHARDS, J., concurred.

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*A petition to have the case heard in the Supreme Court, after judgment in the District Court of Appeals, was denied by the Supreme Court on August 25, 1919. All the judges concurred.*

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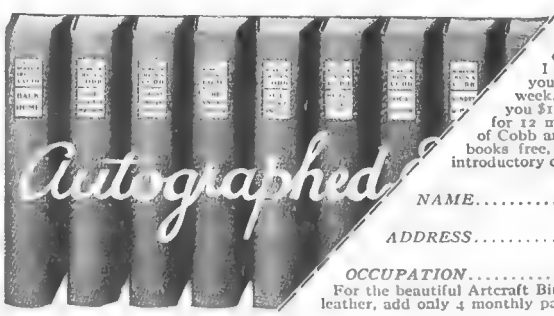


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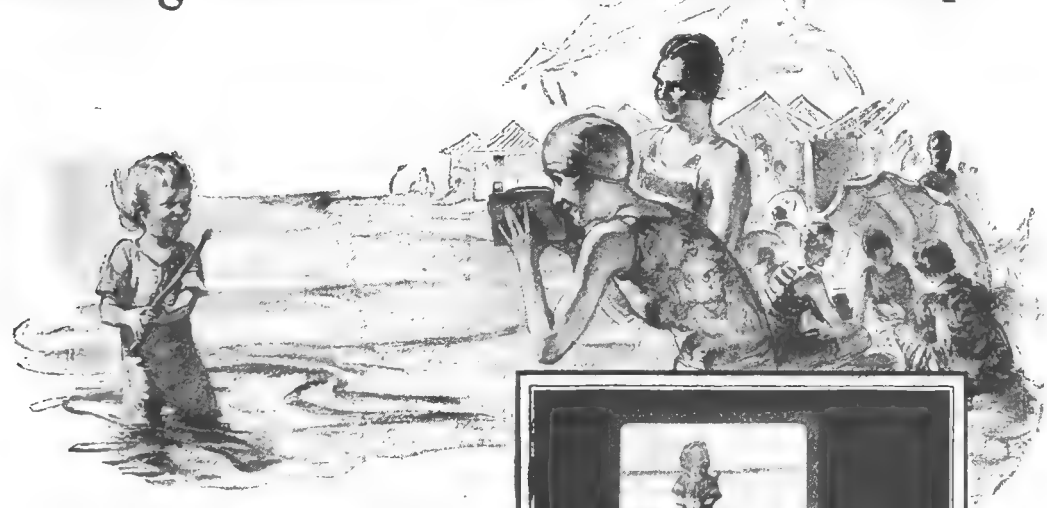

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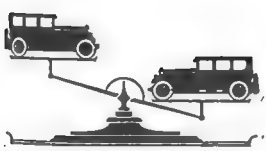

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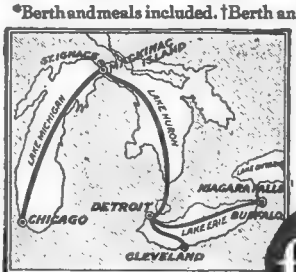


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It is a far cry from the "horseless buggy" of yesterday to the automobile of today. But the first cars and the latest cars are alike in one fundamental respect: *both depend on gasoline for fuel.*

Gasoline is not a perfect fuel. It has always had one inherent fault. It explodes too quickly ("knocks") as temperature and compression increase.

Carbon increases both temperature and compression beyond the point at which the present day automobile is designed to operate efficiently on regular gasoline. And the full efficiency of the modern motor car and its continued development have both depended upon the discovery of a "*knockless*" *fuel.*

After eight years of experiment, General Motors Research Laboratories developed Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound, a chemical ingredient which leading oil companies are mixing with their regular gasoline to form *Ethyl Gasoline.*

Ethyl Gasoline is *the* efficient fuel for automobiles of today and tomorrow. This super-gasoline will give your engine a performance such as you have never known. It is available throughout the United States and Canada and is sold at pumps which display the "Ethyl" trademark. Try it today.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York

# ETHYL GASOLINE

# "MY DEAR, HE'S TERRIBLE"

# Now dandruff is inexcusable

Today dandruff is an unpardonable sin. It is unpardonable because it is disgusting and because, being so easy to check, its presence can only be considered a wilful offense.

Many things are good for dandruff, but no treatment is so pleasant and so effective as Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Thousands of letters testify to that.

You simply douse it on full strength and massage thoroughly. Almost immediately you note improvement. Keep it up several days systematically. We'll wager final results will delight you.

Even stubborn cases usually yield to this pleasant method.

And every time you apply it, Listerine leaves your head with that cool, clean feeling which is so refreshing. Furthermore, your hair seems soft and so easy to part and dress.

If you have any evidence of loose dandruff (epithelial debris) go after it with Listerine at once before a chronic condition develops. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

**Spreading Like Wildfire**
So goes the good news about Listerine Tooth Paste—the dentifrice that gets teeth whiter in quicker time than ever before. The price—25c for the large tube.

# LISTERINE

*—and dandruff simply do not get along together*

# Fight preventable fire with common sense

Once upon a time the roar of cannon, the racket of giant crackers featured every Fourth of July celebration—and disaster, death and crippling injury featured the news on the following day.

Celebrations there will be next month, throughout the land. But the part played by fireworks will be carefully supervised in every home and every community where common-sense controls the activities of the day.

What common-sense has done in this regard, it can do for your greater safety in the matter of fire. The North America Agent in your community can give you common-sense advice on the control of every fire hazard.

*The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792*

**Insurance Company of North America**
PHILADELPHIA
*and the*
**Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America**
*write practically every form of insurance except life*

# To Make Great Industries Corporations, Municipalities *Yield You a Sure Second Income*

To profit by prosperity . . . to build a sure *second* income from safe securities through the years ahead . . . . *invest* regularly, systematically—and *diversify* your investments.

This institution offers you a wide range of choice General List Securities . . . . . greatly diversified as to type, location and character.

To help select the *right* investments for you, we offer experience that dates back to 1885. For forty-two years, this institution has been providing safe and profitable employment for funds.

If we have not had an opportunity to serve you, we suggest that you mail the coupon for descriptive literature on attractive current offerings.

## GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

*Investment Bonds Since 1885*

112 W. Adams Street, Chicago
120 Broadway, New York

St. Louis
Des Moines
Indianapolis
Minneapolis
San Francisco
Peoria
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Springfield, Ill.

George M. Forman & Co., Dept. 107
112 West Adams St., Chicago

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me a list of current offerings.

Name _____

Address _____

## Great Band Leader Glorifies the Harmonica

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, noted composer of so many of America's favorite marches, has this to say of the harmonica:

*"I am a great advocate of the Harmonica and especially endorse the Harmonica Bands which are winning sweeping popularity in the East. Mastery of the Harmonica lays the foundation for a musical career."*

The harmonica is the easiest, surest, pleasantest introduction to musical appreciation and performance. It forms part of the music curriculum in public and private schools of numerous cities —and has been enthusiastically endorsed by leaders of thought as an important factor in musical education.

### The NEW Way to Learn

A special orthophonic Victor Record (No. 20377) "How to Play the Harmonica" is now available for those who wish to learn by listening to the living voice of the instructor, and following the notes as they are sounded on his harmonica. Illustrated instruction sheet also included. Reverse side reproduces "Old Black Joe" as rendered on harmonica with piano accompaniment. At all dealers selling Victor Records . . . . complete 75c

### FREE Instruction Book

Anyone can learn to play the harmonica by following the clear, simple, illustrated instructions given in our booklet "How to Play the Harmonica." Free at your dealer's — or write to M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 516, 114 East 16th Street, New York.

**HOHNER Harmonicas**

On the beach and at Casinos—on Fifth Avenue and in their homes—connoisseurs of cigarettes agree. That is why the delightful Marlboro blend . . . so mild and yet so rich . . . wins instant favor with discriminating smokers everywhere.

*Marlboro Bridge Score sent free upon request.*

**MARLBORO CIGARETTES**

*Mild as May*

Wrapped in heavy foil—always fresh.

Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & Co., Ltd Inc.
44 West 18th Street, Dept. K, New York

# THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

*Contains announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading, and none of questionable character is accepted. When writing to these institutions please mention* THE GOLDEN BOOK.

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU *offers a free expert service to our readers. All letters are considered personal and confidential, and are carefully answered by mail. Address:* INVESTMENT BUREAU, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

# Adventures in Investing

[TO READERS: *We shall be glad to publish (and pay for at regular rates) any interesting narratives of actual adventures in investing. Names of people may be fictitious, but the facts must be exact. Tell the precise securities bought; what was paid for them, the reasons which decided you to make the purchase,—and what happened. Mistakes are often as illuminating as successes. Address* EDITOR, "THE GOLDEN BOOK."]

## Good Advice—Plus Blind Luck

[*This is a true story, and such things have happened many times before and since. But any "investor" who counts upon such chances is adopting the gambler's point of view—and should be just as prepared to lose as to win. The men who keep their money permanently are looking for safe and comparatively slow cumulation.*

*If a piece of surprising luck comes along, it is thankfully accepted, and recognized as such. Over a period of years, it is the latter point of view which wins.*]

In 1921, E. J. C., a prosperous eastern business man, lost $300,000 buying stocks on margin. It was three-fourths of his private fortune, and he was worried. The market was weak, and he could see no way of recouping his loss.

In despair, he wrote to the investment bureau of a large New York City bank. He was advised by the bureau to purchase National Biscuit Company stock. In May, 1921, with his last $100,000 he bought outright at $82 per share, 1,000 shares on a 7 per cent. annual basis. He then waited for "action," which came readily enough.

In 1922 the stock advanced to 268 when a stock dividend was declared, and the $100 shares were split into $25 ones, four for one—giving him 7,000 shares for his original purchase of 1,000. This new stock has paid as high as $4 (in 1924 and 1925).

On May 9, 1927, the stock was selling at 138, showing a paper profit of $884,000 to E. J. C. The bank investment bureau advice has made him a near-millionaire, and his personal advice to investors is—"when in doubt, consult a bank." BRADLEY KELLY.

## "Wildcats"

[*A subscriber to this magazine had the following "adventures." Of course, he wasn't "investing": he was gambling—with the chances more heavily against him than if he had risked his money with a crooked roulette wheel. It's safe to say that the advice of any official of his own bank, or any one of the investment services advertised in reputable magazines, would have stopped both of his purchases. The American Bankers Association, the Investment Bankers' Association, are vast organizations, geared to hundreds of millions instead of hundreds; but there is not a responsible person in either one who wouldn't see that such a query was passed along to somebody who would have helped to protect this man from such mistakes. Or a letter to* THE GOLDEN BOOK *or Review of Reviews Financial Directory would have been all that was necessary.*

*The main asset of the swindling promoter is the ignorance and credulity and inertia of the small investor. Also, the world has always been run on the principle of caveat emptor. A buyer who doesn't "beware" sufficiently to ask advice from one of the scores of sources which now offer it free, is inviting disaster.*]

My experience with investments has been somewhat of a comedy of errors, but still there may be something of interest in its recital, and perhaps others may profit thereby.

Shortly after the War, when I was just getting on my feet after military service, I answered an advertisement that appeared in a nationally-known weekly. It offered to whoever cared to write, a beautiful engraved "oil map" of the State of Texas. Having been stationed for some time in Texas during the War, I was more or less interested in the subject, as I knew of many people down there who had amassed great fortunes in the oil business.

In reply, I received the map, on which the various oil fields of the State were indicated, showing geologic formations, etc. A letter accompanied it under the business form of the S. E. J. Cox Investment Co. Houston, Tex., in which I was informed that any further information desired would be gladly furnished.

I studied the map and descriptions. Its possibilities really fascinated me, who, on a small salary with a wife and child, longed to give them some of the prosperity that was in the oil game.

(*Continued on page 37*)

# *The*
# Factor of Safety
## *In Investment*

THE factor of safety should be by far the most important consideration of every conservative investor.

Security of principal and prompt payment of interest are the fundamentals upon which he should base the selection of his investments.

The possibility of liberal but uncertain profit should not appeal to him, as the day of keen disappointment comes sooner or later to practically all who are blinded by the glamor of the speedy accumulation of wealth through speculation in questionable securities.

It is by strict adherence to the policy of systematic saving and conservative investment that the most steady and consistent progress is made towards financial independence.

Many fortunes have been built upon foundations of conservative investment, while others have been lost through the eager pursuit of speculative profit.

*Our "Investment Suggestions" will be mailed upon request for Circular No. G-701*

## Spencer Trask & Co.

*Investment Securities*

NEW YORK
25 Broad St.

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74-78 Chapel St.

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208 So. La Salle St.

PROVIDENCE
Hospital Trust Bldg.

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# Chicago's

increasing electrical requirements demanded twelve new sub-stations last year—one for every calendar month. And our budget for 1927 provides for additional expansion. Chicago grows—in population, and more particularly, in per capita consumption of electricity.

**Commonwealth Edison Company**
*The Central Station Serving Chicago*

*This company has paid 150 consecutive dividends to stockholders. Send for year book. Stock listed on Chicago Stock Exchange.*

HODSON SAFE INVESTMENTS

## Participate in the Profits
*of this*
## Growing Business

**Yearly Increase**

| 1924 | 1925 | 1926 |
|---|---|---|
| 53% | 100% | 130% |

Secure Bond Safety, 6% interest and Extra Participation. Buy this Company's

## Participating Bonds

Draw your income 5 times a year from a branch of the banking field, which is independent of trade conditions and building slumps, with no inventory problems, frozen assets, labor strikes or bad debts. You are assured stability and constant growth of earnings.

*Send coupon for Participation Circular*

Name.....

Address.....

Q.F.-327

**Clarence Hodson & Co**
ESTABLISHED 1893 — INC.
SPECIALIZE IN SOUND BONDS YIELDING ABOVE THE AVERAGE
165 Broadway New York

## *Digging* deep for facts

BEFORE a new issue of bonds is underwritten and recommended by The National City Company a corps of accountants, engineers, economists, bankers and lawyers have dug deep into the facts underlying it.

All bonds appearing on our offering lists have withstood the acid test of investigation.

**The National City Company**
National City Bank Building, New York
*Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the world*

BONDS ∿ SHORT TERM NOTES ∿ ACCEPTANCES

## Manufacturers Who Are Conducting

a dealers' advertising campaign can get the best results in checking dealers' advertisements by using the service of

**CONSOLIDATED PRESS CLIPPING BUREAUS**
602 MANHATTAN BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

SW

## "Stronger, Clearer, Better Binoculars

*than those costing double."*
*—E. F. D., Annapolis, Md*
*"Didn't need 10 days' trial*
*—10 minutes was enough."*
*—L. H. K., Kalispell, Mont*

**Tested by the GOVERNMENT**

**8 Power Prisms**

French and German makes 8-POWER magnification genuine prisms, famous PREMIERE QUALITE brilliant illumination, exquisite definition, WIDE field of vision. Individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Leather case neck and shoulder straps.

TESTED by Bureau of Standards at Washington. See miles away! Conquer distance! Bring people, ships, game, scenes—right to your Feet! Explore vistas of nature! Double the thrill of dashing sports! You'll find these Binoculars a never-ending pleasure—a life-time treasure! Usually sell from $40.00 to $50.00. As Importers, selling *"Direct-by-Mail,"* our price represents BIG saving. We are selling thousands to Army, Navy Officers, Explorers, Motorists, Tourists, Yachtsmen, Big Game Hunters, Globe Trotters, Naturalists, Men and Women all over the World at this Bargain Price.... **$23.50**

**10 Days' Trial Absolutely FREE**

*Our Plan is Different!*

*It is arousing nation-wide comment. We ask for NO money in advance! NOTHING on Delivery. BINOCULARS are sent responsible persons for 10-Days' Trial Absolutely Free.*
If pleased you may pay on Budget Plan:
**$5.00 MONTHLY**
*or if you prefer to pay cash at end of 10 Days, deduct $1.75 and send Check or Money Order for $21.75 in Full Settlement. Otherwise return them. Order Now at this Special Price! Send No Money! Pay Nothing on Delivery!*
**$21.75**

**SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.**
*Importers, Exporters, International Mail Order House*
*"2 Generations of Honorable Dealings"*
365 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
*Largest Retailers of Binoculars in the World*

Gentlemen:—Send me the 8-POWER BINOCULARS for 10 days' FREE Trial on your "NO money in advance—NO money on Delivery" plan.

Name.....

Address.....

*Clip and mail NOW! If a new customer please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU.* Q.G.7.27

(*Continued from page 34*)

Several weeks later I received from the Cox firm a 'rush letter," informing me that 1,000 shares of "pre-organization stock" of the Cox Realization Co. was being reserved for me at forty cents a share. This letter went into the details of the assets of this new company. It was said to own a refinery, a chain of gasoline stations in various parts of the State, so many thousand acres of oil land here and there, so many producing wells here and there, etc.; it appeared to me to be quite a substantial venture. This letter was followed by another with half-tone pictures of the company's activities.

I subscribed for one hundred dollars' worth at first, but as further letters from Cox reported such great developments, such as the opening of another gusher, I now contributed another hundred. Every now and then these letters would come from him under the heading of "reports." They were painted in such glowing colours that I began to look for dividends. About the time that I began to wonder what he was doing with all the profits, he declared a dividend—in stock. He explained that the company could and would develop quicker if the profits were put into new ventures, and showed where he had bought so many thousand acres in Oklahoma, so many in Arkansas; he was planning to buy a railroad, etc. Well, of course that satisfied for a while, but as months went by—a year —then a year and a half, things began to look very doubtful.

One day the crash came. New York newspapers said that S. E. J. Cox, the oil promoter of Houston, Tex., had been arrested at the Hotel Astor in New York by Post Office inspectors, just as he was about to sail for Europe.

At his trial in Texas he appealed to the civic pride of the jurors, telling them all he had done for their city by bringing such wealth and prosperity to it. The jury acquitted him.

He then merged his assets with those of Dr. Frederick Cook of Arctic fame, and moved to Fort Worth. The two started another stock-selling campaign.

It was not long before they and others associated with them were indicted again. This time Cox and Cook were both found guilty.

When the former was called to the bar in the Federal Court for sentence, he was asked if he had anything to say.

"No, Your Honour," he replied, "I have nothing but a request to make: it is that I be sentenced to Leavenworth instead of Atlanta."

"Why do you prefer Leavenworth?" asked the Judge.

"Because I sold a high official of the Atlanta Penitentiary fifteen thousand dollars' worth of my stock, and he is in a position to make it very unpleasant for me," Cox answered.

(*Continued on page 39*)

GROWING

with the Territory it Serves

SERVING 286 communities in the fast growing territory adjoining Chicago, Public Service Company of Northern Illinois is experiencing corresponding growth. Operating revenue for 1926 totaled $23,311,198, an increase over 1925 of 12.9%

Property account has increased from $59,615,178 in 1921 to $98,429,202 in 1926.

Dividends have been paid by the Company and its principal predecessor without break for 25 years.

*We represent this and other public utility companies operating in 20 states. Write for list of investment offerings yielding more than 6%.*

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

*72 W. Adams St., Chicago*

St. Louis Milwaukee Indianapolis Louisville

INVESTMENTS that ENDURE

# SECOND LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

## *Cease to Bear Interest November 1, 1927*

The Treasury has called the above Bonds for redemption at 100 and interest.

Should you desire to dispose of your Bonds promptly we will purchase them at current market prices and be glad to offer suggestions for reinvestment.

**Commercial Trust Company**
*Established 1894*

**Bank of North America**
*Established 1781*

**Bank of NORTH AMERICA & TRUST COMPANY**
*Member Federal Reserve System*
**PHILADELPHIA**

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS TEN MILLION DOLLARS



## Investment Information That Keeps You Up-to-Date

***How to Make Use of the Investment Service of* THE GOLDEN BOOK *Without Cost or Obligation to You***

Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. The Golden Book Magazine Investment Service is an impartial service under the management, direction and supervision of The Review of Reviews Corporation, and free of charge to the 350,000 and more readers of The Golden Book and The Review of Reviews.

For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see. Write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

### Investment Literature for Your Information

1. Public Utility Securities as Investments—A. C. Allyn and Company.
2. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
3. The Conservation of Your Wealth—Bank of North America and Trust Co.
4. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
5. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
6. The Truth about Florida—Filer-Cleveland Co.
7. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
8. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
9. Bonds that Participate in Profits—Clarence Hodson & Co., Inc.
10. Security Bonds—6% and a $40,000,000 Guarantee—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
11. Florida's Safest Investment—Lakeland Bldg. & Loan Assoc.
12. Insured First Mortgage "Sixes"—Mortgage Insurance Corp.
13. Foreign Dollar Bonds—National City Co.
14. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
15. 7% First Mortgage Bonds—United States Mortgage Bond Co.
16. Public Utility Offerings—Utility Securities Co.
17. Banking by Mail—Williamsburgh Savings Bank.

--------PRINT YOUR NAME—CUT THE COUPON--------

**INVESTMENT BUREAU, GOLDEN BOOK**
**55 Fifth Avenue, New York City**

**July, 1927**

Please send to the undersigned literature numbered.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

If agreeable kindly state business.....

I do / I do not object to my name being given to the financial houses selected. Strike out "do" or "do not."

(*Continued from page 37*)

His request was granted, and he was sentenced to erve eight years at Leavenworth. He is still there. But hat did not restore any of the money to his dupes.

The next time I "fell" was several months later. The lew York papers were carrying advertisements of a rm offering to show how, by "conservative invest- ıent," one could become financially independent. answered several, and received copies of investment plans," accompanied by "market reports."

They advised especially the purchase of Boston and lontana Mining Co. and the Boston-Wyoming Oil o., both quoted on the New York Curb Exchange.

Boston and Montana, which I bought through one f these brokerage houses, was said to own several ıousand acres of proven copper land in the Butte ining district, 1,800 acres in another, a producing ine in each district, a stamping and refining mill and railroad thirty-eight miles long. The shares, of 5 par value, I bought at $1.25. I also at the same me bought Boston-Wyoming Oil at 80 cents, in- esting several hundred dollars in these enthusiasti- ılly recommended securities.

About six months later came the great bucket- ıop exposé in the newspapers. The men at the ead of some of these offices disappeared into the un- nown; some were indicted; a few were tried, and ıme were convicted; a few went to jail for short ms. The firm I happened to be dealing with dis- ılved into thin air.

Since then I have written letters to both companies hose stock I held—but received no answer. They 'e no longer quoted on the New York Curb Exchange.

N. E. B.

*The universal testimony is that, difficult as it may be to make money, it's harder to invest it safely and profitably.*

*Nobody knows everything about any particular investment: there are always elusive factors which may work one way or another. But the chances are that there are people who do know more than you do: better consult them before deciding.*

*Your banker will always give you his professional judgment. Every high-grade investment house or trust company has experts in various lines, whose knowledge is at your disposal.*

*If, by any chance, you don't know whom to ask, write* THE GOLDEN BOOK *Investment Bureau.*

*You'll find it worth while to learn by other people's mistakes instead of by your own.*

*On the other hand, as every one knows, the shrewd investor who has believed in America's material progress has eclipsed Aladdin and his lamp. It's stating it mildly to remark that there's been infinitely more treasure uncovered, at less risk, in the profits of American money-making activities than in all the buried and sunken treasure of all the legends. No hoard, even of fiction, can compare with the true tales of the Ford Motor Car, the U. S. Steel Corporation, the Eastman Kodak, New York, California or Florida real estate, the Standard Oil Company, the Motion-picture industry, or many another industry of our own time, wherein alert men have turned opportunity into gold.*


**7½ billions of dollars**

are invested in the Electric Power and Light properties of the United States. Bonds of individual units of this enormous and essential industry are justly popular, because of the stability and steady earning power of the issuing companies.

*Read our booklet,*
"Public Utility Securities as Investments"
*and you will see why*
*such bonds are sound investments.*

Ask for AB-2453

**A.C.ALLYN AND COMPANY**
INCORPORATED
67 West Monroe Street, Chicago

New York Philadelphia Milwaukee
Boston San Francisco Minneapolis

**Safe** Safety is the investor's first consideration. A deposit account in this strong Mutual Savings Bank offers every safeguard to your funds as well as an attractive return—we have paid a 4½% dividend since January, 1923.

**Simple** It is an easy thing to build up a real cash reserve in this way. You don't need a large sum for your original investment—just regular deposits of small size will make you an investor with us.

**Liquid** Your funds are always liquid—you can draw on your account at any time. Write for our booklet, "Banking By Mail." It will show you how investors all over the country are using our service.

**The Williamsburgh Savings Bank**
Atlantic and Flatbush Avenues
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
*ASSETS MORE THAN $190,000,000.00*

# Lantern-Lit JAPAN

BUDDHIST temples and Shinto shrines. Swinging lanterns . . . incense rising to the stars . . . sacred *saké* in a lacquered cup. It's Japan! The mystic, inscrutable Orient . . . all that you dreamed it to be! You fill your heart with the color and life . . . all the tiny spaces in your trunk with exquisite things bought for a song . . . and with a smile. Porcelains and prints; kimonos and curios! Countless little scenes and episodes, too . . . such pleasant memories to share with others.

You cross the Pacific in 10 days on palatial Express Liners . . . luxurious floating hotels, the choice of the travelwise! The largest and fastest ships on the Pacific . . . they sail frequently from Vancouver via Victoria to Japan . . . then to Shanghai and Hong Kong, the crossroads of the East. And on to Manila . . . a brilliant patchwork of mediaeval moats, monasteries and palaces, of languorous beauty under a tropical sun.

*Always Carry Canadian Pacific Express Travelers Cheques*

*Offices in all large cities, including*

New York, 344 Madison Ave. Chicago, 71 East Jackson
San Francisco, 675 Market St. Montreal, 141 St. James St.

*Ask* **CANADIAN PACIFIC**

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM



# go to hawaii this October

MAKE your plans now for a wonderful autumn trip. MALOLO *(Flying Fish)*—famous new flagship of the Matson fleet, has cut the time to Honolulu to four days. Four perfect days at sea to the loveliest spot on earth—Hawaii, where spring is always in the air—land of year 'round sport, of leisure and contentment.

Write our nearest office for literature giving full information.

**Matson line**

THE SHIPS THAT SERVE
**hawaii**

215 Market St., San Francisco; 535 Fifth Ave., New York; 140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago; 510 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles; 1319 Fourth Ave., Seattle


STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of the Golden Book Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1927.

State of NEW YORK } ss.
County of NEW YORK }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles D. Lanier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Golden Book Magazine, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Business Manager, Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 2. That the owner is: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Albert Shaw, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed Charles D. Lanier, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of April, 1927. Signed R. K. Snaveley, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

# WHERE-TO-GO

## HOTEL RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

*Established 1906*

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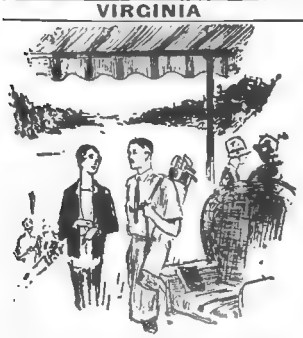

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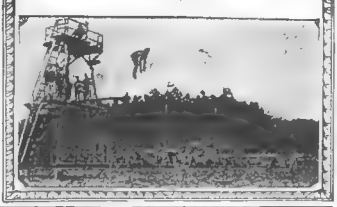

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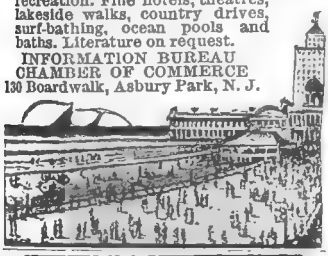

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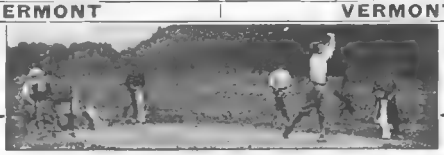

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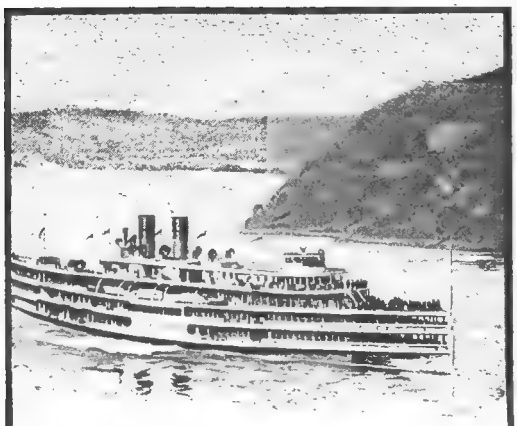

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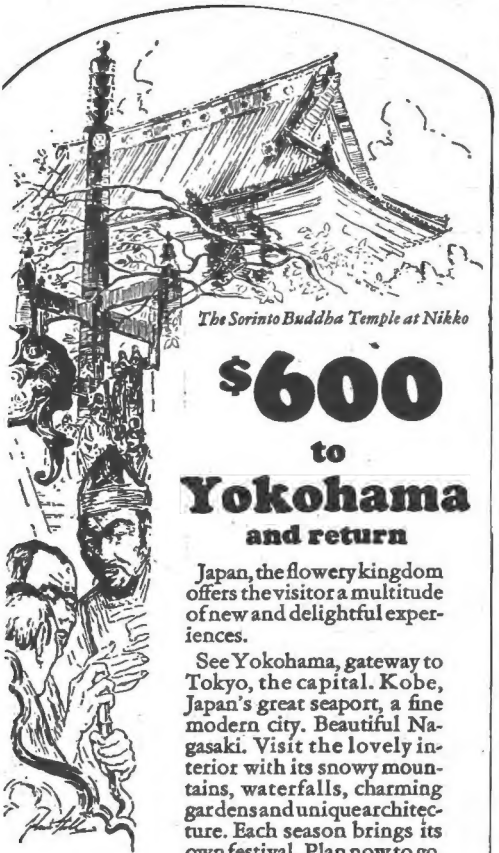

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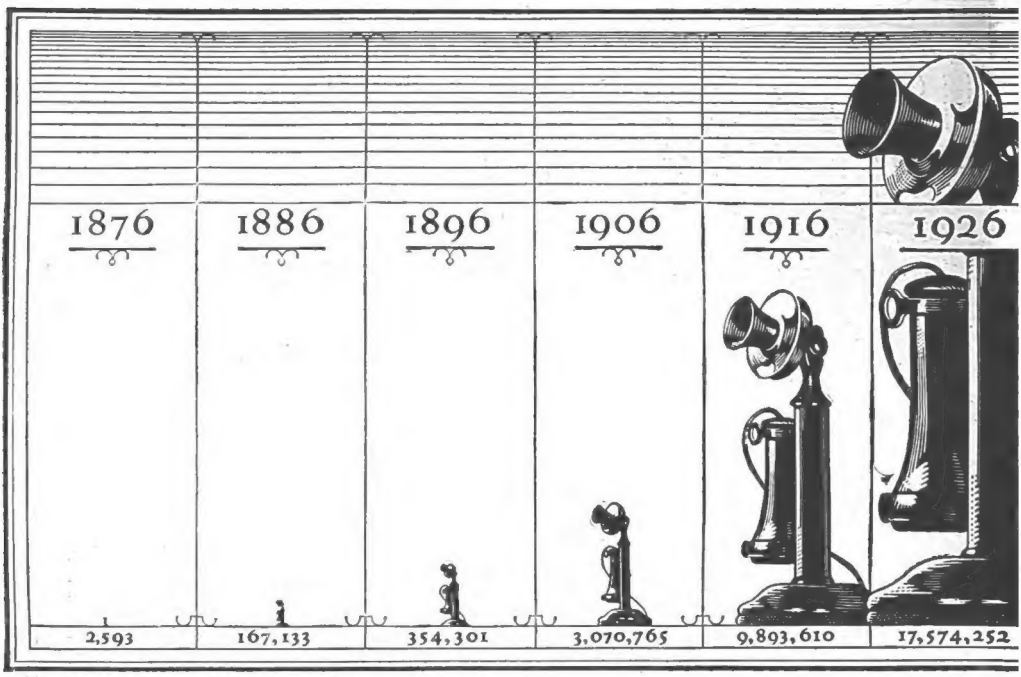



# Milestones in National Service

*An Advertisement of*
*the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

THERE are twenty-five Bell companies but only one Bell System —and one Bell aim and ideal, stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for this nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors or delays, and enabling anyone anywhere at any time to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else in this country, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

The past year brought the service of the Bell Telephone System measurably nearer that goal. Seven hundred and eighty-one thousand telephones were added to the System—bringing the total number interconnected in and with the Bell to more than seventeen and a half million. The number of applications waiting for service, including those in new and outlying sections, was reduced fifty per cent.

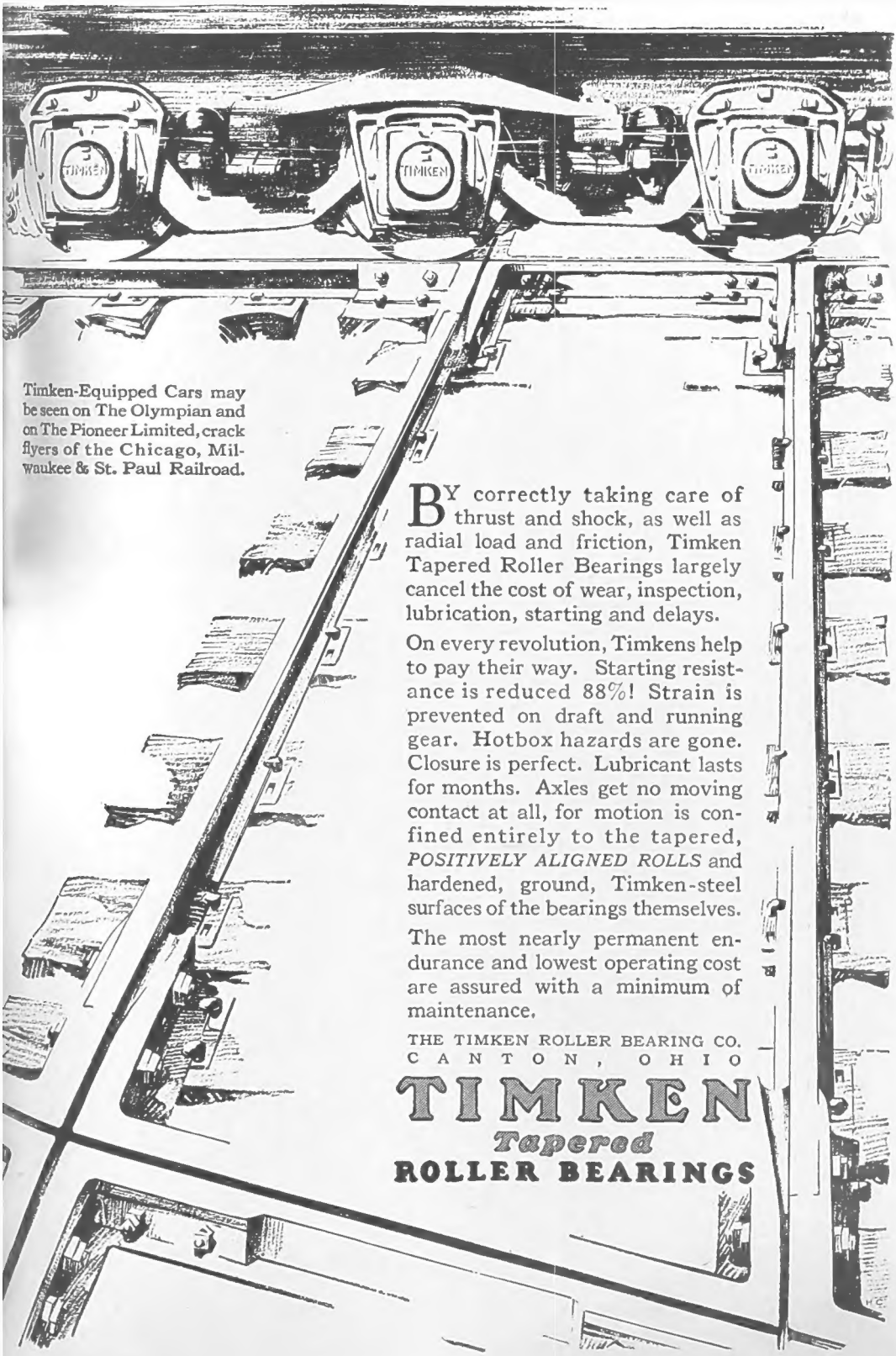
A third transcontinental telephone line was completed to the Pacific coast.

The largest number of miles of toll wire for one year was added to the System—more than 664,000 miles.

The average length of time for completing toll calls throughout the System was lowered by thirty-five seconds.

A seven per cent improvement over the previous year was made in the quality of voice transmission in toll calls.

An adjustment was made in long distance rates amounting to a reduction of about $3,000,000 annually.




Timken-Equipped Cars may be seen on The Olympian and on The Pioneer Limited, crack flyers of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

BY correctly taking care of thrust and shock, as well as radial load and friction, Timken Tapered Roller Bearings largely cancel the cost of wear, inspection, lubrication, starting and delays.

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